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THE ABBEYS
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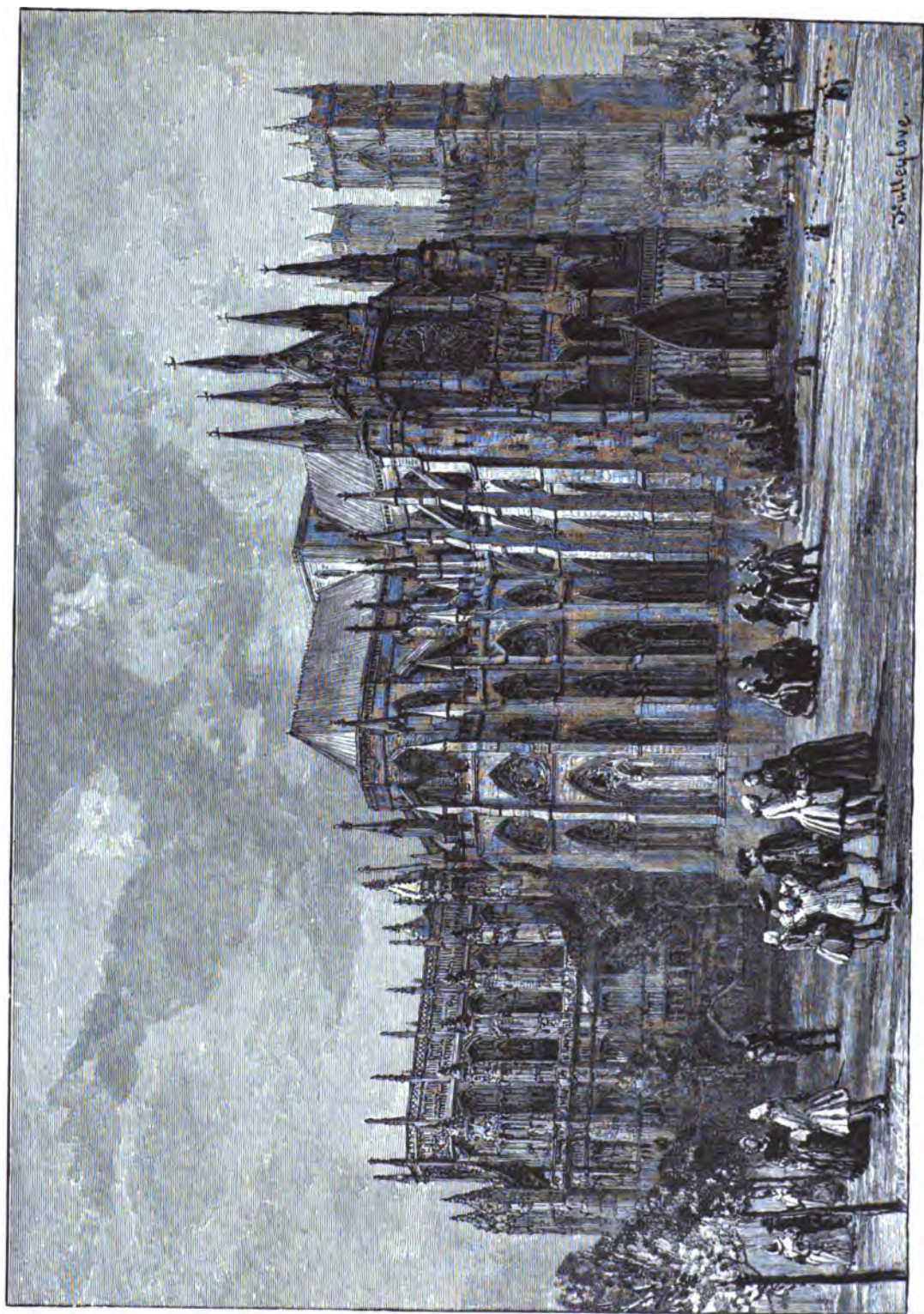


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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ABBEYS AND CHURCHES

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES.

DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL, PICTORIAL.

EDITED BY THE

REV. T. G. BONNEY, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.,

PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE cathedrals of Britain must yield the palm, though not without a contest, to their rivals on the adjacent mainland of Europe. But when we come to examine the parish churches, the advantage, so far as my experience goes, is decidedly in favour of our own country. Almost any district here shows a larger proportion of picturesque and interesting churches, especially in the rural parishes, than a corresponding district of Europe. Doubtless many of them have suffered structurally and in detail. In the sixteenth century the harpies of the Court plundered and destroyed; in the seventeenth century the Puritans, blindly iconoclastic, hacked and smashed; in the eighteenth century a careless and ignorant people put brick for stone, and did its best to make all square and cold and bare; while in the nineteenth century the little learning of the restorer has proved a dangerous thing, and zeal without discretion has done the usual mischief. Still, if ignorant neglect, or even dislike, of Art as a handmaid to Religion has cost us much in the past, it has secured us far more than it has lost. In those parts of Europe where the Church of Rome was able successfully to resist the movement for reform and to retain her predominance, we are struck by the comparatively modern aspect of so many of the village churches. The work of enlargement or rebuilding went on after the middle of the sixteenth century, just as it had done before, and was practically unchecked till the great convulsion of the French Revolution and the subsequent wars. But the style of architecture was totally changed. The influence of the classic Renaissance had made itself felt in every corner of the land. The so-called Gothic architecture had run—as it appears—through its appointed cycle, and with the florid Flamboyant in France, as with the mechanically ornate Tudor in Britain, had exhausted its store of vital energy and admitted of no further development. Men could only have copied the old, and this, in the proud sense of life still young and progress still possible, they did not care to do. The Renaissance attracted by its novelty and untried possibilities. True, it also was only a revival, a reproduction rather than an invention, but it had been so long disused that the work afforded a sense of discovery and freshness, and men in adapting the architecture of Imperial Rome to the needs of the sixteenth century not only felt the fascination of the antiquary's research, but also enjoyed some little taste of the pleasure of creation. It was a far cry to the epoch of Hadrian, or even of Diocletian, but the days which had witnessed the completion of many of

the great cathedrals of France were as near to them as are those of Queen Anne to ourselves.

Thus, from a variety of causes, church building went on vigorously in those countries after it had been greatly—indeed, for a time, almost wholly—arrested in England. The mediæval structures were swept away with as little ruth as an architect of the Perpendicular period had shown to the work of his Norman predecessors. But the new work was no longer Gothic. Hence, if any of the old remained, the result was a painful incongruity. Besides, the Renaissance style, whatever may be its merits for palaces and cathedrals, does not readily adapt itself to simple mansions and village churches. It seems the natural ally of the long purse and the long pedigree; it cannot condescend to the wants of the poor and lowly. Thus, on the neighbouring continent there is an abundance of those plain and even mean structures which were now and then inflicted on this country during the last century, when a parish church was perforce rebuilt because it was actually tumbling down.

Moreover, the style of the Renaissance—if one may use a single term for a rather complex idea—itself underwent a decline. The followers of Michael Angelo, of Palladio, and of Bernini failed to imitate the excellences, while they aggravated the faults, of their masters. Exaggeration is mistaken for sublimity; ornamentation is divorced from construction; there is neither repose nor dignity nor even significance about the design;—till we reach the depth of degradation in what is sometimes called the “Jesuit” style of art. Thus, the parish churches of this period, if inexpensive, are paltry; if costly, are meretricious. In mediæval times the village church, like the country maiden, attracted by a simple modesty and homely beauty; now it oscillated between the dirty drudge and the painted Jezebel. Thus, though not a few precious relics of olden time remain, the country churches of France, Germany, and Italy are less frequently interesting than our own.

In this land the suppression of the monasteries left the nation in possession of more churches than it required, all in an excellent state of repair; for hardly any period had been more prolific in church building and church restoration than the century which preceded the final crash. So little need was there for some of the glorious structures which were then left void, that the jackals who shared the spoil which the royal plunderer had left, found an excuse for pulling down not a few, or, as noticed in these pages, grievously mutilating others. Hence—in part because there was no need, in part owing to the growing Puritan feeling—there was but little church building in England during the interval between the Reformation and the Civil War. Some monuments, a few chapels or other structures of slight importance, are the sole ecclesiastical records of the age which produced such noble structures as Hatfield and Burghley, as

Hardwick and Longleat. However open to strict criticism may be the blended work of the Elizabethan and Jacobean period, I confess to wishing that we had a few fairly important churches in this style, that we might see how far it is applicable to ecclesiastical purposes.

After the Restoration church building became more frequent, though generally in towns rather than in the rural districts. The Great Fire of London, wherein so many of the City churches perished, gave a magnificent opportunity to the architects of that day, and, fortunately, for the hour the man was found. Sir Christopher Wren has left his mark indelibly upon the metropolis, and the hand of the great master or of his imitators may be occasionally seen in other parts of England. Wren had little sympathy with Gothic art, and was most successful when least attentive to its suggestions. Moreover, like most architects of the Renaissance, he evidently preferred to follow Roman rather than Grecian guides. In this he did well, for, though the work of the latter is, in its way, unrivalled in beauty, the style is unfitted for a northern climate, and the problem of giving light to the interior is insoluble. Altered circumstances, however, forced the practical Roman designer to grapple with this difficulty, and thus his work invited imitation by English architects in an English climate. It is easy to point out the defects of the style, not really insuperable, though commonly too prominent; such as the severance of ornamentation from construction (the successful union of which is one of the greatest glories of Gothic architecture), the engaged columns, the confused façades, and the false suggestiveness of design. It is easy to criticise the City churches of Wren and his followers. It must be confessed that not seldom the exteriors are bald and unsatisfactory, sometimes almost hideous; but it cannot be denied that the interiors often are remarkably harmonious, and commonly are admirably adapted to their purpose. It is the fashion, or till lately was the fashion, to despise the work of this period; but if reasonable service is better than superstitious veneration; if, to members of a Reformed Church, to see and to hear are primary requisites in their place of assembly, then Wren and his school may claim to have succeeded where the mediæval revivalists of later days have signally failed. Moreover, as we shall presently show, his school really adopted as their models the structures of the earlier and purer days of Christianity, rather than of those when it was darkened by parasitic accretions and corrupted by noxious superstitions. There was, also, even in the style itself, a certain historical continuity, for the Romanesque, in its varieties, is the lineal descendant of the architecture of the later Roman Empire. We cannot pass a sweeping condemnation on the churches which Wren has left us in the valley of the Thames without including in it such structures as the basilicas of San Clemente and St. Maria Maggiore—to mention no others—which still remain on the banks

of the Tiber. There is no virtue inherent in the cruciform plan for a church. It has its undoubted merits for artistic purposes, but it has its drawbacks. But to talk as if the basilica were the invention of an age of lukewarm Protestantism, or its apsidal sacrarium unfitted for Christian worship, is to ignore history and to outrage common sense.

The earliest British churches were probably on the basilica plan, but of more humble design, of inferior execution. With this time, however, no perfect link remains to us. The heathen English invaders were ruthless destroyers, especially of the churches of the conquered people. Perhaps the shell of Brixworth Church, in Northamptonshire, may be a Roman building. Portions of Roman masonry survive here and there incorporated into newer work, as at St. Mary's in Dover Castle, at St. Martin's, Canterbury, possibly at St. Michael's, Verulam, and in a few other instances. These churches—or rather those with which they are in structural continuity—were restored to use at the conversion of England by Augustine, while in other cases Roman materials were employed in later work, thus affording us a connection with the relics of British Christianity.

Many of the churches reared during the following two or three centuries were of wood, but these, of course, have long since perished; the “stave-kirker” of Norway, and possibly the wooden church of Greensted in Essex, may be regarded as their lineal descendants. But the earlier stone churches appear to have still adhered closely to the basilica model—as in the case of the first cathedral of Christ Church at Canterbury—though before long the plan was modified, and it approached nearer to the later type. The churches of Jarrow and Monkwearmouth, built rather before the end of the seventh century, were erected, as we are told by Bede, “on the Roman model,” and remnants of churches dating between the eighth century and the Norman Conquest are still not unfrequent. Of these, the most perfect is the recovered church of Bradford-on-Avon, which is assigned to the earlier years of the eighth century; this has a comparatively large chancel and a southern porch. Altogether about one hundred and twenty churches in England, still in use, are said to contain important remnants of buildings which were erected prior to the Norman Conquest, or, if in actual date a little later than it, were nevertheless survivals of the old school. Of these—our oldest churches with any approach to perfectness—some instances are given in the present volume. But even before the death of Edward the Confessor, the frequent intercourse with Normandy led to the occasional employment of its architects for the more important works in this country, as in the case of his abbey at Westminster, and probably that built by Harold at Waltham. After the Conquest, began a great epoch of church building. The Norman prelates and priests were offended by the mean and rude architecture of the structures raised by the ill-taught hands of English craftsmen, and thus a fairly clean sweep

was made of the earlier and, it must be admitted, architecturally very inferior buildings. But before another century had elapsed, not a few of these early Norman churches were replaced by more elaborate buildings. These rapid changes were not seldom compulsory, for it must be admitted that the earlier Norman architects were faulty masons, and some of their workmanship was hardly better than that of a nineteenth century jerry-builder. Early Norman foundations had a way of settling, and central towers seemed to tumble down almost as a matter of course; so that rather late work in this style is far commoner than that which is early. The spirit which produced the crusades seems also to have had its influence on church building, and work dating from the latter part of the twelfth century is common; and very beautiful work it is, combining the grandeur of the Norman with the grace of the Early English. From this time, for rather more than three centuries, the building or reconstruction of churches went on apace. The architects seem to have had little respect for the work of their predecessors, and swept it away without scruple. It must, indeed, be admitted that the Norman style, like its Roman ancestor, seems to demand a building on a large scale in order to obtain a complete success, while the Early English and the Decorated can charm in the smallest chapel hardly less than in the grandest cathedral. These styles followed one another by gradual and natural development, each lasting nearly a century. Then, or rather before the end of the fourteenth century, the style called Perpendicular came into favour. As to its merits opinions will continue to differ. To myself it always seems over-mechanical and wanting in poetry of conception, but undoubtedly its architects have given us some stately and well-lighted churches, and some superb towers, and it seems peculiarly well adapted for domestic buildings. But as destroyers they were even more reckless than their predecessors, because they not only rebuilt, but also marred by knocking about older work in order to insert their large and often uninteresting windows. Faith was becoming weak, and the flock was getting restive. Its defenders sought to dazzle by splendour and overawe by stately ceremonial. The appeal to the senses, instead of to the reason and the affections, failed, as it is ever doomed to fail, because it is of man, not of God.

Then came the crash, with the results already mentioned. The Reformation injured chiefly the grander buildings; the Rebellion left its mark impartially on all, though on details rather than on structures. To this followed a period of slower but almost worse destruction. The new churches of the eighteenth century are seldom respectable; the older fabrics were generally treated with a neglect which seems inconceivable; they were knocked about in the most ruthless manner, blocked up with pews and galleries, encrusted with hideous monuments, bedaubed with plaster and whitewash. The absence of all sense of picturesque beauty, of all interest in antiquity, which characterised the Hanoverian period, is almost

inconceivable to our generation—though it is true the wind of fashion shows some signs of backing to that quarter, for children are thrust into the hideous garments worn by their predecessors more than a hundred years ago, and the eighteenth century garb finds much favour with the artists of illustrated newspapers and the designers of mural advertisements.

With the nineteenth century some interest in Gothic architecture revived. The seed sown, though with timid hand and uncertain purpose, in the later part of the preceding century, was fostered into vigorous life by the Church revival which began to attract notice about the commencement of the reign of the present Queen. The first outward and visible signs of the Gothic revival have certainly naught but an historical interest, for their ugliness is something portentous. But better results were soon produced as the fruit of the awakening interest in mediæval work, and now for years every style but Gothic has been an abomination to the Anglican Churchman. The Victorian era has been one of church restoration and church building. The former has been anything but an unmixed blessing. It has indeed preserved to us much which was perishing; it has removed whitewash and paint, and swept away numerous incrustations and hideous disfigurements. But in too many cases restoration has been little better than destruction. Architects with little knowledge, and parish priests without discretion, have worked their will upon our churches—replacing the old work by modern imitations—and have often deprived them of much of their individuality, and almost all their historical interest. It is hardly possible to speak too severely of the reckless manner in which the sepulchral memorials erected during the latter part of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century have commonly been treated. True, they were occasionally ugly in themselves; they were not seldom no ornament to the walls; they sometimes disfigured the columns; and the large flat slabs were to some an unpleasing interruption to the regularity of the pavement. But they formed a part of the history of the parish, and so of the nation. They indicated the resting-places of the men who had taken their share, humble though it might sometimes be, in the making of England. Now, crammed into belfry chambers or other hiding-places, separated from the actual graves of those whom they commemorate, they have lost more than half their interest; sometimes they have even been wantonly broken up and destroyed. Who, the restorer will defend himself by asking, cares to read of the virtues of a Brown, the opulence of a Jones, or the accomplishments of a Robinson, dead a century since? Granted that they were not even “mute, inglorious Miltons,” or “Cromwells guiltless of their country’s blood,” still they are representatives of the Commonwealth of England, and we have no right to pass a sponge over that part of our national history when political power began to descend from a titular aristocracy to the yeoman and the merchant. Neither

can we foretell that a reversionary interest may not yet be imparted to the tombs of ancestors by more illustrious descendants. Poets and philosophers, statesmen and warriors, have arisen, and will continue to arise, from the ranks of the tradesmen, the tenant-farmers, and the smaller landed gentry, so that the memorials of their humbler ancestors may have an interest in the time to come. Even when the matter is regarded in an æsthetic light, I have my doubts whether the bare wall of rough stone (probably intended from the first to be plastered) is the better for being unrelieved by mural tablets, and whether a neat chequered pavement of black and red tiles, not unlike that of a back kitchen, is preferable to the picturesque irregularity of the old quarries, interrupted by the great stone slabs which covered the actual graves.

In the present volume we have attempted to give some idea of the manifold interest of our abbeys and churches. While it is not intended as an architectural treatise, care has been taken to give some idea of the great variety in date, in design, and in execution which these buildings afford. No doubt the book could without difficulty have been made more complete in this respect, but illustrated treatises on architecture, which deal with the most typical examples and the variations exhibited by each style in the different parts of the kingdom—a subject of great interest in itself—are readily accessible. We have inclined rather to the associations which gather round the buildings, and to their inseparable alliance with the history of the country. We have, it is true, our Santa Croce at Westminster and our Panthéon at St. Paul's, but to many a man the quiet churchyard near the ancestral home has a stronger attraction for the last resting-place when life's turmoil is ended; and of Great Britain, more than of any other country, it may be said that the sepulchres of her famous men are scattered broadcast over the land. Here are the graves of a whole line of illustrious men, like the Cecils or the Beauchamps; there is the resting-place of one who was like a solitary star, a Shakespeare or a Burke. Some churches have been made famous by the living rather than the dead; their pulpits have been occupied by men illustrious for their eloquence, their literary power, or their scientific knowledge, by men whose names will live as long as England has a literature and our nation a history. Some churches are rich in memories of kings; some are associated with the busy tide of life; some are attractive for their very solitude, and instinct with thoughts of contemplative rest. The examples given in the following pages are but grains from a heap; they have been culled somewhat at random, like wild flowers from the meadow, but it is hoped that this volume may be sufficiently successful to warrant the publication of another, for which more than ample materials exist.

One class of churches has alone been excluded—those of the modern Gothic revival. At the present day these obviously have not yet acquired any

historic interest, and architecturally speaking they never can have any. They are in no sense a genuine product of the era. They are copies of the work of a dead past, not the natural outgrowth of the requirements and the feeling of a living present. Their plan sometimes, their ornamentation often, is suggestive of beliefs which we have abandoned as superstitious, and of ideas at which our reason revolts. In many cases also they show that the architect cannot rightly frame the shibboleth which he has attempted to learn; thus they are like Latin verses, which at worst exhibit the grammatical errors and the misapplied "tags" of the schoolboy, and at best do not rise above the frigid correctness and laborious dulness of the prize poems written by the average university scholar. We plume ourselves on the advances which our age has made in science—and they are great indeed. But it is rare that, except in landscape, our foremost painters can cope with the greatest men of olden time. One piece of sculpture dating from the best days of Greek art is worth a whole gallery of modern work; and in architecture we cannot even claim to possess a style, but copy the works of our forefathers, often as unintelligently as would a Chinese. Must we conclude that, as has happened in the past to many a form of life, the plant of architecture has borne all its possible fruits, and passed through every possible cycle of development; that henceforth we can but reproduce the works of our forefathers, and must be content with a frigid correctness, and thankful for the avoidance of unintelligent error? One trusts that this may not be so, but at present architecture, like the Latin of Cicero and the Greek of Demosthenes, seems to be only a dead language, which men may indeed learn to speak correctly, but in which they cannot think freely.

T. G. BONNEY.

ABBEYS AND CHURCHES

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES.



EXTERIOR OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE CORONATION
CHAIR.

THE Abbey of Westminster, to use the words of the late Dean Stanley, "is not only Rheims Cathedral and St. Denys both in one, but is also what the Panthéon was intended to be to France, what the Valhalla is to Germany, what Santa Croce is to Italy." *Siste, viator, calcas heroa*, is nowhere so apt as within its walls. Every stone within the building seems incorporated into the fabric of our national history, every slab of its pavements

tells of those who have played their part, often for good, sometimes for ill, in the making of England.

The date of the first foundation of Westminster Abbey is uncertain. Its earlier history is inextricably entangled with legend. At any rate, before the Romans came—when a British village marked the future site of London city—there was higher up, on the left bank of the Thames, an island or peninsula among the marshes, formed by the confluence of two tributary brooks with the main river. We may well doubt the tale which states that a Roman temple stood on the site of St. Peter's Abbey, although a stone sarcophagus of that age has been dug up near the north buttresses. Time passed; the Romans left, the English came. The land became more populous, and this spot—the isle of Thorns, as it was called—attracted attention. Being raised slightly above the surrounding fen, and supplied by springs—of which one was till lately indicated by “Dean's Yard Pump”—it came to be selected as a settlement, possibly monastic from the first. The grave of Sebert, king early in the seventh century, is still shown in the Abbey, and he is claimed as its first founder; but, at any rate, a community of Benedictine monks was established here in the reign of Edgar. It is, however, to Edward (commonly called the Confessor) that we must look as the originator of the greatness of St. Peter's Church at Westminster. Before coming to the throne he had vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, but had been absolved from this obligation by the Pope on condition of establishing a monastery in honour of Rome's patron saint. Westminster had now become a royal residence, though its palace had not the fame or splendour of after days. The little Abbey near its gates was already of some repute, for it had been dedicated to St. Peter, as the tale went, by the saint himself. This Edward resolved to rebuild. During the later years of his reign he reared, at a vast cost, and by the help of Norman architects, a church almost coextensive with the present building.

The Confessor's Minster was no doubt far more elaborate in design and execution than any other church in Britain. St. Stephen's and La Trinité, at Caen, though both of slightly later date, may perhaps give us an idea of its main features. It was cruciform in plan, with three towers, two western, one central, capped by short spires, and with an apsidal east end. No trace of it, however, now remains above ground, though here and there in the monastic precincts a few fragments of wall may be seen, some of them actual remnants of the Confessor's work, others built not long after his death, and in continuance of his plan. The church was only ready for dedication at the close of his reign; and he was unable to be present at the ceremony. On Innocents' Day, 1065, he was just able to sign the Charter, the new building was consecrated in the Queen's presence by the hands of Stigand, and on Sylvester's Eve Edward passed away, and a troublous time for England began.

Thus the inaugural events for the Abbey of Westminster were the funeral of its founder and the coronation of his successor—both of them events significant of its future history. But we will only dwell upon this so far as it affects the fabric itself. That remained with little change for nearly two centuries. One of the first acts of Henry III. was to add a Lady Chapel east of the Norman apse. A quarter of a century later (A.D. 1245) he undertook a far greater work, the rebuilding of the whole Abbey. To him we owe a large part of the present structure; and to his eclectic tastes many of its peculiarities are due. The new church was the outcome both of his religious fervour, which was exceptional, and of his personal feeling towards the English side of his ancestry. It is no less a memorial of another trait in his character—his lavish expenditure; for “the royal Abbey, as in the Confessor’s time so in Henry’s, is absolutely a royal gift.” At his death the building was carried westward only one bay beyond the transept. It was continued three bays further by his son, Edward I. For some two hundred years the work progressed slowly, the nave being gradually replaced; but at the time of the Civil War the western towers were still unfinished. After the Restoration they fell into the hands of Wren, who completed the western façade of the building. Of his addition to the Abbey, we can only say that it is an excellent piece of masonry, and might easily have been yet more incongruous. His design for the finished building will be found on page 11. He also disfigured the details of the front of the north transept. Here, however, a recent restoration, directed by Mr. (afterwards Sir) G. G. Scott, has effaced the traces of Wren’s unsympathetic hand. But, while the old faith yet prevailed, and before the old style of architecture had yielded to the reviving classic spirit, one great alteration was made in the eastern part of the Abbey: the Lady Chapel—the third Henry’s earliest work—was taken down by the seventh Henry, and replaced by one of larger and statelier proportions. It was designed to quiet his conscience by enlisting on his side the Virgin, in whom he had always had “most singulier trust and confidence,” to secure that masses should be said, and alms distributed for the welfare of his soul “perpetually for ever, while the world shall endure”—that is, for some thirty years; perhaps, also, in consciousness of the weakness of his title to the throne, to set his mark on this which was already one of the most truly national among our edifices, and to make his grave in one of its most sacred places.

The Abbey suffered less than might have been expected both at the Reformation and during the Civil War. As the tomb-house of so many kings, it was dealt with tenderly at the former epoch. There had been no contumacious churchman, whose memory was an offence, in what had been almost a chapel royal. He whose relics were enshrined in its holiest place had been an English king. On the second occasion, when crown and mitre went down before the Puritan, the Abbey had become nationalised. No more striking testimony to this

can be quoted than the fact that the great Protector, with other magnates of his age, was laid to rest in the easternmost part of its Lady Chapel. So the hand of the iconoclast was to a great extent withheld. Natural decay, and the dull contempt for mediæval work which characterised the last century, have wrought mischief enough; nevertheless, many of its choicest relics have suffered but little. Disfigured as it is in many parts by incongruous and often hideous monuments, overcrowded with such memorials as it is in all, "the Abbey" still remains one of the most beautiful among our churches, the most interesting



THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

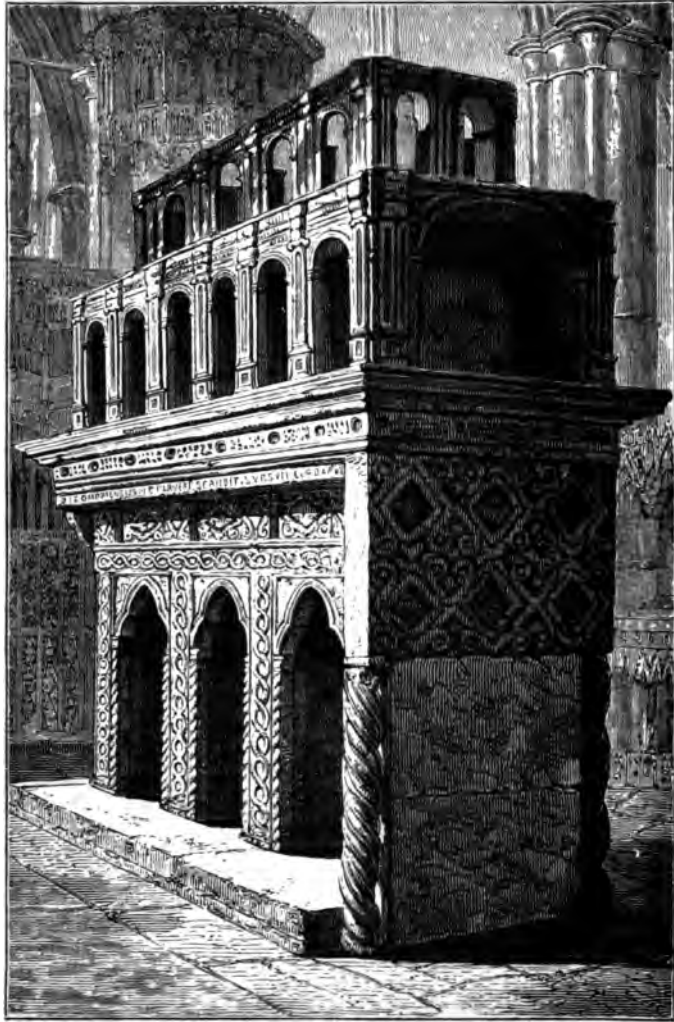
historic building in the whole of the United Kingdom.

Let us enter the Minster by its western door; for this is the best way of apprehending at a glance its most characteristic features. One, as seen from this point—with Wren's work at our back, and that of Henry VII. hid from view—is the uniformity of the design as a whole. Though, as we have said, almost the whole of the nave is later than the reign of Henry III., it produces the impression of a building belonging to the earliest part of the Middle Pointed, or Decorated, Period. Another feature is, for an English Minster, its exceptional



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT.

height. Its architecture has, from the first, been slightly exotic. Both the English Edward and the English-born Henry made use of French architects. Westminster Abbey is not only actually the loftiest ecclesiastical structure in England, but also the highest in proportion to its breadth; the ratio of the one to the other being 3 to 1, while in most of our cathedrals it varies from 2 to 2.5 to 1. Another characteristic, not common, though not unique, is its chevet. This, too, is French rather than English. The last feature which we will notice is its high ornamentation. Though, as is usual in buildings of this date, the tracery of the windows and the capitals of the columns are not especially rich in design, the walls are covered with elaborate diapering up to the base of the clerestory. If we may venture on a criticism, the height is almost disproportionate, making the building look a little narrow, and the triforium, beautiful as it is in itself, rather detracts from the effect of the clerestory. An arcade of simpler design, as at Rheims, produces a more harmonious whole. The ritual choir now occupies three bays of the nave. It is enclosed by a stone screen; of this the inner stonework dates from the thirteenth century, but the façade is of the nineteenth. Right of the doorway and beneath an arch is the monument of the first Earl Stanhope; left, that of Isaac Newton, the mathematician and physicist. The organ, lately re-arranged and enlarged, is grouped on each side of the screen so as not to obstruct the view.



SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

The monuments in the nave, numerous as they have become, are comparatively modern, few interments, at any rate of note, having taken place here before the beginning of the last century. Yet there is now but little room left

in the floor for graves, or on the walls for memorials. Under the north-west tower, around the cumbrous monument of Fox (removed from the north transept, where the great orator was buried), are grouped those of other eminent Liberals, so that this "has been consecrated as the Whigs' Corner." Over the west door is the statue of Pitt. Under the south-west tower, in the baptistery, was the consistory court; a figure in the window is said to represent the Black Prince. Here is a monument to Addison's friend Craggs, with an epitaph written by Pope. Here, too, are memorials of William Wordsworth, John Keble, Frederick Maurice, and Charles Kingsley—all buried elsewhere.

The north aisle shows us the stone beneath which "rare Ben Jonson" is buried in a standing position; the last resting-place of the great surgeon, John Hunter; the graves of Spencer Perceval, the murdered statesman, and Charles Lyell, the geologist, near that of Woodward, founder of the professorship of that science at Cambridge. John Herschel, the illustrious astronomer, is not far from the monument of Newton, and in fit proximity to the latter is Charles Darwin, hardly less great among naturalists than he among mathematicians.

In the south aisle we must not forget to notice the curious Abbots' pew above the Dean's door. Its pavement, as its walls, tell us of Atterbury, divine, statesman, and conspirator, who was buried in this familiar spot "as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of." Friend's memorial is appropriately near. Congreve, the dramatist, favourite of a duchess, is here; and, in congenial company, Mrs. Oldfield, whom the pomps and vanities of the world accompanied to her coffin. Admiral Tyrell deserved better of his generation than to be commemorated by so hideous a monument, which has, however, now assumed less offensive proportions. Many other brave soldiers and sailors have memorials here. Some of the monuments record those whose graves are in the central part of the nave. Among these are several who in our own days have attained to repute. Here rested for a few days the body of George Peabody. Toward the eastern part lie, in one row, G. E. Street, G. G. Scott, and Charles Barry. South of these are placed Lord Lawrence, Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), and Outram, the Bayard of India. Not far away rests the body of David Livingstone, brought to the African coast from the central wilds by the loving care of his native attendants; and Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, the prey of faction, has here met with tardy justice. Here is a brass to Robert Stephenson, who is interred in St. Andrew's Chapel, and one to Sir Robert Wilson; the former ugly in its realism, the latter ridiculous in its mediævalism. The General is represented in full fourteenth century armour! North and south of the Choir the aisles continue to be crowded with monuments. On the north side we note memorials of Blow, Croft, and Purcell, of Arnold, of Wilberforce, and of Stamford Raffles, and the new altar-tomb of the late Sub-Dean, Lord John Thynne. On

the south side are memorials of Watts and the Wesleys, of Kneller and Paoli. The murder of Thomas Thynn is "writ in marble;" and among many other brave men is Sir Cloudesley Shovel, "a very gallant man."

The north transept, after the interment of Lord Chatham, became "the statesman's aisle." No part of the building is more crowded with monuments, especially with monuments of modern date. It might be compared to a petrified Madame Tussaud's. In several cases the monuments are only memorials, but Chatham, Fox, Grattan, George Canning, and his son, the Viceroy of India, are actually buried here. On the west side, under the arches, are three large monuments: one, the "Great Commoner;" another, three captains in Rodney's fleet; the third, Lord Mansfield. Near these are the statues of Castlereagh and Palmerston and Follett. In the adjoining aisle Lord Aberdeen ("the travelled Thane"), George Cornwall Lewis, Warren Hastings, Jonas Hanway, Francis Horner, and Richard Cobden, are commemorated; also Herbert Edwardes and Vice-Admiral Watson, both of Indian fame, with many more "mighty men of valour." Newcastle, "the loyal Duke," and his literary Duchess, occupy places under the arches on the north side, and east of these is the monument to Sir Peter Warren. The statues of the three Cannings are side by side; south of them stands Sir John Malcolm, and then Beaconsfield. At the corner is Peel, absurdly clad in a Roman toga. Behind these are the chapels of St. Andrew, St. Michael, and St. John the Evangelist, now thrown together by the destruction of their screens. They, too, are crowded with monuments. The kneeling knights supporting the upper slab of Sir Francis Vere's tomb are admirably executed, as Roubiliac himself testified. That sculptor's ghastly memorial to Mrs. Nightingale is familiar to all. Norris, made fatherless by Anne Boleyn's fondness, with his wife—Queen Elizabeth's "black crow"—rests in St. Andrew's Chapel. Sir George Holles has displaced the altar of St. John; Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, that of St. Michael; and among others recorded on the walls we can only name Mrs. Siddons, Admiral Kempenfelt, and Sir John Franklin.

The south transept has become the Valhalla of literature. The eastern portion has long borne the name of "Poets' Corner." The western wall "was early called the 'learned' or the 'historical' side." We cannot attempt to enumerate the names of all those who are buried or commemorated here. The paragraph would become a mere catalogue. We can only mention some of those for whom it is the actual resting-place. Chief is Chaucer, who ended his life in the Abbey precincts. The monument was erected a century and a half later. Close by are Dryden's tomb and Beaumont's grave. Here, too, lie Michael Drayton and Edmund Spenser, Abraham Cowley and Matthew Prior, Thomas Campbell and John Gay. In or near this transept also are laid Isaac Casaubon, William Camden, Henry Spelman, Isaac Barrow, David Garrick, Samuel Johnson, Thomas

Babington Macaulay, and Connop Thirlwall. The large allegorical monument of the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, whom readers of the "Heart of Midlothian"



THE CHOIR.

will remember, disfigures this transept, but his body was laid in a vault beneath the Chapel of Henry VII.

In the Choir the fittings are modern, as are the altar and reredos; the marble pavement is only of interest as the gift of Busby, the great schoolmaster of

his age. But that within the rails is, for England, an exceptional work; the materials, in great part spoils of classic structures, were brought from Rome by an Abbot of Westminster, and the mosaic was executed by workmen from that city about the year 1268. The sepulchral memorials around us here go back to earlier times. A beautiful tomb north of the altar commemorates Edmund Crouchback, son of Henry III., and founder of the House of Lancaster. Beneath the next arch is the monument of his wife, Aveline, together with that of Aymer de Valence, nicknamed by Gaveston, to his sorrow, "Joseph the Jew." On the south side, behind the sedilia, is the reputed tomb of Sebert, but not, of course, a contemporary work, and beneath the next arch rests the "great Flemish mare," Anne of Cleves. The portrait of Richard II., "the first contemporary painting of an English Sovereign," now hangs in front of some curious tapestry. The beginning of many an epoch in English history is brought to mind as we regard this part of the Abbey, for here the Sovereign is crowned, the throne being placed in front of the altar. The homage of the peers is received on another seat, erected beneath the lantern. Each one who can be said to have really reigned over England has been crowned in the Abbey of Westminster, from the days of William the Norman to those of Queen Victoria; and it has also been the scene of many another act of national worship, such as the Thanksgiving Service on the completion of the fiftieth year of her present Majesty's reign.

East of the transepts, north and south, are two little chapels. The northern bears Abbot Islip's name, and in the chantry above are preserved the remains of the waxwork effigies which used to be carried at royal and other great funerals, and in former days were among the chief attractions of the Abbey.



INTERIOR OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

On the south side is the chapel of St. Benedict. In the north ambulatory are those of St. John the Baptist and St. Paul; in the south, of St. Edmund and St. Nicholas. All are crowded with monuments—mostly of Elizabethan and Jacobean times, though among them are some of earlier date. The most interesting (in the chapel of St. Edmund) is the tomb of William de Valence, half-brother of Henry III., “the only existing example of an effigy in Limoges enamel work in England,” but it has been sadly mutilated. In the same chapel is the effigy of Elizabeth Russell, who, according to the old legend, died from the prick of a needle, “a martyr to good housewifery.”

The place of chief interest is the Confessor's Chapel, which occupies the remainder of the Choir behind the high altar, and is thus raised considerably above the level of the ambulatory. In the centre of the ancient inlaid pavement stands the magnificent shrine erected by Henry III. to contain the body of his sainted predecessor. Though the golden casket which enclosed the coffin has been replaced by a humbler fabric of wood, though the Purbeck marble of the lower part has crumbled, and the glass mosaic has in many places been chipped away, this is still the most perfect monument of its kind in Britain, for to such as these the Reformation proved exceptionally fatal. A memorial hardly less interesting stands in front of the old screen which backs the reredos. This is the Coronation Chair. It was made by order of Edward I., and first used at his son's coronation. It has served the same purpose without interruption for six hundred years. Beneath it is the stone of Scone, a relic yet more venerable—though we discard the legends of its having served as Jacob's pillow at Bethel, and of its subsequent wanderings—for it was the Palladium of Scotland, and the throning-stool of its kings. The second chair was made for Queen Mary at the joint coronation of herself and William III. Between these are placed the huge sword and shield of Edward III. “Longshanks” lies beneath the third bay to the north, his strange order as to the disposal of his body having been thus violated. Beneath the next arch is the stately tomb of Henry III., enriched with slabs of Egyptian and Spartan “porphyry,” the spoils of Rome. Then comes the monument of Queen Eleanor, ending the line of memorial crosses. Then, beneath a stately chantry, which is extended eastward to overarch the ambulatory, stands the tomb of Henry V., the victor of Agincourt. The body of his wife, Katherine, after many vicissitudes, is now placed near. Opposite to Eleanor lies Queen Philippa; then comes the monument of her husband, Edward III.; and lastly the ill-fated Richard II. and his Queen, Anne. All are memorials of the highest interest, on account of their execution as well as of their antiquity. They have not wholly escaped the hand of the iconoclast or of the relic-hunter. Still, as a rule, the injuries are comparatively light, and it has been deemed needless, happily, to invoke the aid of the restorer. John of Waltham, favourite of

Richard II., has been admitted into this august fellowship. Edith, wife of Edward the Confessor, rests near her husband's shrine. Queen Maud lies on the south side, while Elizabeth Tudor and Thomas of Woodstock complete the company of monarchs and their kinsfolk.

After the entombment of Henry V. there came a break in the royal



WREN'S DESIGN FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE ABBEY.

funerals. Henry VI., though, as graphically described by Dean Stanley, he chose him a place near the Confessor, rests at Windsor, as does his rival, Edward IV. But the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster is commemorated by the building of a large tomb-house. Henry VII. took down the original Lady Chapel, and erected that which now bears his name. This, though not the largest, is the finest piece of "Tudor" work in England. Although we may hesitate to apply to it Leland's courtly phrase—*orbis miraculum*—the roof, at any rate, is a marvel of elaboration. The building has side aisles, and is terminated by a chevet of four chapels. The stalls, of contemporary work, are

adorned with the banners and marked by the armorial bearings of Knights of the Bath—of which order the Dean of Westminster is *ex officio* dean. Near the eastern end is the stately monument of the founder, Henry VII., and of his wife. The figures are of bronze, the tomb is of marble, adorned with alabaster and with medallions in copper. It is the work of Torregiano, Renaissance rather than Gothic in design. The grille, however, wrought by English artists, is more in harmony with the chapel. Henry the VII.'s grandson, Edward VI., was interred on the site of the altar at which masses were to be perpetually said for his grandfather's soul. No monument marked the boy-king's grave, but a re-



DEAN STANLEY.

storation of the altar, including two pillars from the original, now serves as a memorial. From his time till the reign of George III. this chapel was the usual burial-place for members of the royal house, but the line of royal monuments closes with the reign of James I., whose body was laid within the founder's vault. A stately monument in the south aisle covers the corpse of his mother, transferred hither from the cathedral of Peterborough. By this is a tomb not less worthy of note than the founder's: that of his mother, the saintly Lady Margaret, also the work of Torregiano. In this aisle also lie Margaret Lennox (grandmother of James I.), numerous members of the Stuart family, and other illustrious personages, including General Monk.

At the eastern end of the same aisle lie Charles II., William III. and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark; west of the founder's vault are George II. and Queen Caroline, with not a few of their children and grandchildren. In the north aisle a splendid monument commemorates the national mourning for Queen Elizabeth, and in the same grave is buried her less lamented sister Mary. Two children of James I. lie near, and in a small sarcophagus are placed the bones, discovered in the Tower, which were supposed to be the remains of the murdered sons of Edward IV.

Few members of any royal family are buried beneath the chapels of the chevet. One is encumbered by the vast monument of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, King James's "Steenie;" another, no less by that of Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. In the north-eastern chapel lies John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, with his fantastic wife. In the south-eastern is placed the Duc de Montpensier—brother to Louis Philippe—who died an exile in England, in

1807; and the late Dean, Arthur Stanley, rests by the side of his beloved wife. Over their graves a beautiful altar-tomb has been erected. The easternmost chapel has no monument, but a glance at the inscriptions on the floor is enough. In the vault beneath were laid the Protector Cromwell, with some of his family and friends, chief among them being Ireton, Bradshaw, and Admiral Blake. After the Restoration these were all ejected; most of them were reinterred



THE CHAPEL OF THE PYX.

outside the Abbey, but the corpses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were dragged to Tyburn for mutilation and insult. The vault afterwards received some of the illegitimate progeny of the second Charles, but was saved from utter dishonour by the subsequent interment in it of the Duke of Ormond, and of Bentinck, Earl of Portland. What satire could be more bitter than to place a bastard of that Charles who brought England so low among nations, in the very grave from which Blake had been ejected as unworthy!

Full of interest as is the exterior of the Abbey, our space forbids us to linger there. Notwithstanding three centuries of change, much still remains of the old Benedictine monastery. There are the venerable cloisters, black with the smoke of London; there is the exquisite chapter-house, built by the second founder, and

Babington Macaulay, and Connop Thirlwall. The large allegorical monument of the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, whom readers of the "Heart of Midlothian"



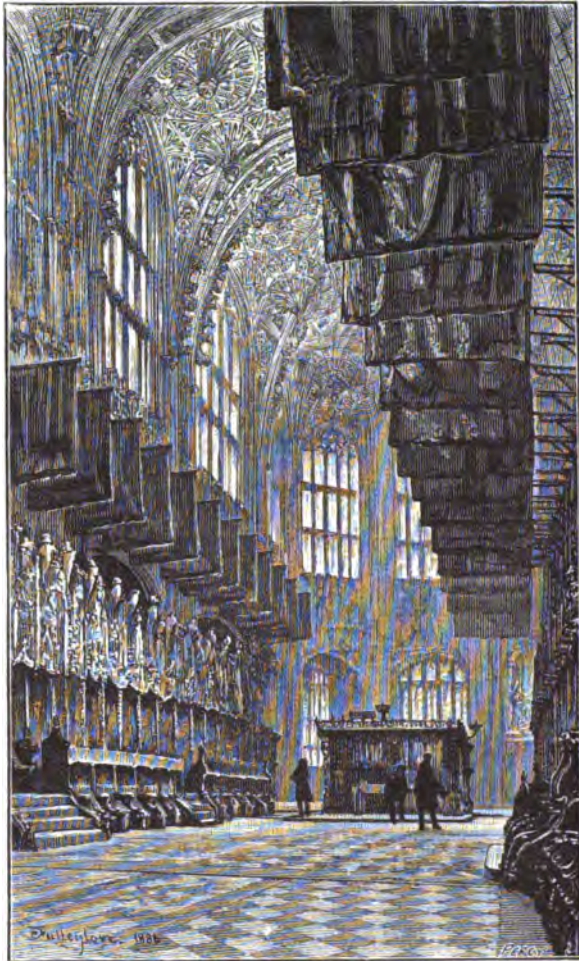
THE CHOIR.

will remember, disfigures this transept, but his body was laid in a vault beneath the Chapel of Henry VII.

In the Choir the fittings are modern, as are the altar and reredos; the marble pavement is only of interest as the gift of Busby, the great schoolmaster of

his age. But that within the rails is, for England, an exceptional work; the materials, in great part spoils of classic structures, were brought from Rome by an Abbot of Westminster, and the mosaic was executed by workmen from that city about the year 1268. The sepulchral memorials around us here go back to earlier times. A beautiful tomb north of the altar commemorates Edmund Crouchback, son of Henry III., and founder of the House of Lancaster. Beneath the next arch is the monument of his wife, Aveline, together with that of Aymer de Valence, nicknamed by Gaveston, to his sorrow, "Joseph the Jew." On the south side, behind the sedilia, is the reputed tomb of Sebert, but not, of course, a contemporary work, and beneath the next arch rests the "great Flemish mare," Anne of Cleves. The portrait of Richard II., "the first contemporary painting of an English Sovereign," now hangs in front of some curious tapestry. The beginning of many an epoch in English history is brought to mind as we regard this part of the Abbey, for here the Sovereign is crowned, the throne being placed in front of the altar. The homage of the peers is received on another seat, erected beneath the lantern. Each one who can be said to have really reigned over England has been crowned in the Abbey of Westminster, from the days of William the Norman to those of Queen Victoria; and it has also been the scene of many another act of national worship, such as the Thanksgiving Service on the completion of the fiftieth year of her present Majesty's reign.

East of the transepts, north and south, are two little chapels. The northern bears Abbot Islip's name, and in the chantry above are preserved the remains of the waxwork effigies which used to be carried at royal and other great funerals, and in former days were among the chief attractions of the Abbey.



INTERIOR OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

On the south side is the chapel of St. Benedict. In the north ambulatory are those of St. John the Baptist and St. Paul; in the south, of St. Edmund and St. Nicholas. All are crowded with monuments—mostly of Elizabethan and Jacobean times, though among them are some of earlier date. The most interesting (in the chapel of St. Edmund) is the tomb of William de Valence, half-brother of Henry III., “the only existing example of an effigy in Limoges enamel work in England,” but it has been sadly mutilated. In the same chapel is the effigy of Elizabeth Russell, who, according to the old legend, died from the prick of a needle, “a martyr to good housewifery.”

The place of chief interest is the Confessor's Chapel, which occupies the remainder of the Choir behind the high altar, and is thus raised considerably above the level of the ambulatory. In the centre of the ancient inlaid pavement stands the magnificent shrine erected by Henry III. to contain the body of his sainted predecessor. Though the golden casket which enclosed the coffin has been replaced by a humbler fabric of wood, though the Purbeck marble of the lower part has crumbled, and the glass mosaic has in many places been chipped away, this is still the most perfect monument of its kind in Britain, for to such as these the Reformation proved exceptionally fatal. A memorial hardly less interesting stands in front of the old screen which backs the reredos. This is the Coronation Chair. It was made by order of Edward I., and first used at his son's coronation. It has served the same purpose without interruption for six hundred years. Beneath it is the stone of Scone, a relic yet more venerable—though we discard the legends of its having served as Jacob's pillow at Bethel, and of its subsequent wanderings—for it was the Palladium of Scotland, and the throning-stool of its kings. The second chair was made for Queen Mary at the joint coronation of herself and William III. Between these are placed the huge sword and shield of Edward III. “Longshanks” lies beneath the third bay to the north, his strange order as to the disposal of his body having been thus violated. Beneath the next arch is the stately tomb of Henry III., enriched with slabs of Egyptian and Spartan “porphyry,” the spoils of Rome. Then comes the monument of Queen Eleanor, ending the line of memorial crosses. Then, beneath a stately chantry, which is extended eastward to overarch the ambulatory, stands the tomb of Henry V., the victor of Agincourt. The body of his wife, Katherine, after many vicissitudes, is now placed near. Opposite to Eleanor lies Queen Philippa; then comes the monument of her husband, Edward III.; and lastly the ill-fated Richard II. and his Queen, Anne. All are memorials of the highest interest, on account of their execution as well as of their antiquity. They have not wholly escaped the hand of the iconoclast or of the relic-hunter. Still, as a rule, the injuries are comparatively light, and it has been deemed needless, happily, to invoke the aid of the restorer. John of Waltham, favourite of

Richard II., has been admitted into this august fellowship. Edith, wife of Edward the Confessor, rests near her husband's shrine. Queen Maud lies on the south side, while Elizabeth Tudor and Thomas of Woodstock complete the company of monarchs and their kinsfolk.

After the entombment of Henry V. there came a break in the royal



WREN'S DESIGN FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE ABBEY.

funerals. Henry VI., though, as graphically described by Dean Stanley, he chose him a place near the Confessor, rests at Windsor, as does his rival, Edward IV. But the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster is commemorated by the building of a large tomb-house. Henry VII. took down the original Lady Chapel, and erected that which now bears his name. This, though not the largest, is the finest piece of "Tudor" work in England. Although we may hesitate to apply to it Leland's courtly phrase—*orbis miraculum*—the roof, at any rate, is a marvel of elaboration. The building has side aisles, and is terminated by a chevet of four chapels. The stalls, of contemporary work, are

adorned with the banners and marked by the armorial bearings of Knights of the Bath—of which order the Dean of Westminster is *ex officio* dean. Near the eastern end is the stately monument of the founder, Henry VII., and of his wife. The figures are of bronze, the tomb is of marble, adorned with alabaster and with medallions in copper. It is the work of Torregiano, Renaissance rather than Gothic in design. The grille, however, wrought by English artists, is more in harmony with the chapel. Henry the VII.'s grandson, Edward VI., was interred on the site of the altar at which masses were to be perpetually said for his grandfather's soul. No monument marked the boy-king's grave, but a re-



DEAN STANLEY.

storation of the altar, including two pillars from the original, now serves as a memorial. From his time till the reign of George III. this chapel was the usual burial-place for members of the royal house, but the line of royal monuments closes with the reign of James I., whose body was laid within the founder's vault. A stately monument in the south aisle covers the corpse of his mother, transferred hither from the cathedral of Peterborough. By this is a tomb not less worthy of note than the founder's: that of his mother, the saintly Lady Margaret, also the work of Torregiano. In this aisle also lie Margaret Lennox (grandmother of James I.), numerous members of the Stuart family, and other illustrious personages, including General Monk.

At the eastern end of the same aisle lie Charles II., William III. and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark; west of the founder's vault are George II. and Queen Caroline, with not a few of their children and grandchildren. In the north aisle a splendid monument commemorates the national mourning for Queen Elizabeth, and in the same grave is buried her less lamented sister Mary. Two children of James I. lie near, and in a small sarcophagus are placed the bones, discovered in the Tower, which were supposed to be the remains of the murdered sons of Edward IV.

Few members of any royal family are buried beneath the chapels of the chevet. One is encumbered by the vast monument of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, King James's "Steenie;" another, no less by that of Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. In the north-eastern chapel lies John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, with his fantastic wife. In the south-eastern is placed the Duc de Montpensier—brother to Louis Philippe—who died an exile in England, in

1807; and the late Dean, Arthur Stanley, rests by the side of his beloved wife. Over their graves a beautiful altar-tomb has been erected. The easternmost chapel has no monument, but a glance at the inscriptions on the floor is enough. In the vault beneath were laid the Protector Cromwell, with some of his family and friends, chief among them being Ireton, Bradshaw, and Admiral Blake. After the Restoration these were all ejected; most of them were reinterred



THE CHAPEL OF THE PYX.

outside the Abbey, but the corpses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were dragged to Tyburn for mutilation and insult. The vault afterwards received some of the illegitimate progeny of the second Charles, but was saved from utter dishonour by the subsequent interment in it of the Duke of Ormond, and of Bentinck, Earl of Portland. What satire could be more bitter than to place a bastard of that Charles who brought England so low among nations, in the very grave from which Blake had been ejected as unworthy!

Full of interest as is the exterior of the Abbey, our space forbids us to linger there. Notwithstanding three centuries of change, much still remains of the old Benedictine monastery. There are the venerable cloisters, black with the smoke of London; there is the exquisite chapter-house, built by the second founder, and

now, after so many years of misuse, restored to something of its pristine beauty ; there is the massive door which closes the old Norman Chapel of the Pyx, with its grim history, and the dark passage which retains portions, at least, of the Confessor's work. Fragments of the Norman dormitory can be discerned in the great schoolroom where generation after generation of scholars has been reared since the days of "Good Queen Bess." At the back of Ashburnham House are some remnants of the ancient Norman refectory. The present house is attributed to Inigo Jones. If it be his design, which is doubtful, it has been greatly altered. Some of the internal decoration is good, but it is difficult to understand, on grounds purely æsthetic, the outery which was raised a few years ago when the house was transferred to the school. Great Dean's Yard is bordered on the eastern side by a row of houses which still retain many traces of the old monastic buildings. In the Abbots' Hall, built by Littlington, the Queen's Scholars of Westminster School dine, at tables made, it is said, from captured ships of the Spanish Armada ; and between this and the Abbey is yet another hall of the same date—the Jerusalem Chamber. Here—who needs to be reminded of it?—Henry IV. died ; here the Westminster Confession was drawn up ; here Convocation has often assembled ; here, also, the revisers of the Old Testament held their meetings.

In the future, as in the past, changes must come to the Abbey of Westminster. Two are imperatively necessary, and cannot long be delayed : a thorough repair of the fabric, and the addition of a building to serve as a tomb-house. Let us hope that in carrying out the former, the hand of the restorer will be as far as possible withheld. Better the crumbling stone, so long as it does not endanger the fabric, than the new-carved capital or tracery ; better, in many cases, even the alterations of an unwise age than the modern imitation of what the original architect may have wrought. Incrustations and excrescences might, indeed, here and there be removed with advantage, but even in this it is better to err on the safe side. Still, as the Abbey is already overcrowded with monuments, it is to be hoped that before long the desire of the late and of the present Dean will be accomplished, and an addition be made to the buildings in the form of a cloister or tomb-house, into which some of the most modern monuments might be moved. Beyond this we do not wish to look, though the times are ominous of changes, and there is reason for fear as well as for hope. We part, however, from the Abbey, trusting that Dean Stanley's words may be prophetic : "Here, if anywhere, the Christian worship of England may labour to meet both the strength and the weakness of succeeding ages, to inspire new meanings into ancient forms, and embrace within itself each rising aspiration after Truth and Justice and Love."

T. G. BONNEY.

BRIDGWATER, WESTON ZOYLAND, AND TAUNTON.

MEMORIES OF SEDGMOOR.

SOMERSET is nowadays a veritable Sleepy Hollow among English counties; the pulses of the national life throb in the busy, crowded communities of northern and midland towns—a fact of which the framer of each successive Reform Act has made a note by reducing the political influence of this diminishing population. But although it be indisputable that English history in the present is being made elsewhere, Somerset has borne its full share of the troubles and turmoils of the past, and three or four centuries ago its sons dotted its surface with enduring memorials of their perfection in an art which this more polished age seems to have lost. The church towers of Somerset are unrivalled specimens of Perpendicular architecture, which enjoy universal fame. Even the expanse of flat, low-lying land between the Mendip and the Quantock hills—which the sea has been made to surrender against its will, so to speak, and where at times the flood-waters yet bring to a standstill that embodiment of the triumph of mind over matter, the railway locomotive—is rich in varied memories. In its waste and primitive state, when almost the only sounds heard here would be the plash of waters and the shrill cries of the sea-fowl among the sedges, it naturally formed for a time a sort of march or border country between the West Saxons and the Britons, in the course of the conquest by which the latter were gradually driven back to their final retreat, Cornwall. King Ina, in the beginning of the eighth century, pushing his power further westward, on rising ground above the River Tone, on a spot probably marked out for him by a former Roman occupation, built a castle and drew up his code of laws. This, then, was the origin of the modern county town of Taunton, whose beautiful church of St. Mary Magdalene is known to everyone who has ever passed through West Somerset. But the West Saxons were in their turn overrun by a fresh horde of sea rovers, whose fierce energies had not yet been softened by a settled life. When at last, in 878, Guthrum poured his Danish host down upon the royal palace at Chippenham, in Wiltshire, the power of Wessex seemed to be completely overthrown. The only refuge open to the fugitive king was the marsh-land of Somerset. But the beaten ruler was no ordinary man, for his subsequent action showed, and posterity has recognised, King Alfred to be the greatest of all the English kings before the Norman Conquest. He retreated to the island of Athelney, a spit of land between the Parret and the Tone, which furnished him with an impenetrable

fastness. There, like a tiger crouching for a spring, he sojourned for eight months, until he was ready to inflict a crushing blow upon the invader Guthrum. To this period is attributed the episode of the burning of the cakes, dear to the heart of Mrs. Barbauld.

The wars of King Stephen's reign must have swept over this district, for the king laid siege to the castles of powerful and predatory barons in various directions



BRIDGWATER: THE EXTERIOR.

around it; but nothing need be recorded here respecting them. Taunton Castle was, however, rebuilt by Bishop Giffard in the previous reign; Bridgwater Castle, built by Walter de Briwere in the reign of King John, has now totally disappeared. Upon three occasions the peace of this neighbourhood has been disturbed by conflicts for the possession of the English crown. Perkin Warbeck, after failing to effect much in Ireland, landed upon the coast of Cornwall, where his chief sympathisers were, and advanced eastward to conquer England. He seized upon Taunton, but got no further. Here he was faced by the royal forces, from which he fled without striking a blow, and was speedily captured and ultimately led to the gallows.

When, on April 23rd, 1642, Sir John Hotham, by order of Parliament, closed

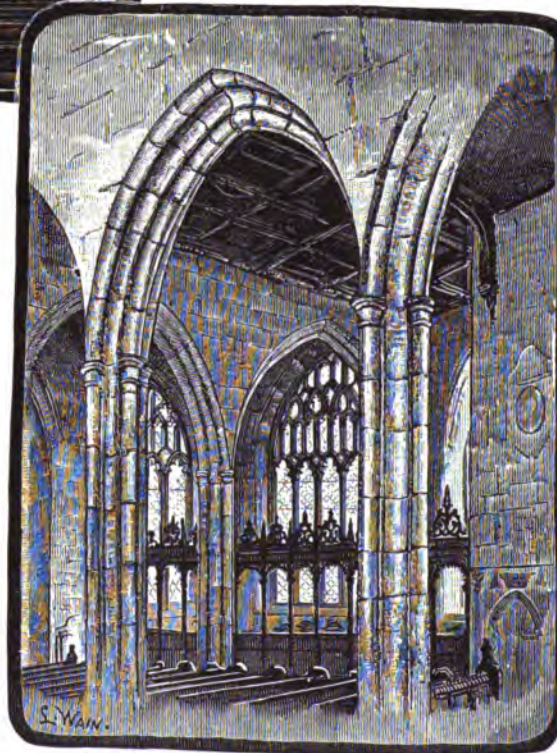
the gates of Hull against King Charles I., and thus began the great Civil War,

the sympathies of Somerset were with the Parliament; but Cornwall was strongly Royalist, and Sir Ralph Hopton, raising a force there of nearly 4,000 horse and foot, swept through the county before any resistance could be organised nearer than at Bath, and took possession of Taunton on the way. Bridgwater, whose castle mounted forty guns, was already held by Colonel Wyndham for the



BRIDGWATER: THE INTERIOR.

King. Although the battle of Devizes threw the West entirely into the hands of the Royalists, Taunton was taken by Colonel Robert Blake in the next year. This gallant Somerset man, whose birthplace is still pointed out in Bridgwater, was afterwards the renowned admiral of the Commonwealth, but he did not adopt the sea as a profession till he was past fifty years of age. He was twice closely besieged by Lord Goring in Taunton, but nothing could cow the stubborn valour of the governor, nor shake the fidelity of the townspeople, even though they were reduced to the verge of starvation and saw whole streets destroyed by the mortars and



BRIDGWATER: THE CORPORATION Pews.

grenades of the Cavaliers. Fairfax and Cromwell defeated the Royalist force on July 10th at Aller Moor, on the right bank of the Parret, near Langport, and stormed Bridgwater on July 21st.

These sieges and battles, however, were only incidents in a larger drama which was played upon a wider stage; but forty years later this marsh-land of Somerset was the principal scene in a brief and pitiable tragedy which was of national interest and importance, and has endowed it with its principal memories. It was the scene also of a butchery more cruel and atrocious than any other recorded in our history; and it is hardly possible to look upon the greensward of Sedgmoor without a mist of blood coming in imagination before the eyes. When the Duke of Monmouth, one of the base-born sons of Charles II., raised the standard of revolt against the Catholic King, James II., and landed at Lyme in Dorset, he was well advised in making his way to Taunton. The men of the town had not shared in the revulsion of feeling which hailed the Restoration; they proudly celebrated the anniversary of the raising of the siege, and "their stubborn attachment to the old cause had excited so much fear and resentment at Whitehall that, by a royal order, their moat had been filled up and their wall demolished to the foundation." Monmouth was received, therefore, with the utmost enthusiasm, the town was decorated with wreaths and flowers, every man wore the badge of the movement, the church bells rang merrily, and a flag, embroidered with the royal emblems, was offered to Monmouth by a train of young girls. Whilst here, indeed, he was persuaded to assume the title of king, and was proclaimed as such in the market-place on the 20th of June, 1685. The next day he marched to Bridgwater, where he was received by the Mayor and Corporation in their robes of office, and again proclaimed at the high cross. He took up his quarters in the Castle, and his men encamped in the castle field, and fashioned themselves weapons out of scythes and other tools of husbandry or mining, in default of better equipment. The cavalry were mounted upon large colts, for at that period great herds were bred upon the marsh-land of Somerset for the purpose of supplying London with coach- and cart-horses. Monmouth advanced from Bridgwater to Glastonbury, where his men bivouacked in the ruins of the abbey; for even sacred buildings are not respected in time of war. He was foiled, however, in his attempt to seize Bristol, and Bath refused to open its gates to him. The royal forces were near at hand, and he then fell back upon Frome, and on the 2nd of July re-entered Bridgwater, with his ardour very much damped. What to do he did not know—whether to abandon his rustic followers altogether, or to make a wild attempt to march into Cheshire. One project which he entertained was to entrench himself at Bridgwater, and hundreds of labourers were summoned to dig ditches and throw up earthworks. On the 5th of July the royal forces came in sight, and pitched their camp on

Sedgmoor; and as they lay here they were surveyed from the top of the tower of the parish church of Bridgwater, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene.

This church, of which we may here pause to give some details, is an exception to the general rule of Somerset churches, for it has a steeple, slender and graceful, which rises to a height of 174 feet from the ground. The church is a large one, with transepts and aisles, and is built with red stone of two kinds, the dark red of the tower forming an effective contrast to the lighter tint of the rest of the edifice. It is mainly Perpendicular in character, having been rebuilt or enlarged about 1420, but some portion of the nave and north porch are Decorated work, being about a century older. Above the porch is the priests' chamber, lighted by a curious and very unusual Trinity window, formed of two intersecting triangles. The "squint," which enabled those in the porch to command a view of the high altar, is still preserved. It is of large dimensions, and divided by shafts of stone and iron cross-bars into panels, and is said by tradition to be a lepers' squint. More uncommon is the arched recess on the exterior of the north transept, containing effigies. The interior has been restored, but possesses an interesting roof, pulpit, communion-table, and two screens, all of black oak, and very finely and boldly carved. The hand of the restorer has indeed removed the screens from their place in the chancel to adorn the organ chamber and the Mayor's pew, but that is better than destroying them altogether. An oil painting of the Descent from the Cross, artist unknown, which was presented to the church for an altar-piece, and blocks up the great east window, has a curious history. It was taken on board a privateer during the French war, and its donor, then member for the borough, was a scion of the Paulet family, who, in commemoration of Queen Anne's standing as his godmother, had been burdened with the name—unusual as a masculine prænomen—of Anne. In the chancel is an Elizabethan monument to Sir Francis Kingswell, who died in 1620, and in the churchyard reposes Oldmixon, a Whig pamphleteer, dull though virulent, who was gibbeted by Pope in "The Dunciad," but reaped from his patrons the more satisfactory reward of being made collector of customs at this port, which was then of greater importance than it is at present.

To the summit of the tower of this church, then, Monmouth climbed, with his principal officers, and with sad eyes surveyed the array of his enemies on the broad plain in front of him. This had altered in its character and appearance very much during the centuries which had elapsed since King Ina fought the Britons somewhere in the marshes round the mouth of the Parret. Although not, as now, rich with cornfields and apple trees, a good deal had been done towards draining the morass: banks had been built to keep back the sea where needed, and the ground was intersected by many wide and deep ditches, or rhines, as they are locally called, which served to carry the water off the land. The only landmarks on the moor were the towers of the village churches,

marking the spots here and there where human habitations were to be found. Most conspicuous of all was the fine square tower of the church of St. Mary, Weston Zoyland, rising in four storeys, with angle buttresses and battlemented parapet, to a height of 104 feet. The upper three stages are pierced with windows, flanked by canopied niches, which are mostly empty, although one or two headless and mutilated effigies still remain. The topmost stage is very richly

treated, but many of the pinnacles are shattered, the church having suffered in a thunderstorm in the beginning of the present century, when, according to village tradition, a ball of fire struck the tower and scattered the



TAUNTON: THE EXTERIOR.

stonework in all directions. The chancel is Decorated work; the nave, which has north and south aisles and transepts, is in the Perpendicular style; the oak roof is of very elaborate design, beautifully carved and decorated. In the north transept is a mural tomb, with an effectively carved canopy; the recumbent effigy

is that of a priest, and is probably not in its original position. The nave has a clerestory, which gives colour to the local tradition that the church was built by the monks of the monastery which formerly existed here, and of which remains are still to be seen. The church has suffered the ravages of restoration,



TAUNTON : THE INTERIOR.

and a fine old oak pulpit and sounding-board have disappeared, but some richly decorated bench-ends, with the initials R. B., still remain.

In the village of Weston Zoyland lay the royal cavalry, and here were the headquarters of the general in command, the Earl of Feversham. At Chedzoy, to the north, lay the regular infantry, and Monmouth's heart grew heavy as he gazed upon them, for he could remember how some of the battalions there assembled had fought under his command at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. In the church of Weston Zoyland is an altar-cloth which was thrust away beneath the pulpit to escape destruction at the Reformation, and was only discovered a few

years since; in the chancel the credence table and sedilia still remain; there is also a monumental brass which has not been stolen. In one of the buttresses is a sandstone, on which, the tradition runs, the weapons were sharpened on the night before the battle of Sedgmoor.

The result of Monmouth's inspection was a resolve to take the only course which offered any hope of dispersing the foes who hemmed him in—a night surprise. To reach Feversham's position three rhines had to be crossed, but, incredible as it seems, Monmouth's scouts had only notified him of the existence of two. The first was crossed in safety; the guides missed the causeway which bridged the second. In the confusion a pistol went off and warned the hostile camp, where Churchill was alert and watchful, if Feversham was not. This would not have been so serious, but when "King Monmouth's" men had found their way again they discovered a third stream, the Bussex-rhine, running dark and deep between them and the foe, and from the opposite bank the royal foot poured in a musketry fire which speedily destroyed Monmouth's hopes of success. He soon rode off the field, to avoid capture by the royal cavalry, but he was only reserved for a more inglorious taking and a shameful death. His deserted followers fought bravely, but superior discipline and arms told against them, and their rout was soon complete.

Then began the dance of death, the reign of terror. Before nightfall five hundred prisoners had been crowded into Weston Zoyland Church; eighty were wounded, and five died within the sacred walls.* While the bells rang merrily the tithing-men were busy collecting materials for the gallows tree, and Feversham lined the road from Bridgwater to Zoyland with a string of gibbets. Colonel Kirke succeeded to the work of slaughter, and then the infamous Jeffreys and four other judges were let loose on "the Bloody Assize," which turned Somerset and Dorset into a human shambles.

Before Jeffreys began his profanation of the name of justice at Taunton, he would, in accordance with immemorial custom, attend divine service in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, who appears to have been the favourite saint in this part of the country. The glory of the church is its tower, which was rebuilt in 1862, as nearly as possible in facsimile of the original, which had become insecure. It is most elegantly proportioned, light in effect, and rich in elaborate decoration; the critical in these matters even charge it, indeed, with being overloaded. Its height is 154 feet, and it is divided into four storeys, the lowest containing a rich doorway, arched with a square head up to the sill of a large five-light window, both door and window being flanked with statues and niches. Each stage is

* In the parish records are the following entries: "For frankincense and resin and other things to burn in the church after the prisoners were gone out, 5s. 8d." "Expended upon the day of thanksgiving after the fight, upon the ringers, 11s. 8d."

marked off with a most ornate band, and the two traceried windows which occupy each of them are enclosed between richly crocketed pinnacles. The belfry storey is elaborately panelled, and the whole is crowned by a very light, pierced battlement, with open-work turrets, having crocketed spires at the angles. The buttresses are not solid, but clustered, and they terminate in pinnacles just below the battlement, each stage being also similarly adorned. Although there are traces of Norman work in the chancel, and some of the Early English arches remain, the church is Perpendicular in character, and is remarkable for the unusual arrangement of double aisles on each side of the nave.



WESTON ZOYLAND.

The clerestory windows are divided by elaborately carved niches; the roof is of black oak, richly decorated. The effect of this magnificent and handsome building is heightened by the colouring of the interior, effected at its restoration in 1845. The church of St. James has a fine tower, which would attract more attention if it were not so near to the overshadowing glory of St. Mary's.



ANCIENT TOMB.

HAROLD LEWIS.

SELBORNE AND EVERSLEY.

TWO LOVERS OF NATURE.



BETWEEN the two lines of railway which diverge at Guildford, the one to touch Winchester, by way of the Hampshire hop-gardens, the other traversing the route to Portsmouth, *via* Petersfield, lies a typical tract of rural England. Uncontaminated as yet by railways, the villages and hamlets of this portion of East Hampshire retain a simplicity which is becoming rarer every year in our country districts. No better type of the poet's "Sweet Auburn" could be found than Selborne, which is described in topographical language as "a village and parish, pleasantly situated in a sheltered vale, four and a half miles south-east-by-east from Alton, five north from Liss Railway Station, and fifty-two from London, in the northern division of the county, upper half-hundred of Selborne, Alton union, petty sessional division, and County Court district, and in the diocese and archdeaconry of Winchester, and rural deanery of Alton, western division." From the finely wooded hill overlooking this valley the habitations of the community are outspread in charming panorama, and conspicuous amongst them rises the parish church.

Selborne Church, as the illustration on the opposite page will suggest, has no special architectural distinction. There are hundreds of churches of equal unpretentiousness scattered over the land. It, however, receives eminence from the fact that it was the scene of the lifelong ministrations of Gilbert White, the naturalist. The house in which he lived is here, and also the famous Hanger beech-wood, in which he rambled and recorded the observations that have an abiding place in our literature. The homely church, which is dedicated to St. Mary, is an ancient building, partly Early English and partly Norman, the nave belonging to the latter and the aisles to the former. The squat, square tower is thoroughly characteristic, in a humble degree, of the heavy style so common in this part of the country. The walls are of rubble, nicely pointed without and wholesomely washed within. The two aisles are divided from the nave by plain circular columns and arches. The parish register dates from 1560, but a priory of Black Canons was founded here in 1233 by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, and in the Domesday survey Selborne figures as a royal demesne. There is an old document of inquisitions held here, dated the Friday after St. Valentine's Day, 1274-5, indicating that the Prior of Selborne was entitled by Charter of Henry III. to "gallows assize of bread, beer,

view of frank-pledge," etc. The establishment grew apace into one of the disorderly set that was righteously suppressed, and, this fate overtaking it, the priory became part of the endowment of Magdalen College. The Priory Farm



SELBORNE: THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

in the Bourne Valley is supposed to this day to mark the site of the sanctuary in which the Black Canons fattened and rioted.

History, however, has nothing of consequence to say about Selborne, or its church of St. Mary, until it became immortalised by association with the simple lover of Nature who dwelt in its calm retreat and silent shade. The White family, as the tablets on the walls of the church show, were natives of the soil. Gilbert White's grandfather was vicar of Selborne, and the naturalist himself, whose father was a barrister, was, on the 18th of July, 1720, born at the house ("The Wakes") to which modern pilgrimages are often made. A brilliant career might not improbably have been open to the man who, at the age of twenty-four, became Fellow of Oriel, and was appointed Senior Proctor of his university in 1752; but his tastes lay in another direction, and Gilbert White preferred to return to the groves and lanes of his native village, and enter upon those quiet studies of animate creation which only ended with his death in June, 1793. We know very little of the vicar's ministrations amongst the Selborne

parishioners, and, indeed, little of his life other than may be inferred from his writings. He lived and worked amongst his people, pursuing the even tenor of his way, far removed from the eye of the world; and we have his own assurance in the "advertisement" to the first edition of his book that his out-of-door studies, "by keeping the body and mind employed, have, under Providence, contributed to much health and cheerfulness of spirits, even to old age."

Within comparatively recent times new facts pertaining to the life of this worthy have been brought to light. The last letter in the original edition of the "Natural History of Selborne" was dated June, 1787; the "Observations on Various Parts of Nature, from Mr. White's MSS.," extend to 1792; and the "Naturalist's Calendar, with observations in various branches of Natural History, extracted from the Papers of the Rev. Gilbert White," covers the period between 1768 and the year of his death. But in the "Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society" (1876) there appeared a series of ten additional letters from Gilbert White to Robert Marsham, a Norfolk gentleman who devoted his leisure to the study of arboriculture, and whose great-grandson (the Rev. H. P. Marsham) discovered them amongst the family records and presented them to the Society.

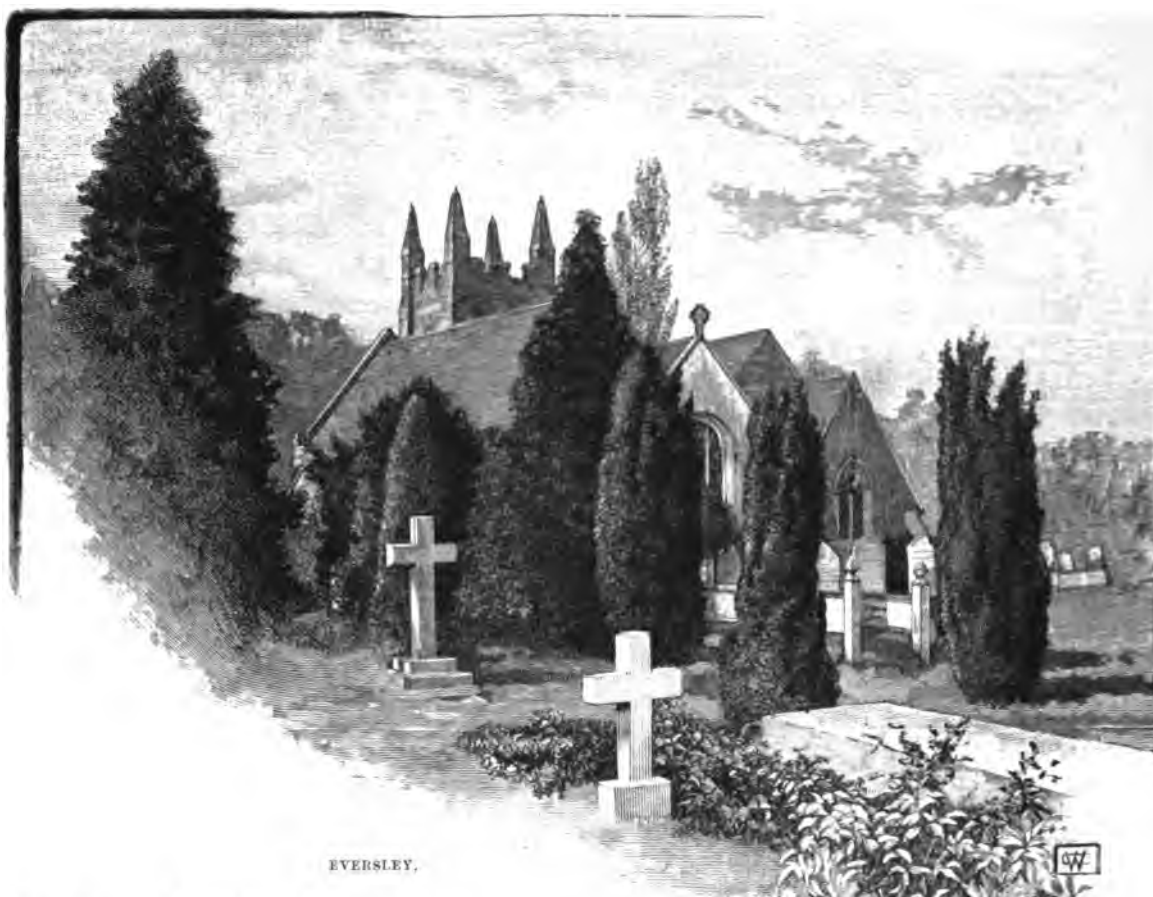
To Selborne Church there is scarcely an allusion in Gilbert White's writings. He begins his first letter to "Thomas Pennant, Esq.," with the sober intention of acquitting himself at the outset, and once for all, of the topography of his district—specifies its latitude, enumerates its parishes, but soon turns aside to the soil, the woodlands, the streams. Thenceforth, in his communications to Pennant and the Hon. Daines Barrington, we are introduced to all feathered, furred, and creeping things, and, incidentally, to the farmers, gamekeepers, and peasantry; but we have no peep at or inside the church of which he was vicar. Selborne Church has been twice restored since his death—in 1877 at a cost of £1,000, and in 1883 at a cost of £2,400. The last-named restoration applied principally to the south aisle, and to the east and most of the south wall. Where rebuilding was necessary the old order was exactly reproduced; and for the most part the surface of the stonework was left untouched. The restoration was carried out under the direction of Mr. W. White, F.S.A., grand-nephew of the naturalist.

Over the arches in the south aisle a quantity of worm-eaten ornamental woodwork, centuries old, has been fixed as a memento of the past. In this aisle a marble tablet has been erected to Professor Bell, who was Secretary and Vice-President of the Royal Society and President of the Linnean Society. He lived at "The Wakes," cherishing with loving regard every relic of its former owner, whom he deeply admired, and died in 1880. At the chancel end of the aisle a remarkable collection of ancient stonework, including two coffins discovered during the restoration of the church, is arranged in an enclosure on the floor. Near

the communion-table Gilbert White's tablet will be found, stating that in the fifth grave from that wall are buried the remains of the Rev. Gilbert White, M.A., fifty years Fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, and historian of this his native parish. The inscription thus concludes: "He was kind and beneficent to his relations, benevolent to the poor, and deservedly respected by all his friends and neighbours." This tablet was originally placed on the outer wall, and was removed into the chancel many years ago. The altar-piece, supposed by some to be by Albert Dürer, but probably by Mabuse, representing the offerings of the Wise Men from the East to the infant Saviour, was presented to the church by Gilbert's brother Benjamin, a well-known London publisher of works on natural history a century ago, and the successor, on the death of the bachelor vicar, to the Selborne property.

In Selborne churchyard there stands a small weather-worn headstone, inscribed with the now almost obliterated initials "G. W.," and with the chiselled date of Gilbert White's death, and this (with the tablet in the church) informs the wayfarer of his place of rest. Very near this grassy mound is the tomb, enclosed by handsome iron railings, of Professor Bell; but it is strange that nothing has been done to distinguish the grave of Gilbert White from those of the ordinary parishioners. Whatever change there may be in the restored church, and in the residence on the other side of the small village green, there is little in the outer surroundings. In the churchyard there still sturdily stands the magnificent yew which in the spring, as Gilbert White tells us, shed clouds of dust, and filled the atmosphere around with its farina. The bustard, the honey-buzzard, and the raven are seen no more; but the owls hoot, and the rooks, which afforded him so much entertainment, caw and quarrel as in the days when the naturalist parson walked in the lanes, meadows, and woods of the peaceful Hampshire village.

Almost due north as the crow flies, and within a distance of twenty miles of Selborne, is another Hampshire church, in which another naturalist, different, however, in all respects from serenely simple Gilbert White, passed the best years of his clerical life. Eversley Church and rectory are sacred, wherever the English language is spoken, through their association with Charles Kingsley. In this respect the village churches of Selborne and Eversley resemble one another. Both, also, are dedicated to St. Mary. Local histories and guide-books, with unquestionable truth, dismiss Eversley Church with the remark that it contains no feature of architectural interest. It is a brick edifice of no particular character, and the ruddy tiles of the high-pitched roof have a singularly unecclesiastical appearance. The nave and the aisle are of equal proportions, and they are divided by square whitewashed pillars with substantial arches between. There was undoubtedly a



EVERSLEY.

church at Eversley in the reign of Edward the Confessor, but the chancel of the building in which Kingsley entered upon his first ministerial charge dates from about the time of Henry VII. There are a few old monuments in the church, which consists of north and south chancel, nave, and aisle. The battlemented tower is square, and quaintly pinnacled at each corner, always a pretty object above the foliage, which is plentiful in the immediate neighbourhood. The brickwork of the front of the church, and of the tower, is being rapidly hidden either by ivy or by roses, jasmine, and other ornamental creepers, which, with the abounding greenery of the churchyard, give a delightful rustic tone to the place. Eversley Church was restored in 1876, at a cost of £1,200, as a memorial to Canon Kingsley. The churchyard is entered through a picturesque lych-gate, and the short approach is by an avenue of cypresses. In a corner of this crowded and sequestered God's-acre a white marble cross, with the inscription "Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus," has been placed over the grave of Charles Kingsley. The name and date of death (January 23, 1875) are carved upon the

pedestal, and around the head of the cross are the words, "God is love." The grave is close to the boundary wall, and is overshadowed by one of the outlying branches of a venerable Scotch fir in the rectory grounds, which are separated from the churchyard by a low iron railing. On the wall of a modest baptistery inside the church a brass plate bears the following inscription:—

IN PIAM MEMORIAM CAROLI KINGSLEY
S PETRI WESTMONASTERIENSIS CANONICI
HVIUSCE ECCLESIE PER XXXI ANNOS
RECTORIS DILECTISSIMI.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The parish of Eversley, known in latter days as the home of Kingsley, and as the centre of a tract of breezy heath-land, where the gorse is golden in summer, and the dark firs are fragrant all the year round, was, in

ancient times, a manor granted to the monks of Westminster, and by them held for generations; and the original charter of Edward the Confessor proves that there was an Eversley Church even at that period. When Kingsley became pastor, in 1842, of this sparsely inhabited wild, it was in a deplorable condition. The services of the church had been for many years utterly neglected, and the young curate had at first to work upon the most unpromising material. He found sheep feeding at large in the churchyard; and Holy Communion was only celebrated three times a year. The husbandman to bring this rough ground into tillage, now, however, appeared on the scene. Kingsley was born in 1819, under the open brow of Dartmoor. As a lad he revelled in the scenery of the Fens, and afterwards, at fair Clovelly, imbibed the impressions turned to such telling account in "Westward Ho!" At the age of twenty-three he settled down at Eversley under the



KINGSLEY'S GRAVE.

depressing circumstances above narrated. He faced all the difficulties with manly resolution, and, by the time he received his appointment as rector, a healthy system of progress had been established. Amidst all the occupations of a busy life he remained, as he began, a model hard-working parish priest, faithful to his village church, with its prosaic red tower and corner turrets. Amongst the hard-riding farmers and plodding peasants he became all things to all men. As a paragraph in the "Memories," edited by his widow, puts it, he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture; and he knew every fox-earth on the moor, the reedy hover of the pike, and the still hole where the chub lay.

The comparison already suggested between the vicar of Selborne and the rector of Eversley is again forced upon us when we consider the conditions under which Charles Kingsley lived. Not only are Eversley Church and rectory, like the church and residence of Selborne, sacred (though in different degrees) wherever the English language is spoken, through association with the name of one of their clergymen, but there are general points of resemblance between Charles Kingsley and Gilbert White. Both were keen naturalists; both clung to the obscure, and, to any but themselves, dull and uninteresting parishes in which their ministerial careers began; both lived the lives of true-hearted English gentlemen; both, by their own choice, were buried in the village churchyards in which, many a time, they had read the impressive burial service of their Church at the grave-sides of members of their flocks. Yet what greater contrast, in this world of contrasts, can be conceived than that between the two men? Gilbert White shyly shrank from public life, and sauntered in the shade of a narrow sphere, well content to be left alone to observe how Nature performed her magic work. The other was impelled outwards by the restless prompting of genius; warred gallantly, pushing to the forefront in the battle of minds; cried aloud in wildernesses; achieved ultimate fame as poet, novelist, preacher, in the noisy world; and all too soon went home to his beloved Eversley to leave it no more.

Eversley had much to do in the moulding of Kingsley's character. Whether he, too, would have been the contemplative rather than the sportsman naturalist, had he lived in the days of Gilbert White, who shall decide? His lot was cast in an advanced age, when a thousand attractive paths were open to the daring and adventurous, and for a time he debated within himself whether he had not better leave Cambridge and go out to the Far West and become a prairie hunter. Eventually he chose the better part in Eversley Church and parish, and evermore through life suppressed, without destroying, that inherited love of sporting, fighting, and adventure which betrayed itself in his poems, works of fiction, and prose idylls, and which, in the time of his severest mental strain,

gave him as healthful safety-valves the green fields, the clear trout-streams, and the gallop through the winter fir-woods.

In his connection with Eversley we are brought more directly face to face with his leanings towards country pursuits than if our starting-point were the cloisters of Chester and Westminster, to which, in his mature years, the preacher of village sermons was attached. The study in Eversley rectory, in which Kingsley wrote nearly the whole of his works, contained, besides books, papers, and pictures, store of well-used fly-rods, landing nets, hunting whips, spurs, and pipes; and but for these our bookshelves might never have been enriched with the works bearing his name.

Eversley rectory was not a luxurious, large, or healthy abode; but it is clear that what the beeches of the Hanger at Selborne were to Gilbert White, the pine plantations around Eversley were to Kingsley. A letter written by him during the early days of his curacy records, in a graphic pen-and-ink sketch, his future home—the ground sloping upward from the windows to a sunk fence; the furze hills beyond, perfectly beautiful in light, shade, and colour; the first glimpse of the fir forests and moors (of which five-sixths of his parish consisted) behind the acacia on the lawn; and the large, low front room, with light paper and drab curtains, and a large bow window, at which he then sat. The scenery he appraised in the words, “rich, but not exciting;” and even this qualified praise was inspired rather by the bright hopefulness of youth than by matter-of-fact criticism.

The study door at Eversley opened upon the lawn, which was one of old-fashioned arrangement, with abundance of shrubbery around, but not large enough for flower-beds. Beyond the sandy track outside the fence, the gentle upland, purple in August with the heather, kept the prospect breezily open; and for more picturesque views there was always Bramshill Park, with the very tree near which his ancestor, Archbishop Abbot, shot at a deer and killed the keeper. Windsor and Bagshot Heath were farther afield, but the small trout-streams, the Blackwater and Whitewater, were close at hand, with the limpid Test and Itchen, in the same county. Kingsley’s last sermon was preached, not in Eversley Church, but in Westminster Abbey, in November, 1874. He was then Canon in residence. Enfeebled in health by chills contracted during his American tour, and returning to Eversley, he lived to thank God for the gleam of sun and frost upon the window-pane on New Year’s eve, and died on the 23rd of January, at the age of fifty-five. “The Abbey is open to the Canon and the poet,” Dean Stanley telegraphed that day to the house of death down in the Hampshire pine country; but Kingsley himself had said, “Eversley is the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home.” And so it befell.

W. SENIOR.

BOW ; ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY ; ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS ; ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

SPECIMENS OF RENAISSANCE IN LONDON.

OWING to the destructive conflagration in the city of London in the year 1666, and the rapid growth of the metropolis, the majority of its churches are of comparatively modern date ; hence, in all but the newest parts, examples of classic are more frequent than specimens of mediæval architecture. Thus some of the former must find a place in every book which deals with our parish churches representatively. The strong, and in some cases unthinking, reaction in favour of Gothic architecture during the last half-century has caused these churches to be treated with undue neglect—to be as much undervalued by ourselves as they were overvalued by our great-grandfathers. For the present article we will select four churches, all in London, each possessing special merits, and each an example of a very different kind of work.

We first take Bow Church in Cheapside, not because it has been to the cockney his middle point of earth, as much as was Delphi to the Greek, but because its steeple is reckoned by competent judges as one of Wren's very best works ; Fergusson even pronouncing it as "beyond all doubt the most elegant building of its class erected since the Reformation." The same authority thus briefly and accurately describes its plan :—"Like all Wren's steeples, that of Bow Church stands well on the ground, for he never was guilty of the absurdity of placing his spires astride on the portico, or thrusting them through the roof. It consists first of a plain square tower 32 feet 6 inches wide by 83 in height, above which are four storeys averaging 38 feet each : the first, a square belfry, adorned with Ionic pilasters, is 39 feet ; the next, which includes the beautiful circular peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns, is 37 ; the third comprehends the small lantern, and is 38 feet high, which is also the height of the spire, the whole making up a height of 235 feet." *

A church has occupied this site from a very early time, and Wren's building rests in part on the massive vaulted Norman crypt, which escaped both the fire and the rebuilding, although it suffered considerably from the latter. The ancient vaulting has been removed from the centre part (it consists of a nave and aisles), pieces of masonry have been introduced, concealing much of the old work, and the south aisle, containing coffins, is now walled up ; but three fine columns of early Norman can still be well seen. From this crypt the church, which was dedicated to St. Mary, acquired the name of *Santa Maria de Arcubus*, translated into

* Wren, as is proved by a model and an old engraving in the vestry (a fine room panelled with dark oak), intended to have a lofty loggia or building of two bays on each side of the tower, which would have greatly enhanced its effect. Beneath the tower, 18 feet below the street level, is a Roman pavement.

St. Mary-le-Bow, and abbreviated ultimately into the familiar Bow Church. This same crypt—little as we suspect its existence as we pass along busy, modern-looking Cheapside—has indirectly made an important mark in the history of the law in England; for in the vestry met an ecclesiastical court, called therefrom the Court of Arches, its judge being entitled the Dean of Arches. Pepys thus records a visit to the original church: "To Bow Church, to the Court of Arches, where a Judge sits and his Proctors about him in their habits, and their pleadings all in Latin." The court, as everyone knows, has long migrated from Bow Church, where, however, the ceremony of the confirmation of the bishops of the Province of Canterbury still takes place.

Wren was less happy in the design of the church itself, the same authority which we have quoted in praise of the steeple condemning the body as "an ill-designed barn outside, . . . paltry and overloaded to the last degree inside." The latter part of this censure is, we think, a little too severe. The decoration is open to criticism. There are too many windows in the east and west ends, and the effect of the "dormers" in the barrel roof of the nave is unsatisfactory; but the architect evidently had to contend from the first with difficulties in the lighting. The galleries were removed in 1867, and many other improvements made; but in the upper part of the church there is nothing calling for special notice except, perhaps, the monument to Bishop Newton, an editor of Milton, and author of "Dissertations on the Prophecies," who was formerly rector.

The old church witnessed more than one scene of violence. Guilds and corporations often misused their powers in olden days—as some assert they are apt to do even in modern times. But formerly rougher means of resistance than the law courts became almost inevitable. Among the leaders of the opposition in the last part of the twelfth century one of the most noted was William



BOW: THE TOWER.

Fitzosbert, commonly called William of the Longbeard. An order was issued for his arrest; he "seized an axe and felled the first soldier who advanced to seize him, and taking refuge with a few adherents in the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow, summoned his adherents to rise.



ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY: THE VESTRY

moned his adherents to rise. [Archbishop] Hubert, however, who had already flooded the city with troops, with bold contempt of the right of sanctuary set fire to the tower and forced William to surrender. A burgher's son, whose father he had slain, stabbed him as he came forth." Again in the year 1284 the right of sanctuary was violated, when one Lawrence Ducket was slain, who had taken refuge here after wounding a man. But on this occasion the offenders were severely

punished, sixteen of them being hanged, and the church was placed under an interdict till it had been duly purified.

A balcony overlooking Cheapside is a memorial—in a certain sense a "survival," like an aborted organ in the body—of a stone building which once greatly darkened the church. This was built by Edward III. "for himself, the Queen, and other estates to stand in, there to behold the joustings and other shows at their pleasure." From this balcony, in the year 1702, Queen Anne witnessed the last pageant exhibited by a Lord Mayor.

Bow bells must not be forgotten. The present peal, ten in number, was cast in 1762, replacing those celebrated by Pope in the familiar line—"Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound." Those in the old church, as everyone knows, could be heard at Highgate; for did they not ring out to the runaway lad, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London"? From the steeple, which is not improved by a projecting clock-dial, sounded nightly the curfew for the City. This, in the year 1469, was ordered by the Common Council to be rung at nine o'clock. On the steeple is a dragon; and a very important dragon it was, for, as Swift tells us, it was predicted of old that "when the dragon on Bow Church kisses the cock behind the Exchange, great changes will take place in England." This has been accomplished, as recorded by B. R. Haydon. In the year 1832

both these ornaments were taken down by the same man to be repaired, and were placed side by side in his yard: shortly after which the Reform Bill was passed!

St. James's, Piccadilly, is another of Wren's churches. Here also the exterior, built of brick with stone quoins, is plain to the verge of ugliness, and there is not even a redeeming feature in its steeple. If we would appreciate the architect's power we must enter the building. To the enthusiast for Gothic it will be wholly an offence. Not only are there galleries, but the architect has deliberately made them a feature in his design. They are supported by square piers, from which rise circular columns with Corinthian capitals. Each of these carries an entablature transverse to the axis of the church, on which rest both the barrel vault of the nave and the similar vaultings which cover each bay of the aisles. This roof has justly been termed the chief merit of the building, "first as a piece of carpentry, but more as an appropriate mode of getting height and light in a pleasing variety of form." Wren has left on record his own opinion of his church. He states that a church cannot be built with pews and galleries to hold more than 2,000 persons so that all can hear and see. This he claims to have accomplished in St. James's, which, he thinks, "may be found beautiful and convenient, and, as such, the cheapest form of any that I could invent."

The church was built in 1684, but some changes in detail have since been made, the last a few years since, when the arrangements were somewhat modified in accordance with modern ideas of ritual propriety. Grinling Gibbons designed the font, the pedestal of which is adorned by the Tree of Knowledge, with the serpent tempting our first parents. There is also some very fine wood-carving from his chisel at the east end. The restoration of this part is especially happy. The organ, which had been ordered by James II. for his private chapel at Whitehall, was given to this church by his daughter, Queen Mary. The "most noble" communion plate, noticed by Evelyn, was presented by Sir R. Geare.

The rectors of St. James's have been men of exceptional eminence—of the fourteen since 1685, when Thomas Tenison was appointed to the new church, three have closed their careers at Lambeth, three others have been bishops, two have obtained deaneries, and one of these refused a bishopric. Another rector there was, hardly less eminent, but of less unimpeachable orthodoxy: this was Dr. Samuel Clarke, scholar, theologian, and natural philosopher. In the vestry are portraits of the rectors, a series extremely interesting as a study of facial types, but, as a rule, not of high merit as works of art. Monumental tablets are thick upon the walls and piers. Among the noted personages buried within the church or in the churchyard, are sundry artists—Huysman, Michael Dahl, the two Vanderveldes, and James Gillray. Charles Cotton, Mark Akenside, Dr. Arbuthnot,

and Dr. Sydenham represent "literature and science;" John Malcolm, military diplomatists; Sir Tom d'Urfey, the court of Charles II.; and among those distinguished for rank, we may mention the Duke of Queensbury, familiarly known as "Old Q."



ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY.

St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is yet another of Wren's remarkable works, the design being in many respects unique. He has availed himself of a plan of construction which, though common among Eastern architects, has found little favour with their Western brethren. The ground plan is a rectangle, the sides being roughly in the proportion of nine to seven. But the distinctive feature of the design

is the relatively large dome which is placed near one end of the building; it rests on an octagonal base, supported by as many pillars. There is, however, no drum, for it rises directly from the roof. Internally, the effect is extremely good; a cruciform plan is just indicated by giving a barrel vault to the inter-



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK (BEFORE THE LAST RESTORATION).

columnar sections which cross in the centre of the dome; while the isolation of parts which sometimes results from the ordinary cross shape is entirely avoided. Critics unite in praise of St. Stephen's as a whole, though exception is taken, and sometimes justly, to certain points of detail. The most objectionable features are the oval windows in the sides; the tower also, which is at the western end, is poor, and Fergusson complains that, as is often the case with Wren's work, the decorative part is not quite satisfactory. "There is too much of the feeling of Grinling Gibbons' wood-carving carried into what should be constructive ornament." Still, as a whole, we have "the most pleasing interior of any Renaissance church which has yet been erected." It is not impossible that Wren would have defended the poverty of the exterior, both here and at Bow Church,

by remarking that he knew that in neither could it be seen. At St. Stephen's the tower is flanked with houses: the Mansion House darkens a great part of it on the north, it is blocked up on the south, and almost so on the east. The site, unless in Wren's day things were very different, was one where the light must principally come from above. This his design has admirably accomplished, and if a play of words may be permitted, he has indeed "built according to his lights." Those who admire the work of Benjamin West may find in the church, as an altar-piece, a large picture, representing the stoning of St. Stephen. Also, in a family vault is buried the architect Sir John Vanbrugh, builder of Blenheim, Castle Howard, and many other huge structures, but the well-known epitaph is *not* to be found on his monument—

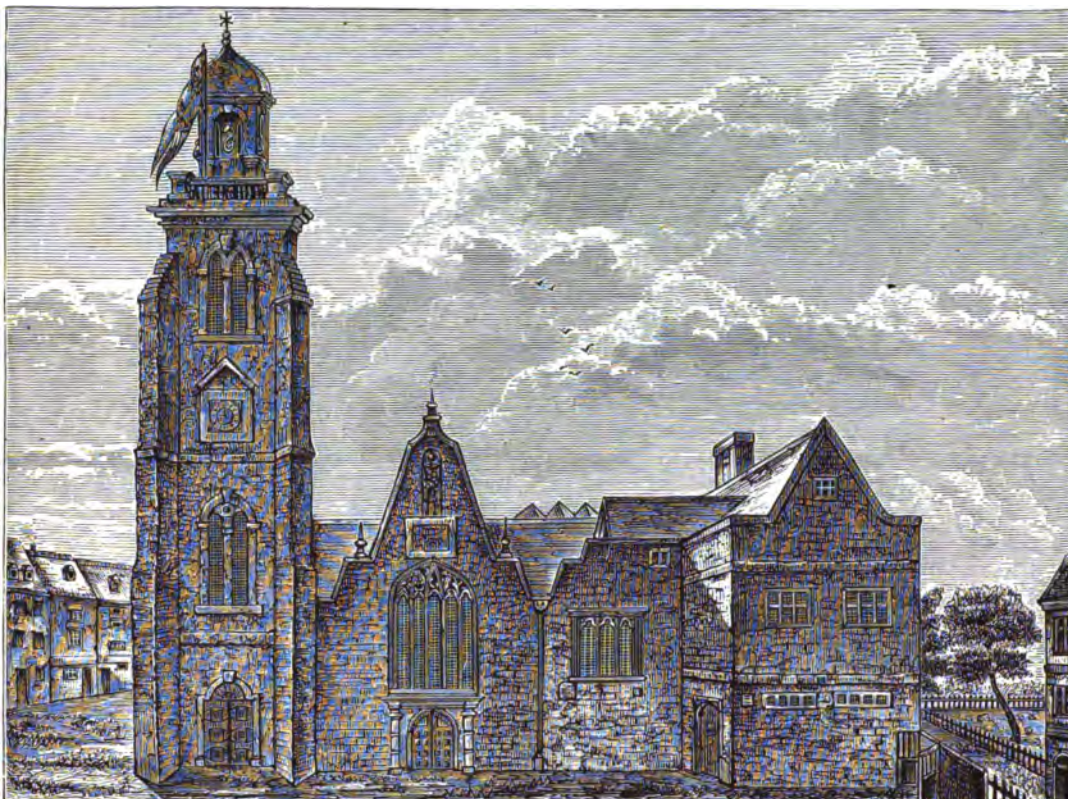
"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee!"

The church was being restored when this article was written. In the name, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is commemorated the "brook by the wall," a feature of old London for which it is needless now to search. To St. Stephen's is now united another parish, rejoicing in the appellation of St. Benet Sherehog.

The last church on our list is not the work of Wren, though it is worthy of that great master. This is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, built between 1721 and 1726 by James Gibbs. The most striking feature is the noble portico of Corinthian columns, which is justly regarded as the finest example of the kind in London, and "as perfect a reproduction of that classic feature as can well be made." But its effect is greatly marred by the proximity of the steeple. This, however much its outlines may be modified, is always an incongruous feature in a strictly classical design—the offspring of a different school of thought. Here the effect is particularly bad, for it seems to sit astride the portico. The interior to some extent recalls Wren's design at St. James's, Piccadilly, but whereas in this case there are entablatures dividing the bays of the aisles and the coved roofs above, in St. Martin's the former are replaced by arches, the latter by shallow domes. The church of course has galleries, but here the architect has been less bold and less successful than Wren. Instead of making the gallery a structural feature inside, as he has practically done outside, and supporting it, as described, by piers, he has given the Corinthian columns on which the roof rests, pedestals high enough to allow the whole of their bases to be visible above the tops of the seats on the floor. This at once suggests an idea of disproportion. Besides this, each column is necessarily intersected by the galleries, and though it is exposed as far as possible by making their front into compartments, its beauty is spoiled. Lastly, in order to escape the alternative of an over-tall shaft or an over-low roof, an entablature-block is introduced over each column, from

which the arch springs. This expedient, obviously a makeshift, produces, whenever adopted, an effect which is simply detestable.

The name of the church still tells of "green fields," and recalls its early history, but it is now close to some of the most crowded districts in London,



THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.

though during the present century the fine open space of Trafalgar Square, which allows so good a view of the portico, has replaced the "rookery" of mean houses designated "The Bermudas," which once rose almost under the shadow of its steeple. When first a church was built on this site, early in the sixteenth century, London was quite distinct from Westminster; and then, and for a full century after, St. Martin's Lane was bordered by hedges and shaded by trees.

In the vaults of St. Martin's or in the graveyard many noteworthy personages have been interred. Here were laid two eminent criminals—Jack Sheppard and Anne Turner, the latter executed in her yellow starched ruffs, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. With these we may reckon Lord Mohun, killed in the duel which ended in the Duke of Hamilton's murder. The name of Sir Edmund Berry (or Edmondsbury) Godfrey recalls the dark epochs of Titus

Oates and the so-called Popish Plot. Nell Gwynne—"poor Nelly"—is buried here. The ringers should have a kindly thought for her, for she left some money for them, and a severer critic than they, Bishop Tenison, preached a funeral sermon for the frail but good-hearted woman. Winston Churchill lies here, father of the



ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Great Duke of Marlborough; poets and actors, painters and sculptors, also rest here—most of them of second rather than of first rank, except the great Roubiliac. For many years the body of John Hunter, the famous surgeon, lay in the vaults of St. Martin's. After a persevering search the coffin was found by Frank Buckland, and was transferred to a more honourable resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

T. G. BONNEY.

SHERBORNE AND DORCHESTER.

TWO FORSAKEN BISHOPRICS.



SHERBORNE: THE CHOIR.

THE lines of the black-robed Benedictines who, for exactly four hundred years, sang their masses in the noble abbey of Sherborne, were indeed cast in pleasant places. The little town, once the seat of a powerful bishop-stool which comprehended the greater part of Wessex, and thereafter the home of a rich and

flourishing abbey, lies retired and silent now among gardens and orchards, backed by lovely wooded hills; yet still the great monastic church dominates the place as it did seven centuries ago, and still the tenor bell given by Wolsey rings out the hours high above the red-tiled roofs. The first view of Sherborne is delightful. The narrow, winding, ruggedly paved streets are lined by ancient houses of grey stone, solid, comfortable, and picturesque. A stone-built town always gives this impression of solidity. At the foot of the principal street, which, as in so many old towns, is built on the slope of a hill, stands a squat, heavily buttressed conduit, formerly part of the monastic buildings, and looking for all the world at a first glance like one of the market crosses that are so plentiful in the west. There is an air of prosperity about Sherborne which is no doubt justified by circumstances; for it lies in a rich, productive country, brisk and bracing, yet so sheltered from extreme rigour that in monastic days its hill-sides were clothed with vines. Eight hundred years ago Sherborne fell from its high estate as the metropolis of a powerful bishopric; for more than three hundred, no monk has entered the choir of its abbey.

It is only from the south that a clear view of the minster can be obtained, since, upon the other sides, it is very much built around. The effect is exceedingly massive, but not heavy. This impression of massiveness is largely produced by the low central tower, which rests on thick Norman piers. The church is really Perpendicular; but it contains some good Norman and Decorated work. Standing at the end of the nave, the visitor receives the same impression of massiveness which is so striking outside, corrected, however, by the exceeding loftiness of the roof, and the effective uniformity of the whole. No church of such antiquity was ever in better preservation. Within the present generation the building has been renovated—not “restored”—from end to end, and every corner is rich, reverend, and seemly. The pillars of the nave bear a very unusual ornamentation, in the shape of trefoil-headed panels, which follow the bend of the arches, where, in the centre, they meet and are finished off by shields of arms. Other shields bear the rebus of Abbot Peter de Rampisham, who commenced the rebuilding of the nave in 1475, and finished it in 1490. There is quite a feast of early heraldry in Sherborne Minster. Upon the bosses of the nave roof are many badges, devices, and ciphers; among them the H and E, connected by a true-lovers’ knot, of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; St. Michael and the Dragon; and the “Pelican in her piety,” to use the picturesque expression employed in heraldry to describe a pelican feeding her young. It is to the fine vaulted roof of its nave that Sherborne Abbey owes much of its beauty. It adds height to the entire church, and bestows grace and lightness where they were most needed.

The choir of Sherborne Abbey is very fine and interesting. So large a sum—£18,000—was spent upon its restoration by the late Earl Digby that it was

inevitable it should bear traces of sweeping and garnishing. It leaves the impression of being a little too "smart;" but no violence appears to have been done to the ancient features. The beautiful roof is famous for its grace and elegance, and for the wealth of its enrichments. It is a groined roof with cinquefoil pancls; and the bosses and badges have been coloured, and the compartments picked out with gold and brown. The fan-vaulting is sown about with lilies, the emblem of St. Mary, to whom the church is dedicated. Some portions of the walls still bear obvious marks of the fire which destroyed a great part of the church in 1436. The miserere-carvings are among the most interesting things in the building. The work is rude, no doubt, but it is bold and effective, difficult conceptions, such as the fantastic figure of Christ upon a Rainbow, being graphically executed with a few vigorous lines. There are some grotesque heads, and an ascetic-looking face, reputed to be a portrait of one of the abbots. One of the misereres is carved with foliage, very freely and delicately. But the most curious of these carvings is one wherein a schoolmaster or mistress is administering the *dorsi disciplina* to a scholar whose facial contortions are exceedingly expressive. In the Chartres "Book of Hours"—"Les Petites Heures à l'Usage de Chartres"—printed in 1526, there is a very similar illustration.

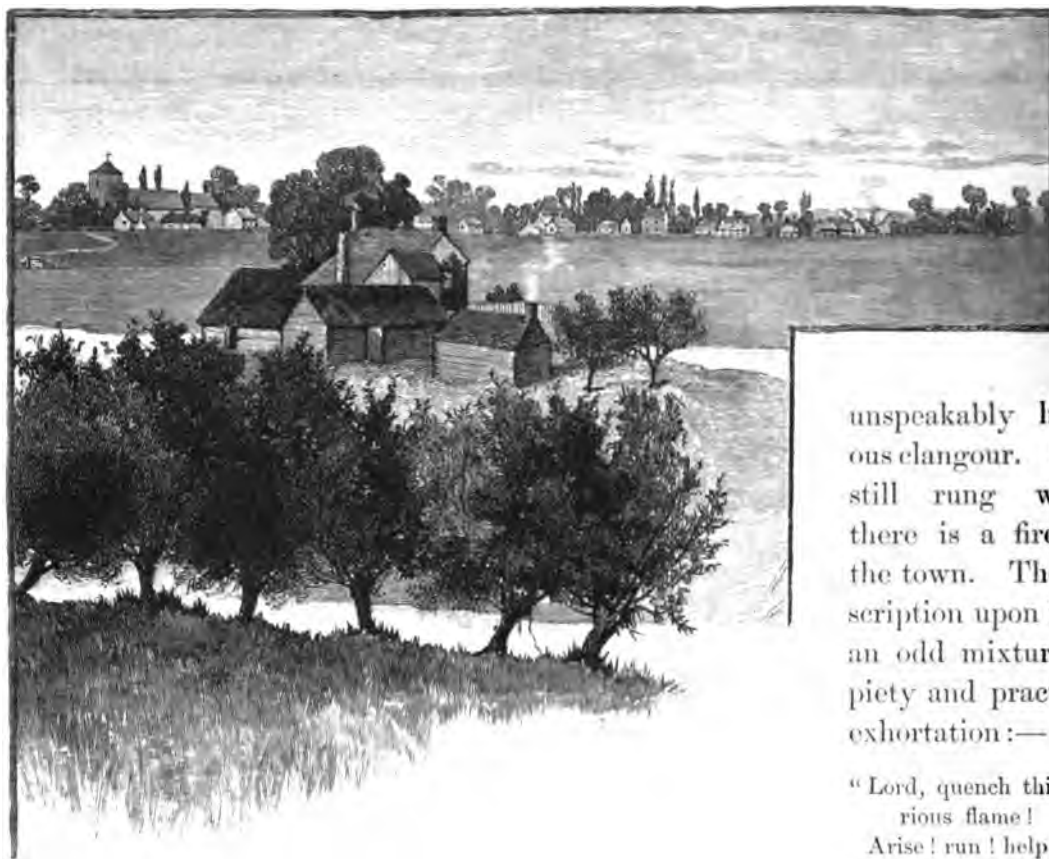
By far the finest piece of painted glass in the church is the "Te Deum" window, so called from its subject, in the south transept. It was designed by Mr. A. W. Pugin, and its harmony and limpidity of colour have rarely been equalled in modern work. When the setting sun falls upon it the effect is such as you rarely see. Beneath this window is a tablet commemorating Robert and Mary Digby, children of William, Lord Digby, who died, the one in 1726, the other three years later. The greater part of the slab is filled by an epitaph written by Pope, who sometimes visited Lord Digby. It differs curiously from the versions of it printed in Pope's works; but the merit of all the versions is singularly small. In the beautiful vaulted ambulatory behind the choir are reported to have been buried two famous Kings of Wessex; and a small brass of recent fixing thus records the tradition, which, be it said, is well founded: "Near this spot were interred the mortal remains of Ethelbald, and Ethelbert his brother, each of whom in his turn succeeded to the throne of Ethelwulf their father, King of the West Saxons, and were succeeded in the kingdom by their next brother, Alfred the Great."

From the roof of the central tower there is a pleasant view over the picturesquely broken ground which extends for many miles around Sherborne. In the ringing-chamber below hang the ten bells—a sanctus bell, a fire bell, and a peal of eight. The tenor is the smallest of seven sweet-toned bells imported from Tournai, and, as has been said, was the gift of Cardinal Wolsey. It is a little

under three tons in weight, and, although it has been twice recast, it still bears the inscription:—

“By Wolsey’s gift I measure time for all,
To mirth, to grief, to church I serve to call.”

The allusion to the measurement of time is explained by the fact that it is this bell which strikes the hours, with a deep but sweet and melodious note. The fire bell was recast in 1652, and is of such unusual shape that it makes an



DORCHESTER: THE ABBEY, FROM LITTLE WITTENHAM.

unspeakably hideous clangour. It is still rung when there is a fire in the town. The inscription upon it is an odd mixture of piety and practical exhortation:—

“Lord, quench this furious flame!
Arise! run! help! put out the same.”

Sherborne has seen some strange ups and downs of fortune. In early ages alternately splendid and inconsiderable, it has for more than three centuries lived a quiet, unchequered existence, broken only by Fairfax’s siege of the castle in 1645. The town first emerges from obscurity at the beginning of the eighth century, when Ina, King of Wessex, dissociated Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, and Berks from the see of Winchester, and erected those counties into a separate bishopric with its seat at Sherborne. The sainted Aldhelm, who in learning and knowledge of the arts was centuries in advance of his time, was the first bishop. He it was who first translated the Latin Psalter into Saxon; for him was made the first organ which ever pealed forth

a litany in England. Aldhelm, indeed, was one of the most energetic men of his age. He founded three monasteries, and suggested the building of Glastonbury. His learning in theology was as remarkable as his accomplishment in poetry and music. A line of five-and-twenty Bishops of Sherborne followed him, but shortly



DORCHESTER: THE CHOIR.

after the Conquest Sherborne ceased to be a bishopric, Herman, the last bishop, removing the see to Old Sarum, where he commenced the building of the cathedral.

For something more than half a century after the removal of the bishopric the prosperity of Sherborne languished; but in 1139 Roger, Bishop of Sarum, founded an abbey here, and assigned the cathedral to be the church of the monastery. For three hundred years after its foundation the records of the abbey are of the most meagre. But about the middle of the fifteenth century there happened a tragical event which could hardly escape the pen of the chronicler. The ill-feeling, common enough before the Reformation, between the secular and



DORCHESTER: THE SOUTH AISLE.

the regular clergy had lasted for some four centuries; during the fourteenth century it began to grow more acute, and it ended at last in the almost total destruction of the beautiful minster. The monks removed the abbey font from its proper position near the porch, and did other things which so grievously annoyed the townspeople that they complained to the bishop, who ordered that the font should be restored to its ancient place. In the meantime a new one had been placed in the parish church. This the monks endeavoured to displace; whereupon there was a riot, the new font was smashed, the abbey was set on fire, and only the bare walls were left standing.

The minster was thoroughly restored in the second half of the fifteenth century by Abbot Peter de Rampisham, whose penultimate successor, John Barnstaple, surrendered the abbey in 1535 to the Royal Commissioners. The days of the abbey's glory had then long been over; for of the three hundred Benedictine monks who once daily took their seats in its choir, eighteen only now remained. It happened, fortunately for posterity, that the parish church was at this time much decayed; and the parishioners decided to pull it down and to purchase the minster from Sir John Horsey, to whom it had been granted. The price they paid for this beautiful example of Decorated architecture, with its memories of centuries of devotion, was £230! For over thirty years the church was under restoration; and the works were only completed in 1885. Remains of the old monastery may be traced among the buildings occupied by the King's School, raised by the late Dr. Harper to a very high position.

It is a far cry across three counties from Sherborne in Dorset to Dorchester in Oxfordshire; yet, in heptarchical times, both were bishop-stools in the great kingdom of Wessex, which extended from Cornwall to Berkshire. To-day Dorchester is a pretty village of three or four streets, standing upon slightly elevated land above the flat meadows in the neighbourhood of Abingdon, and principally known to boating-men, and to a few antiquaries who come to visit the majestic abbey. Dorchester is a charming spot, with its glimpses of well-wooded country, and with the round-headed Sinodun Hill rising ayont the swoon-
ing waters of the Thames, where

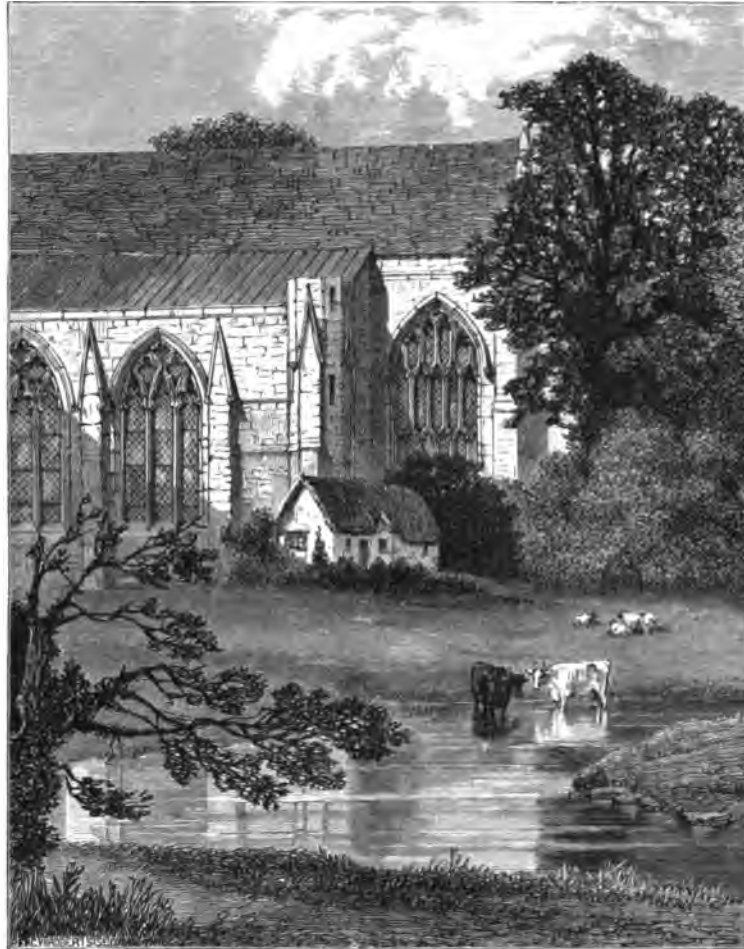
"Beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same."

The long, low nave of the ancient abbey, with its sturdy conical-roofed red tower and its background of trees, is a very picturesque object as seen from the river.

Vast indeed have been the changes in the fortunes of Dorchester. Not only was it the seat of a bishopric, but, according to Bede, it contained many fine churches, no vestiges of which now remain. It was in 639 that Birinus, the afterwards canonised apostle of the West Saxons, converted Cynegils, King of Wessex, and baptised him into the Church at Dorchester. About that time the bishopric was founded, and the emissary of Pope Honorius was consecrated first Bishop. It was always a very extensive diocese, and in the time of Edward the Confessor it stretched from the Thames to the Humber, and was the largest diocese in England. The bishopric was held by a long succession of learned and energetic prelates; but, as not infrequently happened in the early days of the Church, the mitre of Dorchester was sometimes worn by men who were destitute alike of learning and of piety, and lived unseemly and scandalous lives. Of such was Bishop Ulf, a Norman, appointed to the see in 1049 by Edward the Confessor, who had a bad habit of giving bishoprics to foreigners. Ulf seems to have been the most unfit of men for a prelate; indeed, the chronicles of the time record that he "did nought bishop-like." So intense was his ignorance that he could hardly read the Psalter or sing a mass. When he went to Rome Pope Leo was beside himself with anger that such a man should have been set over the greatest diocese in England, and he went very near to depriving Ulf of his see. But Ulf was a master of the art of judicious bribery, and some portion of his great episcopal revenues, artfully spent among those who surrounded the Pope, made him safe in his bishopric. Before this time the see had been removed to Sidnacester; but after a while it was restored to Dorchester, whence it was ultimately transferred, in 1086 or 1088—authorities vary as to the precise date—to Lincoln. Of all Dorchester's state and consequence, nothing now remains save the abbey. Henry of Huntingdon places it fourteenth in importance upon his list of the twenty-eight British cities; but its population is now little more than a thousand.

It is impossible to assign a date, or even a period, to Dorchester Abbey, for it forms a picturesque, and, architecturally, a most interesting mixture of styles, ranging from Norman work, which may perhaps date from a few years before the Conquest, to Tudor. The finest near glimpse of the church is to be obtained from the lych-gate at the western end of the churchyard, which is overshadowed by a chestnut-tree remarkable for its magnificent proportions even in a neighbourhood famous for the luxuriance of these trees. This tree, with the massive grey walls of the abbey beyond, forms one of the "bits" which artists love. The south porch is a peculiarly handsome example of Tudor work in stone, with a timbered roof. Viewed from the southern

entrance, the interior of the abbey is heavy and sombre, the nave being divided into two parts by the tower. But this impression of heaviness wears off so soon as the eye begins to appreciate the fine proportions of the church. The roofs, in particular, are exceedingly beautiful. That of the nave is supported upon graceful clustered columns. The lightness and elegance of the groined roof of the Lady Chapel are famous. The abbey is somewhat smaller than that of



DORCHESTER: THE CHANCEL.

Sherborne. It stands 119th upon Lord Grimthorpe's list of great English churches, and is, without the tower, 187 feet long, with a superficial area of 10,000 square feet. Just inside the south door stands the ancient leaden font, which dates from Norman days. The figures of the Apostles—minus, of course, Judas—are cut in high relief round the bowl. Beyond the tower is the Lady Chapel, of the roof of which I have made mention. Formerly there were a great number of altar-tombs in this chapel, but four only now remain. Two of them

are tombs of Crusaders, their feet resting upon lioncels. One represents a knight of the Segrave family; on the other the Crusader, whose countenance is hardly prepossessing, is in the act of drawing his dagger. In the floor near by is the brass of Richard Bewforest, who in 1554 purchased the abbey church from the grantee for £140, and presented it to the parish. A plain brass in this chapel to one Thomas Day, who died in 1693, bears an inscription which deserves a place in any list of curious epitaphs:—

“Sweet Death he came in Hast
& said his glass is run;
Thou art ye man i say,
See what thy God has done.”

The altar here is a memorial to Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester.

One of the best of the few remaining brasses is in the choir, and commemorates another member of the Bewforest family, who is vested with a cope, and bears a crozier in his hand. The famous “Jesse Window” is on the north side of the choir. It is a pedigree in stone of the line of Jesse. The genealogical tree has its root in the body of Jesse, and each of the progenitors of Christ is represented by a small figure in stone; but the figures of Christ and His mother have unfortunately been destroyed. The ancient painted glass in the window contains figures of the chief members of the line of David. Notwithstanding that the window—one of the most remarkable of our ecclesiastical antiquities—is fourteenth century work, it is in very good preservation. Dorchester Abbey, indeed, is richer in old painted glass than most of our churches. The building has long been intermittently under restoration. The work was commenced by Sir Gilbert Scott; but much yet remains to be done.

With the exception of the National School, which is believed to have been the refectory of the abbey, no vestige of the monastic buildings remains; but some sculptured stones, which are conjectured to have formed part of the enrichments of those buildings, have been removed from a house in the village, and are to be built into the fabric of the church.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

LUTTERWORTH.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF AN EARLY REFORMER.

LUTTERWORTH, at the present day, is a quiet little country town, numbering some two thousand inhabitants. As its records prove that it has increased greatly since the year 1564, when the population did not much exceed five hundred, it was probably hardly more than a large village in the days of Wiclif. The country round is generally undulating, furrowed here and there a little



THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

more deeply, though not very constantly, with small valleys. The land is almost wholly in pasture, and frequent trees pleasantly diversify scenery which would otherwise be rather monotonous. It is, in short, a very characteristic bit of the English midlands, among the grass-lands dear to the fox-hunter; and at the present day a meet of the hounds seems to be the chief event that stirs the quiet streets of Lutterworth into a brief excitement. Though so old a place, there is little to be seen, except the church, which can lay claim to an antiquity so far back as the end of the seventeenth century. The church, with the rectory and a part of the town, stands on the edge of the upland. Thence the ground slopes down towards the margin of a stream—the little river Swift, so inseparably connected with the memory of Wiclif. The main street of Lutterworth

descends the hill, gently at first, then more rapidly, till, as the houses cease, it reaches the tiny flat by the river-side. Here a small bridge carries the road over the stream. Just above it the water is parted to turn a mill, a comparatively modern building, but probably occupying an ancient site; below, the united water forms a stream some four or five yards wide, and perhaps a foot deep, which flows rapidly, as the name implies; little reaches of level water alternating with rippled intervals as it descends towards the Avon. Houses, bridge, trees—everything is more modern than the days of Wiclif, now separated from us by half a thousand years; but there is every probability that the street along which he walked followed the lines of that which we tread to-day, and that a bridge then crossed the river at about the same spot as the present one. From its parapet, most likely, his ashes were cast into the river, for below this its waters flow more rapidly, and the channel enters at once into the open country.

But for any structure contemporary with John Wiclif we must betake ourselves to the church. That, as has been said, stands on the more level ground at the top of the slope, being situated just on the margin of the town. It is a handsome, fairly large building, a good specimen of an English parish church; the greater part of it dating from the fourteenth century. The tower was formerly surmounted by a slender wooden spire—destroyed in the great gale of 1704—but is now terminated by a belfry stage, surmounted by four large crocketed pinnacles. This was either added after the fall of the spire, or has been modernised; and though it looks well from a distance, does not bear near inspection. The lower part of the tower is massive, and, as it terminates in a band of quatrefoiled panelling, was probably once a rather low one. The church consists of a nave—lighted by a clerestory—together with aisles, separated from it by rather high arches. The style is Early Perpendicular, but at the eastern end of the south aisle, where was formerly a Lady Chapel, is a good Decorated window. The chancel also is a Perpendicular building, but there are an Early English (restored) window and door on the south side, together with a piscina and ambry at the eastern end, all of earlier date, so that at least the lower part of the walls is much older than the days of Wiclif. The church is built largely of pebbles of a hard, fine grit, with sandstone coigns, &c. It was “repaired and beautified” in the last century, and some twenty years since was restored by Sir Gilbert Scott. Much new stone was then inserted, the walls were pointed, and many repairs and some additions, then and subsequently, were made.

As will be inferred from the above brief description, it is not easy to be sure how much of the present church belongs to that in which Wiclif ministered. The best authorities, however, are satisfied that the greater part of the nave and

aisles was standing in his days, though the fabric cannot have been long completed. The upper part of the chancel is probably later, but the lower, with the western tower, is undoubtedly older.

The main entrance to the church is on the south side, where a porch has recently been added, but there is another, though a smaller one, on the north.

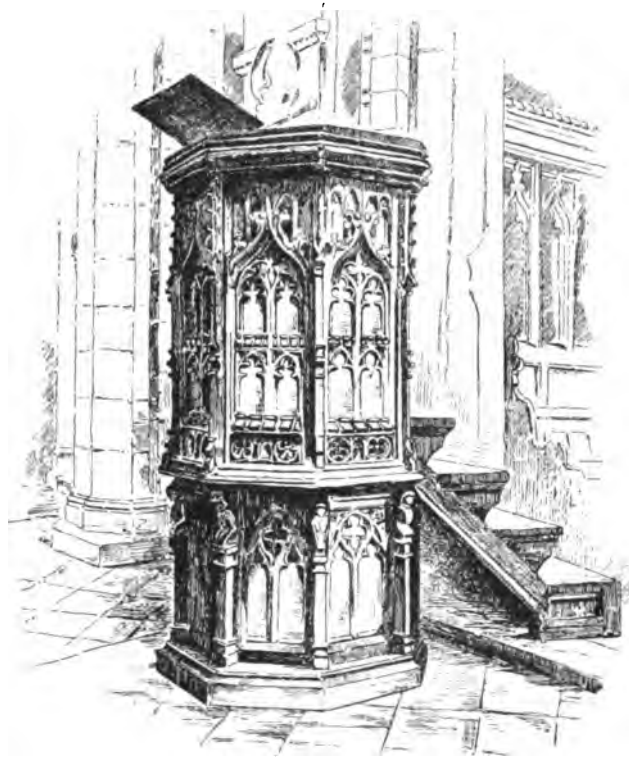


THE BRIDGE OVER THE SWIFT.

This is the shortest mode of approach from the rectory, which stands on the north side of the churchyard. The present house is modern, for it was built by Bishop Ryder, who held the living for about fifteen years, resigning it on his consecration as Bishop of Gloucester in 1816; but we are informed that the rectory-house has always occupied the same situation. On this side of the churchyard are four aged elms, but old though they are, we fear they cannot claim to have numbered five centuries. On entering the church, we see above this northern doorway a fresco of remarkable interest, representing a queen standing between two men wearing royal crowns. According to the old verger's story, it is Queen Philippa, supported by John of Gaunt, asking Edward III. to give Wiclif the living of Lutterworth, an interpretation which, we fear, has been read into the picture. Others consider the male figures to represent Edward II. and Edward III. The style of execution is that of the middle rather than of the latter part of the fourteenth century, and thus adds to the probability of the church being earlier than the date of Wiclif's incumbency (1375-1384). Passing onward into the church, we note another fresco, no less remarkable, on the blank wall over

the chancel arch. It represents the Saviour in glory seated on a rainbow above the "glassy sea." On either side are two angels, one of each pair blowing a trumpet over a brown plain supposed to represent the earth, from which the graves are giving up their dead in various stages of transition, from the dry bones to the new body. The roof of the nave will divide attention with this interesting specimen of mediæval art, as a fine specimen of Perpendicular woodwork. The pulpit, however, which is placed almost in front of a curious "squint" on the north side of the chancel, is naturally the first object of the visitor's attention. It would be noteworthy anywhere as a good specimen of ancient carving in oak, but here it has a special interest as claiming to be that from which the Reformer preached. There seems no reason to doubt that it is a piece of fourteenth century work, and from the style we should regard it as older than the last twenty-five years of that period. It has, of course, been much repaired, and the base has been renewed, but in all probability the rectors of Lutterworth have delivered the Gospel, as understood by them, from this pulpit for more than five hundred years.

Beneath a glass case in the vestry is shown a fragment of a cope or chasuble of embroidered velvet, also associated with the Reformer's name. Undoubtedly it is a vestment of great antiquity, and may very well have been worn by him. The same cannot be said of "Wiclif's chair," now placed on the north side of the communion-table, in which, as the story is told, he was carried from the church to his house when stricken down by the fatal paralysis. It must be of a considerably later date. So also are a pair of gilded wooden candlesticks, placed on the communion-table, and a grand old table with carved supports, "where he sat to write his translation of



THE WICLIF PULPIT.

the Bible," now standing near the west end of the church. The last would deserve notice anywhere, but we should be surprised if it were much older than the dissolution of the monasteries. Copies of Wiclif's translation, and an old

edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," are placed upon it, and on a neighbouring wall hangs a copy of the Wiclif portrait now in the possession of the Earl of Denbigh. On the north wall, near the eastern end of that aisle, is a mural monument to the memory of Wiclif, with a bas-relief by Westmacott, erected in the year 1837; and to the west of it is an interesting alabaster tomb, commemorating two members of the Feilding family. In the floor near is a small brass, said to mark the graves of the same couple, from which it appears that John Feilding died in 1403, and his wife Joanna in 1418. In any case the monument is of later date than the death of Wiclif. It is needless to linger over other interesting features of the church; suffice it to say that it contains some modern stained glass and mural paintings, and that the restoration was thorough.

We must turn now from this quiet Leicestershire village to sketch briefly the life of the illustrious man to whom, from a fortunate juncture of circumstances, it proved a secure haven in the evening of his days. John Wiclif was born in Yorkshire, not far from Richmond, the exact locality being a subject of dispute. Even the year of his birth is not certain, but it is believed to be 1324. Of his childhood we know nothing; probably he received his education in some neighbouring school. But there is no doubt that his university career was one of high distinction. That is admitted by his enemies, one of whom—Knighton, a canon of Leicester, and contemporary with Wiclif—speaks of him as second to none in philosophy, and "in scholastic discipline altogether incomparable." In addition to the schoolmen, he studied deeply the writers on the civil and the canon law; he was well read in patristic theology, especially in the works of St. Augustine and St. Jerome, of St. Basil and St. Gregory. Well was it for him that he underwent this training before devoting himself more especially to the study of the sacred volume, because it not only gave him that skill in fence and perfect mastery of dialectics which made him a champion whom his adversaries could not afford to despise or dare to disparage, but also by strengthening his intellectual powers, disciplining his imagination, and broadening his mental horizon, prevented him from running into extravagances and exposing himself to attack, as did so many of the earlier, more unlettered Reformers. John Wiclif, like every man who sets himself up as a reformer of gross abuses, had for his opponents men sufficiently masters of phrases, "full of wise saws and modern instances," and sufficiently acute in intellect, to avail themselves of every slip of headlong zeal, to distort the meaning of unguarded admissions or hasty expressions, so as not only to unite against him the Pharisees of Rome and the Herodians of the Court, but also to bring him into a wider suspicion and disfavour, by representing him to the sincerely religious as an infidel, and to the party of order as an anarchist.

Wiclif's lot was cast in evil days. For years the moral condition of the

Papacy had gone on from bad to worse. There were times when earnest men might have been pardoned had they beheld Anti-Christ in him who occupied the "chair of Peter." The voice of protest for righteousness' sake had indeed been raised from time to time, only to be silenced, often with every refinement of cruelty. The Waldenses and Albigenses were examples of how Rome dealt with her censors and brought back the wanderers from her fold, of how she interpreted and obeyed the precepts of her Master. Moreover, the hands of the Pope and his coterie had been greatly strengthened for evil by a new agency, the mendicant friars. Thus the task which confronted Wiclif, when first his mind began to realise the evils by which he was surrounded, was one which by its difficulty might have daunted, by its danger might have appalled, any ordinary man.

His first open protest, his declaration of war against the corruption of the Church, was the publication, in the year 1356, of a short tract entitled "The Last Age of the Church." The "Black Death," which a few years before had swept across Europe, and had ended by devastating England, had stirred deeply the minds of men, who saw in it, and in the general corruption of the Church, the signs of the end of the world. It would be impossible to give, in the space at our disposal, any account of even the writings of Wiclif which have come down to us; suffice it to say that he continued to pour forth a host of tracts, chiefly polemical, but that his most important work was the translation of the Bible—accomplished with the assistance of others—to which the closing years of his life were especially devoted.

He was not without honour among his contemporaries at Oxford. Probably his attacks upon the hated friars atoned for any suspected "unsoundness" in his views. He was presented by Balliol College to a living in Lincolnshire, and was shortly afterwards made their warden, a post which he held for four years, and then resigned it to take the oversight of Canterbury Hall, recently founded by Simon Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury; but, though presented by the founder, he was ejected by Islip's successor—a partisan of the monks. It is needless to detail the particulars of the case; suffice it to say that Wiclif appealed to the Pope, having apparently not yet realised that Rome was the last place to look to for justice, and that as a matter of course his appeal was unsuccessful. He continued, however, to reside much at Oxford, took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and gave lectures. His skill in law as well as divinity had now rendered his name so eminent that he was sent to Bruges to confer with the Commissioners of the Pope on several grave matters in dispute between him and the King of England. This conference lasted for more than a year, and the mission promised to be successful. The Commissioners were obliged to admit the illegality of several of the Papal claims. The withdrawal of these

was promised; it is perhaps needless to add that the agreement was only observed so long as it was safer to keep than to break it. From Bruges, however, Wiclif returned with a clearer notion than ever of where the responsibility for the vices of the Church really rested, and henceforth he spoke with a yet plainer voice.



WICLIF.

(From the Portrait at King's College, Cambridge.)

In the end of the year 1375 he received from the Crown (patrons during a minority) the living of Lutterworth, but at first continued his residence in Oxford. He was now becoming so formidable an enemy that it appeared necessary to make an attempt to silence him. This failed, through the protection afforded him by John of Gaunt; another one the next year (1378) was defeated by the favour of the Queen-Mother.

The tide of favour, however, before long began to turn. Wiclif's attacks on Rome became more distinctly theological. He wrote on the Eucharist, and his views were condemned. Measures also were taken against the Poor Preachers, who wandered about the country disseminating the doctrines which he maintained. At last John of Gaunt withdrew his support, or at any rate his open support. Wiclif was summoned before a Convocation at Oxford, and ultimately banished from the university, which he finally quitted in the year 1383, and took up his residence at Lutterworth. So far as we know, he did not again leave this retreat. A Papal mis-sive indeed summoned him to Rome, but he pleaded ill-health as a reason for not obeying the command. It was, in fact, evident to all that the fiery sword had nearly worn through the scabbard. He laboured on at his task of spreading the Gospel, but the hand of death was now, as it appeared, fighting the battle of his enemies. He had already been attacked by paralysis, and at last, on December 29th, he was stricken down in church by another seizure. On the second day after the attack, on the last day of the year 1384, he fell asleep.

He was buried in Lutterworth Church, probably in the chancel, and there his bones rested for some thirty years. Then was held the famous Council of Constance. That notorious conclave in the quiet German town by the lake-side has an ill name even among ecclesiastical gatherings; and as Rome was now thoroughly alarmed, and deemed itself strong enough, its emissaries set to work to extirpate heresy. The "Morning Star" was not forgotten; Wiclif's doctrines were formally condemned, and an order given to howk up his bones and cast them out of hallowed ground. This petty insult was executed, though not

for some years. The grave was opened, the Reformer's bones—or somebody's bones—were duly dug up, burned, and the ashes cast into the Swift. "This brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

"Which things are an allegory" indeed. Wiclif died in obscurity, his life's work, as it seemed, a failure. His enemies triumphed, they persecuted his followers, torturing and burning in the name of Christ, and for nearly a century and a half truth seemed worsted by error, and God's ear deaf to the cry of the suffering. But all the time the seed was growing, though few regarded it. The servants of the Pope might increase the splendour of their churches and of their ceremonies, but more and more men looked askance and quoted inconvenient passages of Scripture. They might execute heretics, but the proverb, *sanguis martyrum semen Ecclesie*, was to come true in the Church's despite, and heresy, as they called it, seemed hydra-headed. At last the appointed season came; the yoke of a foreign prelate was cast off the neck of the English people, and their Church, except for one brief interval and an occasional wavering, has ever since rejoiced to be numbered among the Reformed Churches. Thus the "Morning Star of the Reformation" proved to be no fitful gleam in the darkness of night, but the harbinger of a brighter day, the forerunner of that light which it is our privilege to enjoy.

T. G. BONNEY.



"WICLIF'S CHAIR."

HEXHAM.

A BORDER ABBEY.

A DISTANT view of Hexham is always charming: whether it be from the woods of St. John Lee on the north, the steep banks on the south, the long, level sweep of the Tyne valley on the east, or the bold rise of Warden Hill on the west, the prospect is one that cannot fail to delight the traveller. The old town nestles down at the foot of an amphitheatre of surrounding hills, and the broad Tyne sweeps past it, always changing and always beautiful. In summer a clear and occasionally shallow stream, in winter often a mighty, roaring flood, but still the same old river which has seen so many changes on its banks, from the days when the Romans carried their Watling Street up to its southern bank and crossed it with a fine long bridge, to the days when the dreadful floods of 1771 swept it clear of all bridges save that at Corbridge.

The most conspicuous building in the town is the Abbey Church, a battered and sombre-looking edifice; but the hoary appearance of its time-worn walls gives it a romantic interest not shared by many more beautiful southern churches with their tall spires and rich traceries. Its one tower is low, broad, and spireless; its roofs long and flat, their somewhat monotonous outline being broken only by a few rugged pinnacles. East of the church two sturdy and stern-looking towers are to be seen rising above the general level of the houses: the silent evidences that in former days the offices of religion had often to be protected by force of arms. On a nearer approach the old town reveals more of its character. Its streets are narrow and irregular, and in some parts steeply inclined. They all lead to the market-place, which occupies the centre of the town, and contains the shambles, a hundred and fifty years old, with stone colonnade and moss-covered roof. Many of the houses are small and ancient, with dates and the initials of former owners, long since dead and forgotten, cut on the lintels of the doorways; and there still remain a few heather-thatched roofs, now green with moss, and fast decaying.

Richard, Prior of Hexham from 1142 to about 1160, was a man of considerable literary ability, and, amongst other works, he wrote a history of the church over which he ruled. He tells us that in his day the town was "moderate in size and thinly inhabited, but formerly ample and magnificent, as the vestiges of antiquity testify." In 674, Queen Etheldreda, the wife of Ecgfrid, King of Northumbria, gave to St. Wilfrid land which had formed a portion of her dower. This comprised the district known as Hexhamshire, and included the parishes of Hexham, Allendale, and St. John Lee. St. Wilfrid founded a monastery and built a church, which, according to the old chroniclers, must have been one

of the largest and most beautiful to be found in England at that time. It had a crypt and underground passages, porches, towers, and winding staircases, as well as galleries in the walls at various heights. There were many chapels,



THE EXTERIOR.

both on the floor and in the galleries above, and these contained altars dedicated to Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins, all the altars being most sumptuously furnished with vessels and vestments, while the walls were covered with paintings and carvings in relief. In 681 Hexham was made a see dependent on York, and its beautiful church became a cathedral, with the right of sanctuary. The old stone seat, called the "Fridstool" or "seat of peace," still remains. It was probably the bishop's throne of the Saxon cathedral, but up to the time of the abolition of sanctuary it was used as the goal to which the fugitive criminal directed his steps in order that he might be under the protection of the Church; and being seated in it, none dared molest him. The sanctuary extended for a mile from the church in all directions, and four crosses were erected at the four points of the compass to mark its boundaries. The sites of two of these crosses are known, and a fragment of one of them is in existence. The north cross was at first placed in the river, in mid-stream; but we are told that Walter Biwell,

chaplain to Bernard de Balliol, had arrested many persons, with their substance, while crossing the river, and these complaining to the archbishop, he had the cross placed on the northern bank of the stream.

St. Wilfrid was a man of mark in his day, and was consecrated archbishop of the northern province. His haughty manner and determined disposition made him many enemies, and he was twice exiled from his diocese; but he lived long enough to survive his troubles, and died peacefully at Ripon in 709. Eleven bishops followed him, and then the see of Hagustald, as Hexham was then called, came to an end; why, we know not, nor does Prior Richard seem to have known, for he says that it had ceased fifty years before the devastation of Northumberland by Haldane the Dane in 875.

The beautiful cathedral was destroyed by the Scandinavian marauders, and the priests and people were either murdered or driven from their homes. At this time someone buried a large bronze vessel containing about twelve thousand of the small bronze coins used by the Saxons, and called stycas. This treasure lay concealed until 1832, when it was found, eight feet from the surface, in digging an unusually deep grave. After a time, peace and order again prevailed in Northumbria, but the church of Hexham was left a battered shell, which its one poor priest repaired as well as he could so that he might say mass in it. In this miserable condition it remained until after the Norman Conquest had changed the affairs of the nation, and the monastic system had become a great power. In 1113, Thomas the Second, Archbishop of York, founded here a priory of canons-regular of St. Augustine, or black canons, as they were commonly called. They were at first miserably poor, and few in number; but wealth, lands, and many privileges soon fell largely to their share, and their numbers steadily increased till the close of the thirteenth century, when Hexham was one of the largest and most influential of the monastic houses in all the Border country.

The Austin Canons at first repaired the old church of St. Wilfrid's day, and built domestic offices of wood. It is evident that from the early days of their establishment at Hexham, the canons saw how hazardous was their position, close to the wild borderland; for the first of their new buildings was a strong gateway on the north side of their enclosure, which was surrounded by a thick, high wall. These erections still to a large extent remain, and from their style we may conclude that they were begun directly after the Battle of the Standard, fought at Northallerton in 1138. In marching southwards, on this occasion, the Scots had halted at Hexham, and though they pillaged the town and neighbourhood, King David had interfered on behalf of the abbey, and no harm befell it; but the canons had learnt how necessary it was that they should have some strong means of defending themselves against such troublesome neighbours. Some

years before this event Hexham had had a narrow escape when King Malcolm was in the neighbourhood. Being enraged by the murder of some of his emissaries, he determined to sack the abbey, and sent the fierce men of Galloway to carry out his evil purpose. Poor Eilaf, the priest, prayed to be delivered from their



TRANSEPT AND DORMITORY.

hands, and dreamed that he saw St. Wilfrid, along with St. Cutlibert, riding to his rescue. St. Cutlibert promised to spread a net to catch the Scots; and on the morrow such a dense fog filled the valley of the Tyne that they lost their way and spent days in fruitless wanderings among the hills; and when the fog rolled away they found that the river was so swollen with flood-water that they could not cross, and so Hexham was saved.

Even before the close of the twelfth century the abbey had become a wealthy and influential house, and the old Saxon buildings of St. Wilfrid's time were superseded by an entirely new church, with all the usual domestic offices. Prior Richard tells us how the canons had at first repaired and "built upon the ruins of many edifices which waste and devastation have destroyed." Inasmuch as all the documents which may have mentioned the rebuilding of the abbey have perished, we can only tell the story of its rise from the stones themselves. As the crypt of the earlier church is under the present tower, we suppose that the new church occupied the same ground as its predecessor, and furthermore we can discern that the old church was maintained as long as possible while the new one was

being built. About 1175 the aisle walls of the choir were raised, and no doubt their foundations were laid outside St. Wilfrid's Church, which would be somewhat smaller than the new building. Then the foundations of the great pillars would be laid, and the new and spacious choir carried on till the clerestory was reached. All this would take many years to build, for the upper portion of the choir cannot well be earlier than 1210. Then followed the long and noble transepts, with all their fine arcades and boldly designed flanks and end walls. Then, where the wings meet each other in a common centre, the tower rose to a height of a hundred feet, and the new church was ready for dedication. The choir, in which the high altar stood, served for the frequent services of the canons; the transepts, for the smaller altars and for the parish sermon; for there was no nave, it being left to future years to complete the great church according to the plan laid down. The chapter-house, common-house, and dormitory were all built on the east side of the cloister garth; the frater, or dining hall, and the kitchen, on the south; and the great guest-hall and cellars for stores, on the west. On the north side a thick and high wall was built to serve as a shelter from the cold winds, and to form the lower portion of the nave wall when it should be carried on. The prior's house stood on the west side of the cloister, and the infirmary on the east.

The canons now enjoyed a period of rest and peace. Their buildings were extensive and convenient, and we can picture them pacing the alleys of their cloister in calm contemplation; or attending the constant services in their choir; or dining in the long and lofty frater, with its beautiful windows of rich tracery; or warming themselves over the common-room fire while they discussed the passing events of the day. Ever and anon they would leave the quiet cloister and go out into the town on some errand of mercy, or up to their chapel of St. Oswald on the Roman wall, or down the Tyne to their dependent cell at Ovingham. But this period of quietude was only the forerunner of a terrible calamity which was to overwhelm both abbey and town, and all the surrounding villages and homesteads, and lay them waste and desolate.

Scarcely were the large and handsome frater and the exquisitely beautiful lavatory—the parts left to the last—finished, when the cruel Scots came rushing down the valleys of the Rede and Tyne, burning and destroying all that lay in their path. The little nunnery at Lambley, on the South Tyne, was utterly destroyed, and the nuns butchered. The beautiful priory of Lanercost, on the Irthing, was fired, and its inmates compelled to fly for their lives. Then Hexham was reached, and terrible were the destruction and desecration, and horrible were the cruelties, which the savage men of Galloway perpetrated there. The abbey and church were burned and rifled from end to end; all the shrines and the altar were stripped of their valuables, and the much-prized relics of the saints were

thrown into the flames. In the grammar school, which seems to have been within the precincts of the abbey, two hundred poor scholars were roasted alive; for, with fiendish glee, the barbarians fastened up the doors and fired the buildings. The library and muniments, and everything that could be burned, shared a similar fate.

In the following autumn another inroad was made under William Wallace, when everything that had been left was destroyed or carried off. Two canons, who had ventured to return to Hexham, had a narrow escape of their lives as they celebrated mass in their church; and the ruffians even seized the chalice and mass-book from off the altar.

The palmy days of the abbey seem to have passed away for ever, for during the first half of the fourteenth century the inroads of the Scots were frequent and disastrous. During the reign of Edward II., the weakest of English monarchs, they ran riot over all the northern province, and the resources of the abbey were drained away till the poor canons were reduced to the most absolute poverty. After the battle of Nevill's Cross in 1346, when David of Scotland was taken prisoner and his army completely routed, the power of the Scots was broken, and a period of peace followed. The Abbey of Hexham recovered itself to a great extent, and many grants of lands were made to it. The church was repaired, and a new roof added to it, and in the course of the next century many things were done to beautify its interior. The nave appears to have been begun about this time, but was again abandoned for lack of means to carry out so large a work. Though the abbey held up its head and maintained its proper position among other northern monastic houses, its revenues were much more straitened than in former years, and were not sufficient to allow of any extensive building.

Scarcely had the troubles brought on by the Scots been passed by in the ceaseless roll of time, and forgotten, when dangers from another source threatened the canons. The sixteenth century had hardly begun when the popularity of the monastic system commenced to wane. The influence of the monasteries had gradually declined during the last century and a half, and when the final blow which terminated their existence fell from the strong hand of Henry VIII., the greater portion of the people were not unwilling to see them fall. Hexham showed singular vitality to the very last, and instead of a tame official statement of surrender, which is all we know of the last days of many of the monasteries, we have an exciting story, bristling with incidents which read like a romance.

In April, 1536, Archbishop Lee wrote to Mr. Secretary Cromwell to plead hard the cause of Hexham, and begged that it might be spared, both on account of its ancient renown, and also on account of its position on the Border, whereby it was of great use in serving as a house of call and entertainment for all persons

passing into Scotland. He pleaded in vain, for on the 28th of September four commissioners were sent to Hexham with power to suppress the abbey. When they came to Dilston, two miles further down the Tyne, they heard that the abbey at Hexham was garrisoned by the canons, who, with the Master of Ovingham as their leader, were ready to offer a most determined resistance. Two of the commissioners thought it were well to remain behind, but the other two rode on. When they entered the market-place a strange sight met their eyes. The town was full of people, many of them armed with such weapons as they had, while the gates and doors of the abbey were fast shut, and the canons, all arrayed in harness, with bows and artillery, were standing on the leads of the church and on the steeple, and when addressed by the commissioners, they boldly answered: "We be XXⁱⁱ brethren in this hous, and we shall dye all or y^t shall ye have this hous." The commissioners replied advising them to consider well and take counsel together, and then answer them again. So the canons went into the abbey for a time, and then again appeared on the roof and repeated their determination not to surrender. With this answer the commissioners retired to Corbridge, while the canons with their servants and tenants marched out of the abbey "to a place called the Grene," where they remained till the commissioners were out of sight.

Such resistance was sure to end in serious trouble to the poor canons, but they might even yet have been pardoned had it not been for "the crafty devyse and subtile way conceyved by John Heron of Chipchase, otherwyse callyd Litle John Heron, to have the inhabitantes of Tyndall and Hexhamshyre to breyke." This scoundrel, who was a Border robber, exercised himself untiringly, and used every artifice, to persuade the canons of Hexham to maintain their defensive position; he knowing that such was the surest means to bring about a rising in the north, by which he hoped to profit in the matter of booty, and to revenge himself on the Carnabys, who were devoted adherents of the king. Heron pretended to mediate between the canons and Carnaby, but by delivering false messages to both sides he achieved his wicked purpose of maintaining the canons in rebellion, along with the men of Tynedale and Hexhamshire. Early in the following year the prior of Hexham was hanged at Tyburn, and six of the canons appear to have suffered in a similar manner. In 1538 the site of the priory was granted to Sir Reginald Carnaby, who died, without an heir, in 1543.

The abbey church was kept in repair, but was not used as the parish church of the town until a century or more after the dissolution, as St. Mary's church was then in existence. Latterly large sums have been spent on so-called "restoration," in which numbers of the ancient monuments, and many of the most interesting features in and about this grand old church, have been wantonly destroyed.

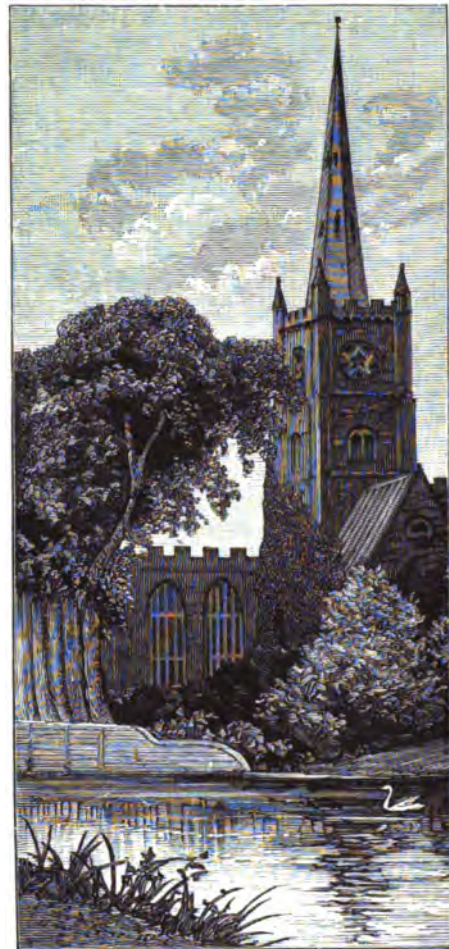
CHARLES CLEMENT HODGES.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE CHURCH OF SHAKESPEARE.

IT is a fortunate, though rare, accident when the chief events in the life of the few men who "like tall columns have risen above the dead level of humanity," all centre in a single country town. Then the fields, brooks, and groves of the neighbourhood, the houses and the quiet streets in the town, become inseparably associated with them, and seem brightened by some influence of the minds which they have aided in developing. Memories of the past are more readily recalled in the silence of the fields than amid the confusing bustle of the crowded city. Its thoughts and feelings are more easily appreciated when we are surrounded by the houses in which the men of its generations lived, and worked, and died, where the "still small voice" of the bygone age is not yet overpowered by the rush and the noise of our over-busy century. Thus the little country town becomes in the best sense of the word a place of pilgrimage; for in homage to the mighty dead there need be no superstition, and there may be a lesson for us in those manifold surroundings which cannot but have influenced their lives. With Stratford-on-Avon, that quiet, quaint, picturesque Warwickshire town, the memory of William Shakespeare is inseparably connected. He was born in one of its houses, he was taught in its school, he sowed his wild oats—perhaps rather freely—in its vicinity, he married, not wisely, we fear, from a neighbouring village; and then, after an interval of years, when fame and competence had been attained, at a rate which must have surprised those who still remembered certain incidents of his youth, he returned to pass the remainder of his days in the handsome house which he had purchased, and lastly—while still in middle life—died, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church.

But even if William Shakespeare had never lived or died at Stratford-on-Avon,



THE TOWER, FROM THE RIVER.

the church of the Holy Trinity would merit notice as one of exceptional beauty and interest. It stands in a churchyard than which there are few prettier in the kingdom. An avenue of old limes leads from the street to the porch; along that path Shakespeare must have walked each Sunday to his place in the church. These very trees most probably even then bordered the path; though perhaps hardly more than saplings, they were putting forth their leaves on that sad April day when his body was carried to its last home in the chancel. But there is a spot of yet greater beauty—a path which it is surely legitimate to associate with his memory, for no one who loved nature as he did could have failed to seek it often. Near the eastern end of the church flows the Avon, forming one boundary to the churchyard. By its side is a little terrace walk, overlooking the stream, and shadowed by fine old elms. “On one side rises the church—spire, transepts, chancel, grouping themselves afresh at every step, through the leafy openings of overarching boughs, the shoots of bright green foliage contrasting with the grey old stones, worn, but not defaced, by the storms of centuries. On the other side the Avon slowly glides past the bridges and houses, past the green meadows on its opposite brink—

‘Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage’—

on through the broadening valleys till it mingles with the Severn’s stream, and ‘the river becomes a sea.’” *

The church as a whole is much older than the days of Shakespeare. Except for two structural alterations, for some additional monuments, for some changes for better or for worse in the fittings, we see it nearly as he saw it. The town itself, as well as the church, carries us very far back in the history of England; the former, indeed, being much older than the material structure of the latter. We hear of Stratford some three centuries before the Norman Conquest; a church is mentioned in a document of the ninth century, though, of course, nothing of a fabric so ancient as this remains. The town obtained its name Stratford, or Stradford, from the ford on the river Avon, where it was crossed by the great “street” or high road leading from Henley-in-Arden to London. As now, so for centuries back, it seems to have been a quietly prosperous place, probably more busy and more rapidly growing in the present than in any former generation; one of those placid country towns where the burghers lived comfortable lives in comfortable houses, working well, but not too hard, taking their fair share of the pleasures of life—bread, beef, and beer, all of the best—yet thrifty withal, so that they commonly managed to leave more of this world’s goods to their children than they had received from their fathers. Such a man—rather of the humbler order—William Shakespeare’s father seems to have been; such a

* “Picturesque Europe,” vol. i., p. 75.

one, when the heat of youth had somewhat cooled, he must have been in himself; quick to see the beauties of nature, but not blind to those of his own species, given much to "high thinking," yet sometimes departing, not unwillingly, from the rule of "plain living."

The church is cruciform, with a large chancel or choir, and a central steeple. The spire, visible from all the country round, rises to a height of about 163 feet from the ground. This is a comparatively modern feature, as it was built about a hundred and twenty years since, to replace a smaller structure of timber covered with lead. The church, as a whole, belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Parts of the transepts and tower appear to be older, and are referred to the thirteenth century, but the earlier portions are not very conspicuous, so that the general effect is not materially altered. The nave and aisles were built, not all at one period, during the fourteenth century, the style of the different parts varying from rather late Decorated to Perpendicular. The south aisle is ascribed to John de Stratford, a native of the town, who had already risen to eminence as an ecclesiastic, and afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury. He also founded, in the year 1332, a chantry. This foundation was augmented by his nephew, Ralph de Stratford, Bishop of London, who, in addition, built a house for the priests, and the church became a collegiate foundation, and its rector bore the title of dean.

The nave consists of six bays, and is separated from the aisles by rather lofty pointed arches. Galleries have been inserted, but the removal of them is contemplated in the course of an extensive restoration which commenced a few years back and is still in progress. Above is a clerestory of twelve windows, two in each bay. In the south aisle Thomas à Becket was honoured. The roof of the nave and the stalls in the choir are good examples of woodwork; but the rood-screen, which was probably elaborate, has disappeared. At the east end of the north aisle, where was formerly a chapel to the Virgin enclosed by a screen, is a group of monuments commemorating members of the Clopton family. The oldest, an altar-tomb without inscription, is supposed to have been erected for Sir Hugh Clopton,* who was Lord Mayor of London in 1492, and built for Stratford a bridge over the Avon. The effigies of William Clopton—clad in armour—and his wife lie on another altar-tomb, which was erected about a century later than the other. Against the east wall is a huge canopied monument commemorating George Carew, Earl of Totnes, Baron of Clopton, and his wife, who was daughter of the aforesaid William. A long inscription records his honours and offices. He died without issue in 1629.

In the southern transept some Early English work remains, as may be seen

* He rebuilt the greater part of the chapel of the Holy Cross, which still remains, close to the site of New Place, the house in which Shakespeare died.

in the vestry. A monument against the west wall also deserves a passing glance. It is to the memory of one Richard Hil, or Hill, a woollen-draper and "thrise bailif of this borrow." The inscriptions on his tomb are written in four languages—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English. With so much learning, it is not very



THE CHANCEL.

surprising that they fail to tell us the date of his death. This, however, appears to have occurred in 1593. The writer of his epitaph represents him as a man of singular honesty. Let us hope the proverb is not in this case accurate.

From beneath the central tower we pass into the spacious chancel, or rather choir, of the church, an unusually good example of rather late Perpendicular work. This was erected by Thomas Balsall, who was Dean of Stratford from 1465 to 1491. It is lofty, and without aisles. On either side are large mullioned windows,

divided into two tiers by a transom; but in the two eastern bays the lower stage is replaced by a blank wall, which probably was intended to be covered with fresco paintings or with tapestry. To the northern of these is affixed the noted monument to Shakespeare. A few feet to the south of it, on a raised platform, which forms a kind of broad step to that supporting the communion-table, is a plain stone slab bearing the well-known lines—

“ Good Frend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To digge the dust enclosed here;
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.”

The name of Shakespeare is not recorded on this stone, but there is no doubt that it covers his grave. It is so stated in Dugdale’s “Antiquities of Warwickshire,” published only forty years after the poet’s death; but that he wrote the lines is highly improbable, though possibly some friend or member of his family may have recorded in them a sentiment which Shakespeare had been heard to utter. More than once a desire has been expressed to open the grave, but hitherto the supposed wish of the dead man has been held sacred; and though an exact measurement of the skull which once encased the brain of Shakespeare would have been of the greatest interest to those whose study is man, national sentiment has hitherto proved too strong for science. It needs but a slight effort of the imagination—so little has this part of the building been changed since the seventeenth century—to reproduce the final scene of the poet’s career: the open grave, yawning dark in the floor; the earth piled around on the pavement; the priests, in robes slightly more formal than those now worn, repeating in saddened tones the well-known words: “We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ”; the mourners standing round in sorrowful silence—and there would surely be many more than the small circle of relatives—thinking, perhaps, of the dead man’s own words:—

“ Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta’en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust.

“ Fear no more the frown o’ the great,
Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this and come to dust.”

The monument also has its special interest. There are various pictures which claim to be portraits of Shakespeare, but they differ from each other, and perhaps not even the best authenticated among them is quite above suspicion. But the bust on the tomb must have been sculptured a very short time after Shakespeare's death,* and so is certainly a likeness, though how far a successful one we have no

means of knowing. It "was originally painted over in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown or tabard, without sleeves."



HOUSE OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH.

The colouring remained as described until the year 1793, when, at the request of Malone, it was covered with a coat of white paint. Our ancestors about that period appear to have had a perfect craze for painting everything, and the favourite smearing was white or light stone colour. Not a few of us can remember the chilly glare of certain old-fashioned reception rooms, and



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

the havoc which had been wrought in cathedrals and churches. The most beautiful sculpture in stone was plastered over with successive coats of whitewash; the finest old oak panels and carvings were painted white. We do, however, recollect one case where some wood carving in a college chapel was painted green. So, as the old colours must by this time have become rather damaged, it was no doubt thought that the bust had now a "particularly neat appearance." But even in that day some objections were raised, in proof of which we may venture, often

* It is mentioned by Digges in verses prefixed to the first edition of Shakespeare in 1623, and thus must have been erected within seven years of the poet's death. The tradition of Stratford is that it was copied from a cast after nature.—Black's "Guide to Warwickshire" (Stratford).

as it has been quoted, to repeat the epigram in which this action of Shakespeare's worst editor is censured:—

“Stranger to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone as he mars his plays.”

In 1861 the white paint was removed and a careful restoration made of the colour, which, fortunately, could still be made out beneath it, so that we now see the monument very nearly as it must have been two centuries since.

Shakespeare sleeps among his own people. On his right hand lies Anne Hathaway, his wife. On his left, his favourite daughter, Susanna Hall—“Witty above her sex, but . . . wise to salvation.” Further away are the graves of her husband, Dr. Hall, and their only child Elizabeth; also that of her sister Judith.

But there are two other monuments at the east end of the church which must not be left unnoticed. One is an altar-tomb placed against the wall a little to the east of Shakespeare's monument, handsome in design, but rather dilapidated; this commemorates Dean Balsall, by whom, as has already been stated, this part of the church was rebuilt. The

other is a fine marble monument erected to commemorate John Combe. Tradition declares that he was a great usurer, and ascribes to Shakespeare a very scurrilous doggerel epitaph in his memory; but no grounds can be found for either assertion, and there is reason to believe that he and Shakespeare were intimate friends.

Our brief account of Stratford-on-Avon Church may serve to indicate that, as we have said, it would have well repaid a visit, even if it were wholly dissociated from the memory of Shakespeare. But, as it is, we find it difficult to note the many things that are really of interest, for here, to quote the words of Washington Irving, “the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare; this idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubts, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty.”

T. G. BONNEY.



SHAKESPEARE.

(The Stratford Portrait.)

ST. JAMES'S, WHITEHALL, AND THE SAVOY:

THREE ROYAL CHAPELS

OF the three royal chapels in London we take first that which is still connected with a royal palace. One word as to the history of this, of which the chapel is an integral portion. As a royal residence it is far more modern than the deserted precincts of Westminster; as a mansion it yields to Whitehall. So late as the time of Henry VIII. the ground was occupied by a hospital, dedicated to St. James, "for certain leprous maidens." The king obtained it by exchange, pensioned off the inmates, and replaced the buildings by a "fair mansion and park," in the year of his marriage with Anne Boleyn.* Within its walls his daughter Mary pined and died; here, too, died Prince Henry, the eldest son of James; and from beneath its roof, his frequent home in happier days, his yet more ill-fated brother Charles went both to his trial at Westminster, and to his death at Whitehall. Charles II., who, as well as his brother James, was born in this palace, preferred Whitehall as his residence, and gave up St. James's to his brother, the Duke of York; and here was born, though not a few refused to believe it, the unlucky infant afterwards known as the Chevalier de St. George, the Old Pretender. The palace was at first frequently occupied by William and Mary, but afterwards by Princess Anne. In it she was both born and married; and here, too, she received the news that the little "gentleman in black" had done a pleasure to the Jacobites, and a mole-hill had raised her to the throne. Hither from Hanover came George with his favourites. Here his son George also lived after his marriage, till father and son had a battle royal at the grandchild's christening, and the Prince of Wales was summarily turned out. Truly, they were not a happy family, these earlier members of the royal house of Hanover. In St. James's, long after the prince had become king, and had in turn quarrelled with his own heir-apparent, Queen Caroline, his faithful and strangely loving wife, made that very Christian ending of which so melancholy a tale is told. Since the earlier days of his successor, St. James's Palace has been less and less used as a royal residence; but levees are still held in the State apartments.

The Chapel Royal of St. James is entered from the Colour Court, to which admission is obtained by the old gateway, a familiar feature to all Londoners. On the right hand is a sort of cloister, in which is an ordinary door without any ecclesiastical character. The promise of the exterior is fulfilled within. The door opens into a passage, and that into a large room—a hall, in fact, of moderate

* Hare: "Walks in London," ii. 54.

size. The north end, at which stands the communion-table, is occupied by a large oblong window with plain, close mullions, filled with tinted glass; the roof is flat, but rather handsomely fretted and painted; the wood-fittings are of Georgian type, substantial and but little adorned. The plan of the chapel is somewhat peculiar. As we have said, it is simply a hall carried up to the level of the first-floor ceiling; but, by way of enlargement, sundry small rooms to east and to west on this floor have been thrown into the chamber, and are used



CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL, FROM PARLIAMENT STREET.

as pews, and in one case for the organ. That may not be a correct history of the structure, but is exactly what its appearance suggests. The royal pew is in a gallery over the entrance. The boy choristers unvested are a sight to see, so gorgeously are they apparelled in scarlet frock-coats stiff with gold braiding—"Children of the Chapel Royal" they are quaintly called; and from this family more than one musician of note has come. The communion-plate, of gold, richly embossed, and on a large scale—the gift of various kings—is very magnificent. Now the service and worshippers call for no comment; but scandal says that in past days the "quality" behaved no better in the chapel than in the church of St. James. The scenes described in the latter by Addison went on to as great an extent in

the former. So far was the "making of eyes," the snirking, and signalling carried, even before Anne became queen, that Bishop Burnet complained of it to her; and the pews, it is said, were raised. On this a satirical ballad was written, which represents the bishop thus making his request:—

"Then pray condescend
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send,
To build up the seats, that the beauties may see
The face of no bawling pretender but me."

Thus it was done, with the following result:—

"And now Britain's nymphs, in a Protestant reign,
Are boxed up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

Apparently the evil was to some extent cured, for her Majesty Queen Caroline, in the next century, gave general offence by her habit of talking in chapel. She had asked Mr. Whiston, her chaplain, what fault people had to find with her, and he mentioned this as the one of which they most complained. "She promised amendment; but proceeding to ask what other faults were objected to her, he replied, 'When your Majesty has amended this I'll tell you of the next.'" A somewhat plain-spoken divine this.

In this chapel George III. was a frequent worshipper. Madame d'Arblay describes how, one cold November, he would persist in his attendance, till at last the queen and court—what better idea of the intensity of the cold can we have with such a queen and such a court?—"left the king, his chaplain, and the equerry to freeze it out together." Several marriages of members of the royal family have been solemnised in this chapel, small as it is, and apparently ill adapted to any ceremonial. Among them were that of her present Majesty to Prince Albert, and that of her eldest daughter to the Crown Prince of Prussia. Although the Queen has not been in the habit of worshipping in this chapel, even when resident in London, her chaplains-in-ordinary preach at the mid-day service, except during Lent.

The Chapel Royal at Whitehall is the sole remnant of the palace which, from the days of Henry VIII. to James II., was the principal London residence of the Sovereign; St. James's Palace, which may be termed its rival in royal favour, being during that period more often the residence of the heir apparent. Whitehall began its history as York House, at which Cardinal Wolsey resided for a time in great state. But in 1529 came the "nipping frost;" he resigned both the Great Seal and his mansion to the king, who accordingly took possession, apparently without payment, of the Cardinal's furniture and plate, and changed the name

of the palace to Whitehall. It was a frequent residence of his children during their successive reigns, and the usual one of James I. and Charles I. It was occupied by Cromwell. Then came the second Charles and his dissolute court; followed by his brother James, till he slipped away down the river to embark for France. This palace was a brick building, something in the style of the older part of Hampton Court. James I., however, intended to rebuild the whole establishment on a much more sumptuous plan, and a design was prepared by Inigo Jones. Of this, the banqueting-house—now the Chapel Royal—alone was built. In the reign of William III. the palace came to an end. It was grievously damaged by a fire in 1691; and six years later another broke out and burnt everything except the banqueting-house, which, fortunately, was almost detached from the rest of the palace. In 1718 this was converted into a Chapel Royal by George I., who presented a magnificent service of gold plate for the communion-table, to which later Sovereigns have made splendid additions. Since then, alterations and improvements have more than once been made in the interior; but its aspect is still decidedly Hanoverian. Here the curious ceremony of the distribution of the Royal Maundy gifts annually takes place on Maundy Thursday.

The Chapel Royal is built of Portland stone. Of its design Fergusson justly says, "It is neither worthy of the inordinate praise nor the indiscriminate blame which has been lavished on it." It has the faults usual in the Renaissance style, especially that of a *suggestio falsi* in its constructive ornamentation; but still it is a finely proportioned and effective building. The comparatively low ground-floor is occupied by apartments. The chapel includes the two upper and principal stages. The most remarkable internal feature is the ceiling. This is adorned by paintings on canvas from the hand of Rubens. The central portion is occupied by a huge oval representing the apotheosis of his sacred Majesty James I., who is depicted lolling easily on his seat, as he is transported heavenwards through the clouds by embodied virtues and celestial beings. It is in many senses of the word a great work; the painter's immense grasp, effective grouping, and mastery over the drawing of flesh and muscle and figure are fully evidenced; in short, the picture is a marvellous *tour de force*; but its idea indicates the very nadir of Christian art. The smirking self-satisfaction of the sprawling monarch would be absolutely comic if the scene, regarded in the light of history, were not a sarcasm too sad for laughter. Round the principal picture are eight large medallions and tablets, with emblematic figures to harmonise with the central subject. The pictures were affixed to the ceiling in 1629, four years after the death of James.

This room, in the days when it formed part of the palace, witnessed many a pageant and many a revel; but the scene of deepest and saddest interest was that of January 30th, 1649. That morning Charles I. was conducted from his

lodging in St. James's Palace through the park to the palace at Whitehall. In front of the banqueting-house a scaffold had been erected at the level of the first-floor windows, one of which had been removed * in order to give easy access from within. The king, greater in adversity than in prosperity, passed along the galleries of the palace—through this room, so familiar to him in happier days—and then out upon the scaffold to the closing scene. In a few minutes all was over: Charles Stuart was dead, and the Restoration became possible.

The Chapel Royal of the Savoy differs from the two already described, in that it never formed a part of one of the strictly royal residences. A mansion was built near the Thames in 1245 by Peter, Earl of Savoy and Richmond, who was the uncle of Eleanor, wife of Henry III. Afterwards he conferred it on a religious fraternity, from whom it was purchased by the same queen for Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It was burnt by Wat Tyler, and appears not to have been rebuilt until Henry VII. endowed it as a hospital of St. John the Baptist. Suppressed by Edward VI., it was restored by Queen Mary, and the Savoy Hospital continued for many years, its precincts becoming more and more disreputable. In the reign of Charles II. it obtained a more worthy repute as the meeting-place of the Savoy Conference. For many years the chapel was used by the parishioners of St. Mary-le-Strand, whose church had been pulled down by the Protector Somerset; and after they had left, it became, about a hundred and thirty years since, of evil note owing to the ease with which the marriage knot was tied by its minister, who availed himself of his freedom from episcopal jurisdiction, until at last he incurred a prosecution and was sentenced to transportation. In 1773 a patent was issued by George III. constituting the church a Chapel Royal, as it continues to this day, the queen holding it as Duchess of Lancaster.

The church appears to have been built about the year 1505, but it had been much altered before 1864. In the summer of the latter year a fire broke out, by which the fittings, roof, and monuments were destroyed. It was restored by her Majesty the Queen, and in the year 1886 the interior was renovated. Hence, except the walls, there is little left of olden time. It is structurally a rather plain Late Perpendicular chapel, without aisles—simply a long room, but handsomely fitted and rather richly decorated. There is a low square turret at the southern end, and the communion-table is at the northern: for the orientation of all these Royal Chapels is peculiar. The new reredos incorporates fragments of that which adorned the old chapel; and a few small monuments, which also escaped the fire, are worthy of notice; one of these is a brass commemorating

* There is no doubt that the scaffold was erected on the western side of the building, where now the footway of the street passes. Tradition points to the central window (that concealed in the interior, behind the royal pew) as the one through which the king went out to his death; but some authorities represent it as a window just on the north of the banqueting-house.

Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, translator of Virgil, who was buried here in 1522. Among other notable personages who are entombed in or about the chapel is Archibald Cameron, brother of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the last



CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY.

person executed for the rebellion of 1745. He had escaped to France, but imprudently returned to Scotland eight years afterwards, was apprehended, brought to London, executed at Tyburn, and interred at the east end of the chapel. A monument was erected to his memory (by the Queen's permission) in 1846. This was destroyed by the fire, and has been replaced by a memorial window. Another window commemorates Lander, the African traveller, who died at Fernando Po. A brass, the memorial of Bishop Halsey, which had long been missing from the chapel, and a leaf of a small triptych, which is believed to have formerly adorned the walls, have been recently recovered.

Thronged and busy as is all its neighbourhood, hemmed in with lofty warehouses and places of business, on one side the crowded Strand, on the other the turbid river, all is peace round the chapel of the Savoy, which, with its old graveyard, its plane trees and lilac bushes, forms a little oasis of rest in the populous desert of London.

T. G. BONNEY.

THE SPIRES OF COVENTRY.

IN the churches of South Staffordshire and the adjoining part of Warwickshire steeples are not common features. But the two towns which have more than once been rivals as the seat of the episcopal see of the district, and were long united in its title, are exceptions to this rule. Lichfield, which has become the centre of the diocese, now also bears away the palm with the triple group of its cathedral, and two others in the town; still, the "three tall spires" of Coventry are hardly less noted. They are worthy of a town which still retains some of the most quaint and picturesque buildings of any in the Midlands. Before the destruction of its cathedral, which also was adorned with a steeple, the town must have possessed a cluster of churches which can hardly have been rivalled in England. In the immediate neighbourhood of an abbey or cathedral we not uncommonly find some church of more moderate dimensions, like St. Margaret's at Westminster, or St. Nicholas' at Rochester, to quote these examples only. But at Coventry there rose almost side by side with its cathedral two important churches, one of which was of an almost exceptional size.

The stately cathedral, with its old-world memories of Leofric and Godiva, has been swept away. Only some fragments of wall, some bases of clustered columns, disinterred during recent excavations, mark its site. It was destroyed in that iconoclastic epoch which immediately followed the rupture of the English Church from the dominion of the Pope of Rome, when, partly through a natural reaction against superstition, partly through the greed of the vultures of the Court, our land was deprived of so many noble buildings, our people robbed of so much accumulated wealth.

To the south-east of the site of the cathedral stands the church of St. Michael, one of the largest in the Midland Counties. At the present time it is difficult to describe this church, for it is in the hands of the restorer, and in parts is almost undergoing reconstruction. The upper portion of the spire has been pulled down; additions are being made at the east end; the church is divided by a wooden partition. These words may sound ominous, but more than superficial change was absolutely necessary. The stone of which the beautiful steeple has been constructed, like much of the red stone of the district, though very effective in appearance, is very perishable. For many years the steeple of St. Michael's, with its weathered surface, from which almost every trace of ornamentation had crumbled away, had worn an aspect of decay, but for some time past it has been known to be hardly safe. Indeed, the architects at first were of opinion that it must be rebuilt, for even the foundation was found to be insecure.

Happily, however, on a reconsideration of the question, it has been found possible by various devices in underpinning, and by recasing the whole structure with new stone, to avoid proceeding to this extremity, and a few years will show to Coventry an old friend with a new face, which, though it may have lost somewhat in grace of outline by the substitution of the sharp-cut for the time-worn edges of its stones, will be an exact reproduction of the structure which once vied with the cathedral.

St. Michael's Church is of more than one date, but as a whole it belongs to the latter part of the fourteenth century, and the earlier of the fifteenth. The steeple was commenced in 1373, and took twenty-two years in building; the body of the church, which is of slightly later date, is known to have been completed by 1450. Popular tradition asserts the building to have been mainly the gift of a family named Botener, two brothers building the tower, and two sisters the spire. This seems to be probable, but whether the rest of the church was erected at their cost is more doubtful.

Besides this graceful spire, which rises to a height of 303 feet, the chief peculiarity in the church is the large area of ground which it covers, and the general absence of well-marked divisions in its plan. It has, indeed, a nave and side aisles, but the intervening arches are high and the clerestory is comparatively low, so that the whole is to an exceptional degree combined in one building. There are, further, large side chapels to the aisles, from which the former are barely separated. The one on the north occupies four bays. On the south are two of smaller size, separated by the porch. There is also no structural demarcation between nave and choir—or nave and chancel—whichever be the more appropriate term. Hence the general effect is that of a large irregular hall, and the building is defective in its proportions; sumptuous rather than graceful. But, though the church as a whole is open to this criticism, there is much to admire in its various parts. Of its steeple, that marvel of elegance, we have already spoken. It may suffice to add that it overtops its rival at Lichfield Cathedral by fully 50 feet; it is considerably higher than Chichester, and is only slightly exceeded by Norwich. These, moreover, are all central spires, while at St. Michael's the whole elevation of the steeple is apparent to the eye. An exceptional feature is that the spire rises from an octagonal lantern, which practically forms the lowest stage, as it is much smaller than the tower, and is supported by flying buttresses rising from the pinnacles of the latter. The steeple, judging from the mode in which it is joined on the inside to the church, appears to have been designed for a building slightly different in plan from the present one. Another peculiarity is that the axis of the chancel is inclined at a perceptible angle to that of the nave. Probably there was once a rood screen at the junction, but this has now disappeared; the side aisles, however, extend for three

bays further. The east end terminates in an apse, which, though of the simplest form, for it is only three-sided, adds much to the beauty of the church. The original design included a series of chantries on a lower level, but these were left unfinished. They are being completed (in 1887) for use as vestries; and the widening of the street at the back of the church will greatly enhance the beauty of the eastern end.

The roof is good, and there is some old carved oak still left among the



THE SPIRES OF COVENTRY.

fittings of the church. It was cleared of galleries and otherwise restored about a quarter of a century since, and the interior, though plain, was in no way objectionable; but when the present restoration is completed there will be considerable enrichment, in addition to the structural alterations. For the most part, however, the church is more interesting and more impressive as a whole than in detail. There is little left of old stained glass, or of woodwork of any importance, nor is there anything specially worthy of notice in the designs of windows, columns, or capitals. The monuments also, though numerous, are neither remarkable for antiquity nor for design. One, from the quaintness of its inscription, deserves a passing notice. This, written by, and to the memory of, one Captain Gervase Scrope, a Yorkshireman, who died in the year 1705, is too long for quotation, but the author describes himself as "an old tossed tennis ball," worn out "with long

campaigns and pains o' th' gout," and he leaves on record a bitter protest against putting faith in princes :

"Four kings in camps he truly seru'd,
And from his loyalty ne'er sweru'd.
Father ruin'd, the son slighted,
And from the Crown n'er requited.
Loss of estate, relations, blood,
Was too well known, but did no good."

The church possesses also a good peal of ten bells, which formerly hung in the tower; these, however, have now been taken down, and will be placed in a



ST. MICHAEL'S, COVENTRY.

separate campanile, in order to avoid exposing the old steeple to any unnecessary strain.

West of St. Michael's is Trinity Church, considerably smaller in size, but better in design. It is cruciform, with a central spire. In the main the church is Perpendicular in style, but portions of it remain from an earlier structure, which belonged to the thirteenth century. The spire is of later date, for the original one was blown down in the year 1664, and did much injury in its fall to the body of the church. As at Lichfield, the new spire appears to have been in the main a reproduction of the old one, so that the general effect is good, and the loss was to a great extent repaired. Trinity Church was restored some thirty years since by Sir G. G. Scott, when the bells—with a view to safety—were removed to a wooden campanile, built in the churchyard, and the bell-chamber was opened out into the church, an alteration which much enhanced the



HOLY TRINITY, COVENTRY.

effect of the interior. In this, notwithstanding the disparity in size, Trinity Church is distinctly superior to St. Michael's. The stained glass in the windows is chiefly modern, and so, speaking generally, is the woodwork, but the communion-table is a fine piece of seventeenth century carving in oak, which, though not "Gothic" in design, has been very wisely respected and left undisturbed by the restorers. There is an old brass lectern, and the font is good, but the most remarkable and interesting feature in the church is the stone pulpit. This is of unusual size, being a kind of gallery of open stonework attached to the north-east pier of the tower—a design common on the Continent, but rare in England.

The monuments are not remarkable, though the one to Philemon Holland should not be forgotten. He was a laborious student, better known to our great-grandfathers than to this generation, and translated Camden's "Britannia" and several other works. He wrote the epitaph for his own tomb, and it is a characteristic example of the scholarship of the seventeenth century. One couplet, which records his name in a quaint conceit, may be quoted as a specimen of the whole:—

"Si quæras ratio quænam sit nominis, hæc est,
Totus terra fui, terraque totus ero."

So far as the pun can be rendered into English, it is this: "Whole-land (Holland) I was and shall land-wholly (earth) be."

The late Dr. Hook, afterwards vicar of Leeds, and finally Dean of Chichester, was for some years vicar of this parish. The last event in its history of any importance was a dispute about the payment of a rate, on which the income of the vicar chiefly depended. Certain exceptional circumstances had caused

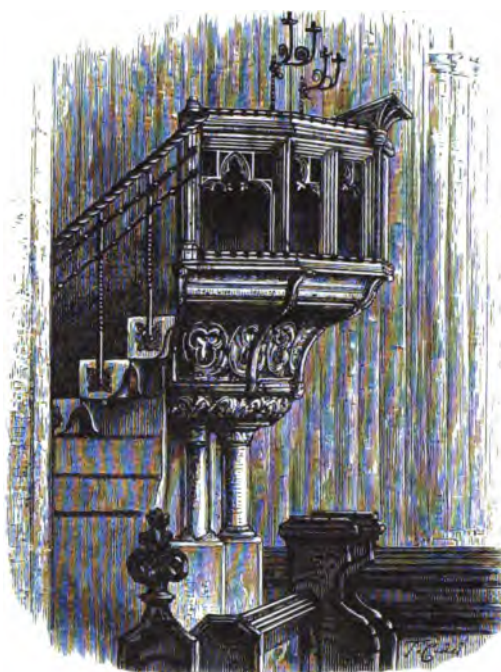
this to be retained when church-rates generally were abolished. It was, however, felt to be a grievance, and its levy gave rise yearly to more and more ill-feeling. This, in accordance with the doctrine—which has, unfortunately, become popular of late years—that the easiest and cheapest way of getting an obnoxious law

altered is to break it, was at last manifested in various riotous demonstrations. These resulted in a compromise, which appears to have worked well up to the present time. It will probably last as long as any agreement does in the present age of the world.

The third spire in Coventry—that of Christ Church—stands apart from the others, near to the railway station. It is altogether on a smaller scale, but is a very pleasing example of fourteenth century work. The church at that time was attached to the Grey Friars' Monastery. The steeple was fortunately spared when the old church was pulled down after the dissolution of the monastery; the modern structure, which has been erected on the old site, has neither interest nor beauty.

In taking leave of Coventry, we may direct notice to one other church in the town, which, though not adorned with a spire, is a fine and interesting specimen of mediæval work. This is dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It was erected by a guild, under the protection of that saint, and was consecrated in the year 1350. Ultimately the church was attached to a parish, and it has of late years been carefully restored. It is cruciform, but the transepts are very short, not extending beyond the outer walls of the aisles, so that the ground-plan is an oblong. The tower is central. The church is well worth careful study, as its architecture is peculiar, the east and west windows, which are large and handsome, and the square-headed clerestory windows, being the most remarkable features. Into the details space forbids us to enter, but we may describe the general effect of the design by saying that, though rather ornate, it is unusually rigid—the work of an architect who preferred rectilinear to curvilinear combinations, that of a geometrician rather than of a poet.

T. G. BONNEY.



HOLY TRINITY, COVENTRY: THE PULPIT.

MONKWEARMOUTH AND JARROW.

THE VENERABLE BEDE

IT may fairly be said that there are no buildings in England which can exceed in interest the sister Abbey Churches of Monkwearmouth and Jarrow. We have fragments of older buildings in the walls of churches still in existence, as at Dover, Canterbury, and elsewhere; but their earliest history is irrecoverably gone—blotted out by the pagan barbarians from whom the Anglo-Saxon race sprang. At Monkwearmouth and Jarrow, on the other hand, we have remains so considerable of the earliest buildings that we can see with very fair certainty what they were like. In the tower-porch at Monkwearmouth and in the chancel at Jarrow we stand within the walls which Benedict Biscop reared more than twelve hundred years ago; we are in the actual churches in which Ecgfrith, King of the Northumbrian Angles, worshipped; we are on ground traversed by the little feet of Bede when he served as a boy at the altar, and paced over by his graver steps when he had become the most learned man and the most voluminous writer in Western Europe. In the parish churches of to-day we are in the Abbey Churches of 674 and 682.

There can be no doubt that we owe this to one cause which stands out beyond all others. The time never came when the development of these twin monasteries demanded the erection of buildings of greater magnificence; and thus it never became the business of anyone to pull down the old walls, and obliterate the traces of the original buildings, to make way for others on a larger scale. How much this means, anyone will understand who goes into the marvellous crypt of York Minster and sees there, far within the bounding-walls of the vast cathedral of to-day, the ancient herring-bone work of the modest Anglian church, built round the oratory where Edwin, the first-fruits of the kings of the North, was baptised. In the course of such vast enlargements as most of our ancient cathedral and abbey churches have undergone, all external trace of the original building has of necessity disappeared. Monkwearmouth and Jarrow had the less splendid but more happy fate of being made “cells” of Durlham by the early Norman bishop, and so the churches as they stood were enough for the wants of the monks; and there, in considerable part, they are standing yet.

The present church of Monkwearmouth has a tower on the porch. The lower part of this tower and the porch are taken to be the original work of Benedict Biscop. The same may be said of the west wall, with its curious window from the tower, ornamented at the sides with baluster-shafts. The upper part of the tower was taken down by the late vicar, and built again

with the same stones, set in the same places. The openings in the tower, of the nature of windows, divided into two arches by a central baluster-shaft, are of the same character as those commonly known as Saxon at St. Benet's, Cambridge, St. Mary Wigford, Lincoln, and in other well-known examples. The string-course with cable edging, divided into panels bearing the representations of various animals, is unlike any of the other early string-courses which have been preserved ;



MONKWEARMOUTH.

and there are no examples elsewhere of the flat stone jambs, carved with interlacing serpents, on the sides of the door leading into the nave, surmounted by two baluster pillars on either side of the doorway. The north wall of the original church was in existence when the repairs of a few years ago were commenced. All trace of the monastic buildings other than the church has disappeared.

It is 1,212 years since the pious servant of Christ, Benedict Biscop, began to build a monastery in honour of "the most blessed Peter, chief of the Apostles," on the north side of the mouth of the Wear. The venerable and devout King of Northumbria, Egfrith, gave him a site and helped him in the work. That is what Bede tells us. Bede was only a baby at the time, it is true, but he passed his early boyhood in the monastery, and at Jarrow he lived and died, so that he had personal knowledge of what he wrote about.

Benedict, as Bede tells us further, went to France and procured stonemasons who could build him a church of stone in the style of the Romans, which he greatly admired—a Romanesque church, as we should say. When Benedict's Gallo-Roman stonemasons had nearly finished their work, he sent to France for workers in glass to fill the windows of the church, the porches, and the upper chambers. From these workmen the English learned the art of making glass, Wilfrith, for his great churches, having only imported it. Within a year from laying the foundations, Bede tells us—evidently implying that the rapidity with which so large a work was done by the foreign masons appeared remarkable to the Angles—the roof was on and masses were celebrated. The fabric of St. Peter's Church, Monkwearmouth, was thus completed.

As for the fittings of the church, the sacred vessels, the vestments, the decorations, Benedict procured such as he could at home; for others he went to France, and even as far as Rome. On his fifth and last visit to Rome he procured pictures to hang like a crown round the church of "the blessed Mother of God" which he had built in the monastery. This leads us to suppose that before the Romanesque church of St. Peter was built he had erected for the immediate use of the monks a much humbler building, probably of wattle or timber (the Scottish fashion) and of a circular form, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was on this visit that he procured pictures for St. Paul's, Jarrow, which King Ecgfrith had begged him to build as soon as he had finished St. Peter's, Monkwearmouth.

The fourth abbot, Ceolfrid, did a great deal for the monastery. Among other things, he made a number of oratories, one of which, that of St. Laurence, is specially named. He doubled the library which Benedict had given, and thus made Bede's extensive studies possible. The Church of St. Mary was still in use in his time, as well as St. Peter's, for on the day on which he resigned the abbacy and left for Rome, mass was sung at early dawn in both the churches.

There can be no real doubt that a considerable part of Biscop's work remains to this day, practically the west porch and west wall of the church. His Romanesque church was a rectangular building with a "porch" at the west end—the "porch of entrance" of which Bede speaks. The foundations showed, when the modern enlargement took place, that the original building was 68 feet long and 22 feet 8 inches wide, measured on the outside. This is a symmetrical arrangement, the length being exactly three times the width; no better proportion could have been chosen. If the rule of "three cubes" was observed, the height of the side walls of the nave would be 22 feet 8 inches. The porch was half the width of the nave. The windows in the main building were no doubt small on the exterior and placed high up, with a wide splay of the jambs and a steep slope to the window-sill, that the light might spread like a fan and

come down into the body of the church. The window in the west wall, looking from the tower into the nave, will show us what the windows were like.

The west porch remains. It is square, and its width is half that of the nave—11 feet 4 inches. We cannot doubt that it and the storey above it are Biscop's work—the "porch of entrance" and one of the "upper chambers" mentioned by Bede. Whether the tower was originally higher than these two storeys we must leave to others to settle to their own satisfaction; the arguments, in our opinion, are decidedly against it. But we may fairly say that part of the "porch" is gone. The people would enter through the north and south openings in the porch; the west opening is for another purpose. It led, in all probability, from the porch into a smaller chamber, either square or semicircular, where the font was, so that a person entering by the south door of the porch would turn to the right to enter the church, and to the left to enter the baptistery.

At the east end of the main building there was, no doubt, a corresponding "porch," entered by a Romanesque arch. This chancel would be either semicircular or square; if square, it may have had a semicircular projection or apse to the east. Over it, too, there may have been an upper chamber. There may well have been other porches—"side chapels," as we should call them. Bede speaks of porches in the plural. They would be entered by Romanesque arches from the church.

We can determine the use to which the numerous baluster pillars found at Monkwearmouth and Jarrow were put. Two would be wanted for the sides of each window, as shown in the window in the west wall—a very curious arrangement which we should not have expected. Four would be wanted for each of the more ornamented archways, as shown in the present western entrance. If any of the porches had a storey above the upper chamber, clear of the gable end of the nave, each would require four, or—as at Jarrow—eight, for the central support of the arcade in the opening on each of the four sides. Nineteen balusters were found built into the wall of Jarrow Church when it was being restored. It is unnecessary to give a list of examples of these "Saxon" balusters in England. The largest of all are found in the transepts of St. Albans, where they are believed to be the surviving representatives of the original work of Offa, King of Mercia, about 793.

It was among these surroundings that Bede passed his early years. He was one or two years old when Benedict began to build; and at seven years of age he was placed in the monastery, under the charge of the founder. The sister monastery of St. Paul, at Jarrow, to which we must now pass, was built by Benedict in the year 682, and Bede went there as a boy with Ceolfrid, its first abbot. Here he remained for the rest of his life. He was ordained deacon at nineteen, some years before the usual age, and priest at thirty. He was

either fifty-nine or sixty six at the time of his death, according as one view or another is taken of the statement made by one of his disciples. He tells of himself that he spent all his years in the monastery, intent upon the study of the Scriptures, and that in the intervals between the duties enjoined by the disciplinary rule and the daily care of chanting in the church, he took pleasure in always learning, teaching, or writing. There can be no doubt that what he chanted was the Gregorian chant, for it was now eighty years since Gregory, who sent Augustine to England, had remodelled the severe Ambrosian chant.



JARROW : THE TOWER.

Bede's life was sufficiently uneventful, so far as outward circumstances went, and yet there were crises in it. When he was a boy, a great pestilence raged in the north of England. It carried off almost the whole of the Wearmouth brethren, so that there were only left one man and one boy to carry on the services. This boy can scarcely have been other than Bede. Again, a time came when he was brought face to face with a grave question, affecting seriously the course of his life. His brethren would make him abbot. Bede, we are told, declined the office because he did not wish to deprive himself of leisure for study. A comparison of his life and labours with the life and labours of the canon of a cathedral of to-day might be a useful lesson to some members of some Chapters.

It is sometimes asked, Where could Bede have got his knowledge of much that it might have been supposed no one in England knew? The bishop who ordained him was John of Beverley, a pupil of the learned and wise Archbishop Theodore; and it may well be that Bede owed to Bishop John much of his learning, especially his knowledge of Greek. Theodore had introduced the knowledge of Greek into England shortly before Bede's birth, and it had flourished so greatly that, in Bede's time, there were many who spoke Greek as readily as English. Still, explain it as we will, it is a startling fact that the son of some seventh-century Angle who was probably born a pagan, should have reached so high a place among the most voluminous and learned of Christian writers.

Bede's death seems to have been due to the stooping attitude so constantly maintained by one who wrote many books in days of slow writing, especially in a climate such as that which probably prevailed in the parts where the Don

winds in and out on its course to the Tyne. About a fortnight before Easter he was greatly troubled with shortness of breath, and on Ascension Day he died. We have a beautiful account of his last illness, written by an eye-witness. His continual giving of thanks to God is a point much insisted on. His determination to work to the very last moment is another characteristic feature. And



JARROW : THE CHANCEL.

when he felt that the end was really come, he begged them to turn his face towards his little oratory ; and propped thus on the floor of his cell, he sang glory to God, and singing, died.

Of the domestic buildings of the monastery in which Bede lived and died, we have probably nothing remaining. Such of the stones of the present ruins, on the south side of the church, as have any sculpture are of early Norman date. There can be little doubt that the earliest parts of these ruins go back to the time when Aldwin and his two companions from Evesham went north and rebuilt Jarrow under Bishop Walcher, murdered in 1080. There is a very remarkable triangular-headed doorway in one of the walls of the monastic ruins, which it is tempting to call pre-Norman ; but it has an almost exact counterpart in a doorway at Westminster. It is otherwise with the chancel of the

church, which we may take as, in the main, Benedict's original building. Its quaint little windows, its exceedingly narrow north door, and the indications in the east wall of an apse relatively wide, tell their own tale of early work. The tower is a puzzling feature, both in itself and in its relation to the other parts of the church. It is very far from square, being 21 feet 3 inches from north to south, and only 13 feet from east to west. The arches into the chancel and into the present nave are relatively very wide—11 feet 6 inches. It has not been sufficiently noticed how nearly these dimensions reproduce some of the Monkwearmouth measurements. The shape of the tower points decidedly to an arrangement resembling that in the porch at Monkwearmouth, the north and south sides being the sides of entrance. It will be seen on careful examination that at Jarrow the monks entered from their dormitories, through the south wall of the tower, into a sort of upper chamber, and came down into the chancel itself through a doorway, which is now represented by the smaller of two arches in the east wall of the tower, looking into the chancel. The considerable width of the arch from the tower into the present nave, as compared with that from the Monkwearmouth porch into the nave, may be due to the fact that there it is at the west end, while at Jarrow it is at the east. The remarkably lofty Romanesque arch from the tower into the nave of St. Benet's, Cambridge, is yet another element in a problem which has still to be solved.

In the vestry at Monkwearmouth and in the porch at Jarrow are a number of very interesting fragments of sculptured stones, which are generally allowed to be of Anglian type and date. They show complicated interlacements and very careful foliage-work; on one of the Jarrow stones two birds are remarkably well sculptured among the foliage, and there is also a graphic contest between a man and a beast. One of the very earliest inscribed Christian gravestones in England is in the vestry at Monkwearmouth—*Here rests in the body the priest Hereberecht*. But of all the sculptured treasures of Jarrow the most precious is the dedication stone. Put into English the inscription runs:—"The dedication of the basilica of St. Paul on the 9th of the Kalends of May, in the 15th year of King Ecgfrith, and in the 4th year of Ceolfrid, abbat and under God founder of the said Church."

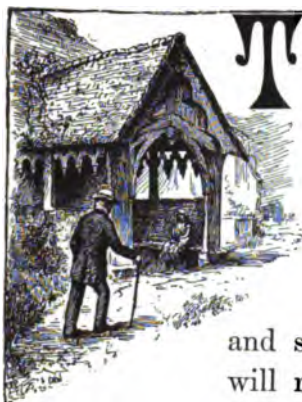
G. F. BROWNE.



THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

STOKE POGES.

THE "COUNTRY CHURCHYARD."



THE SOUTH PORCH.

THE form of Gray haunts the field-paths and green lanes of Stoke Poges. His must have been a familiar figure to the villagers in his later years, for we know that he was fond of solitary strolls; and the minute descriptions in the "Elegy" suggest that he must often have mused in the little churchyard. In that poem which is of all others the most completely descriptive of the typical English God's acre, he deliberately introduces his own personality, and speculates how, after his death, "some hoary-headed swain" will recall his vanished form:—

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roof so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

Many of Gray's letters to his bosom friend Mason are dated from Stoke, although he makes little mention of his doings; but we know that he spent his time here in solitude and study, as when he was in residence at Cambridge.

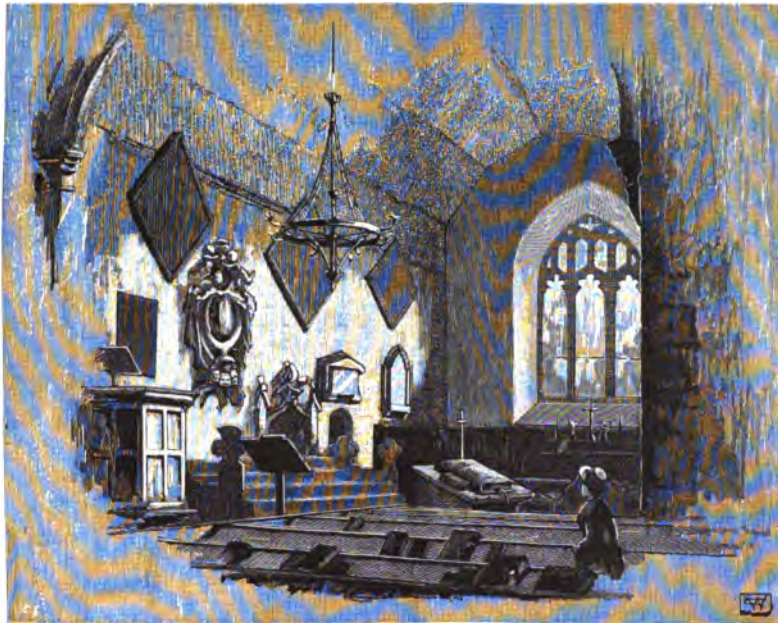
Gray was doubtless not the first to whom the village churchyard, retired, apart, shaded by elm and yew, restful with the caw of the rooks in the avenue

hard by, had presented itself in poetic guise. But until he wrote the "Elegy" neither poet nor essayist had succeeded in picturing a type full of tender charm for us all in language of which the beauty and fidelity are perceptible to the least learned. To a people with whom the associations of locality are weaker than happily they are with the Saxon, much of the poem would have been unintelligible. To the Englishman the spot where his forefathers lie buried is sacred ground, and for him at least is true Frédéric Mistral's proverb that love of the village steeple is the foundation of patriotism.

It was natural and inevitable that the rural churchyard which Gray, with very good reason, took as the model for description, should be much visited and written about. The little Buckinghamshire church is one of the best-known spots in England, for it is hardly an hour's journey from the heart of London, and it stands only just without the lovely belt of country where the Keep of Windsor and the "distant spires, the antique towers" of Eton do "crown the watery glade." Stoke itself is not a beautiful spot, and is as much unlike the typical village as well can be. The parish is scattered and straggling, and presents absolutely nothing of interest after Stoke Park, once the seat of the Penns of Pennsylvania fame, and the wofully modernised house in which Gray lived, and where he certainly wrote the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and probably the immortal "Elegy" itself. The comfortable-looking imitation Tudor vicarage lies some hundreds of yards away from the church, and quite a long trudge from the village. The two-mile walk from Slough is flat and uninteresting, but it is well wooded, like most parts of Bucks, one of the most sylvan and umbrageous of southern shires.

The famous church and churchyard come upon the visitor with almost theatrical suddenness. Thick clumps of trees hide the not very lofty spire, and the first glimpse of the object of so many pilgrimages has all the charm of the unexpected. A gate of the species known in the district as a "pip-pop" opens from the high road into a meadow, far away at the end of which lies the church, isolated apparently from all life and movement. Seldom does one see a parish church in the midst of such silence and solitude. In the meadow, opposite to the chancel window, stands the heavy but impressive cenotaph erected by John Penn to the memory of Gray. The monument, separated from the park by a low fence, is kept in beautiful order, and upon the panels are inscribed some of the most appropriate verses from the "Elegy." A more lovingly tended churchyard or a quainter church it would be impossible to imagine. Here is a contrast indeed to the ragged graveyards so frequently met with not many years ago, where the paths were overgrown with moss and weeds, and a flock of sheep grazed upon the little green mounds so eloquent of human love and sorrow and eternal hope. At Stoke Poges every tomb is cared for; but although brambles

and thistles lack, and there is a noticeable absence of the raggedness which so soon comes to a neglected burying-place, order is not pushed to rigidity. Nature has had her way in all that is lovely. Over many of the older headstones ivy has grown, apparently naturally, and the mossy lettering is framed with festoons



MONUMENTS IN THE CHANCEL.

of evergreen. The ancient yew-tree of the "Elegy," which casts its shade across the porch, is tangled and intertwined with ivy, like the stones which nestle beneath it. This same yew is the chiefest reliance of all the writers who have combated the claims of other places to the immortality of having suggested Gray's poem. It is the clearest possible identification of the spot which the poet had in his mind:—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Many ingenious arguments have been advanced in favour of Upton, not far from Stoke, and other places near and far, but Stoke churchyard so completely answers to the description in the "Elegy," that, added to the fact of Gray's long residence in the parish, there can be no reasonable doubt as to the spot which he has immortalised. Both the churchyard and the exterior of the church have altered considerably since Gray's time. The addition of a wooden spire has diminished the picturesqueness of the building externally, although within

scarcely anything has been touched. Very few of the tombs which Gray knew now remain, for the number of old stones is remarkably small, and those which bear dates remoter than a hundred years ago might be counted upon the fingers of one hand. I do not remember to have anywhere seen a burial-place, whether parish churchyard or cemetery, in which the memorials of the dead are more unassuming or in more uniform good taste; there is not a tasteless or a vulgar stone to be seen. Gray and his mother lie in the same grave, beneath a flat stone without inscription. A tablet in the wall of the church near the east window records that the poet is buried "opposite this stone." Among the very modern tombs is that of the eighth Duke of Leeds.

Stoke Park, once the domain of Sir Edward Coke, the learned author of the commentaries somewhat flippantly known as "Coke upon Littleton," skirts the churchyard, and, indeed, almost entirely surrounds it. There are elms within the park and elms within the churchyard itself in which there muster squadrons of sombre rooks, whose deep caw, strangely thought by some to be "hoarse" and "harsh," adds to the charm and restfulness of this solitary spot, seemingly so far removed from all living things, yet actually within sight and hail of one of the largest houses in England. Upon a summer evening the rooks, perched in their lofty choir, caw in solemn monotonies the hymn of the passing day, and soon afterwards the luminous mist of a midsummer night settles down upon the "ivy-mantled tower," just as Gray must often have watched it in the meditative evening strolls which were so dear to him. His description of nightfall in the second and third verses of the "Elegy" may well have been written after one of these wanderings in the gloaming—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

For pictorial and artistic reasons, and even apart from its literary associations, the church of St. Giles at Stoke is extremely interesting. It is the very exemplar of the old English parish church of poem and picture, with its tower and walls thickly overgrown with ivy, its high-pitched roof and antique porch. Even some portions of the roof are partially covered with creepers. The spire is out of character with the body of the church; without it, as we may see from old prints, the church, although somewhat stunted, was infinitely more picturesque. But the hand of the restorer and improver of ancient things is

heavy, and there is cause for thankfulness that nothing worse was done. The tall gables covered with the ruddiest of red tiles are infinitely more grateful to the eye than the roofs of slate and lead which have been placed over so many old churches. The wide south porch is a gem. It projects many feet from the church, and has a roof even more highly pitched in proportion. It is of brick and timber in massive beams which recall the beautiful half-timbered manor-houses of the northern and western midlands. The level of the churchyard has been slightly raised since the porch was built, and it is entered now down a step or two. The heavy oaken door, unlocked by a great key nearly a foot long, could assuredly have withstood any ancient engine of war. The interior of the church does not belie in quaintness its outer promise. This is the real old-fashioned church which has so often pointed the moral of the architectural scerner. The high rambling pews and ample galleries, commodious, comfortable, but not perhaps artistic, seem far better in keeping with the associations of the building than would any more modern internal arrangement. The ethics of church restoration are beside our scope; but it would certainly seem that special canons apply to a church which is an object of definite historical interest. The interior of Stoke Church is, I believe, almost entirely unchanged from the time when Gray and his mother worshipped here, and not without loss of historic continuity could its arrangement have been seriously interfered with. Much less than half a century ago, nine out of ten of our parish churches presented the same internal characteristics as this of Stoke Poges. They were characteristics of the decadence, of course, and were in the main unsightly and more conducive to slumber than to reverence. Here at Stoke, however, the old pews and galleries seem perfectly natural and appropriate. Rambling little apartments are some of these pews, narrow at one end and wide at the other, winding round pillars, and nestling in cosy corners. In one or two of them lie heavy bibles and prayer-books bearing names and dates of more than a century ago, and there, not unlikely, they have lain since they were stamped with the owner's name, for his descendants sit where he sat. The great Faculty Pew pertaining to the owner of Stoke Park for the time being is a survival which is not now often met with. Divided by an open screen from the nave, near the chancel step, with a private entrance, a comfortable fireplace, and rows of velvet chairs, it is more like a private apartment than a pew. In the old days that are not so far away, when ugliness and unsightliness were esteemed incentives to piety, these manorial pews existed in very many churches. Their number is now greatly diminished, the owners having placed themselves on a level with other parishioners, and accepted sittings allotted to them in reseating. Architecturally the church is an amalgam of styles. The chancel arch is Norman, the tower and nave arcades Early

English. Some of the windows are Decorated; the east window and the south chapel, which date from 1557, are Perpendicular. In the cloisters leading from the park to the Faculty Pew there are eight ancient windows of armorial glass emblazoned with the arms of former lords of the manor.



GRAY'S MONUMENT.

For so small a church the number of hatchments and mural tablets is remarkable. In the gallery on the south of the chancel are placed many hatchments of the Penns, the Howard-Vyses, and the Godolphin-Osbornes, the Duke of Leeds being the Lay Impropriator. Many of the wall-tablets relate to members of those families, there being not far short of a dozen tablets bearing the name of Howard-Vyse. Here lie several of the descendants of William Penn, the sturdy Quaker who founded Pennsylvania, from his son Thomas in the long-ago down to a remote successor buried in 1869. Few of the tablets possess any artistic claims to consideration; but there is a very graceful bas-relief to the memory of Nathaniel Marchant, R.A., chiselled at his own request by his friend Chantrey. Two or three beautiful painted windows, memorials of deceased pa-

rishioners, have been inserted in quite recent years. A few of the other windows have been altered at various dates; but little else has been touched; and few churches could more sharply point the moral of an elegy which takes for its text the fleetingness of life and the abidingness of the inanimate.

It is rare indeed that a church is so appropriately placed as this. Within a long stone'sthrow of two high roads, it is as secluded as it would be in Sleepy Hollow itself. The churchyard forms the apex of a triangle, and is immediately surrounded by park, woodland, and plantations. From the park it is separated only by a low wall, and a view of the church is one of the most charming glimpses to be obtained from the mansion of Stoke on the rising ground a few hundred paces away. This great white building, colonnaded and cupolaed, is in the very peculiar taste of Wyatt. In the park, and to be seen from the churchyard, is a column erected by John Penn to commemorate Sir Edward Coke.

On a lower site in the park, and within a few yards from Stoke Church, stands the old manor-house, the residence of the lords of the domain until the building of Wyatt's more pretentious house. The contrast is all in favour of the ivy-covered, red-brick, home-like place, gabled and unassuming, built some time in Elizabeth's reign. Sir Edward Coke married for his second wife Lady Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, nephew and heir of Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor. Gray has laid the scene of his "Long Story" at old Stoke manor-house in Hatton's time, although Sir Christopher never lived there. An often-quoted passage occurs in his description of the venerable spot—

"In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands :
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands
To raise the ceilings' fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

Sir Edward Coke and his wife were an extremely ill-matched pair. Both possessed evil tempers, and in addition the husband was devoured by ambition, while the wife was proud and spiteful. Lady Coke—or Lady Hatton, as she was usually termed—was the daughter of the great Lord Burleigh—he whose nod would shake a state; and she had a daughter by her first marriage who became the cause of endless bickerings. Sir Edward, in furtherance of his ambitious schemes, desired to marry Mistress Hatton to Sir John Villiers, brother of the Duke of Buckingham. Both the young lady and her mother were strongly opposed to the match, and to prevent it ran away to Oatlands. Sir Edward, after groping for a day or two in the dark, followed them, took the house by storm at the head of a band of armed men, and having recovered possession of his step-daughter, locked her up in an attic at Stoke Manor House, and put the key in his pocket. Lady Hatton attempted to forcibly liberate the unwilling bride, but Sir Edward sent his wife off to prison, and compelled both mother and daughter to consent to the match, which took place at Hampton Court. The union ended, as might have been foreseen, in moral disaster.

Queen Elizabeth was splendidly entertained at Stoke in 1601 by Sir Edward Coke. Her reception was magnificent, and when she left Sir Edward presented her with jewels worth more than a thousand pounds. The old manor-house was one of the many prisons of Charles I., who remained there in custody of the Parliamentary army for some days in 1647. Yet another monarch—William III.—would have visited the house had he not been repulsed by the owner, Sir Robert Gayer. King William arrived unexpectedly at Stoke one

day, and sent a polite message, requesting to be allowed to look over the house. Sir Robert, however, who was a furious Jacobite, refused, although his wife entreated him upon her knees to admit the King. "He has already got possession of another man's house! He is a usurper. Tell him to go back again. He shall not come within these walls," roared the irate Jacobite; and so Dutch William had to retire, to the acute agony of the loyal Lady Gayer.

The glories of the old manor-house have long been shorn, and a portion only of the building now remains. In that portion, however, there are one or two interesting apartments, notably the fine panelled banquetting-hall.

In addition to the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and the "Elegy," it was probably at Stoke that Gray wrote the "Hymn to Adversity" and the "Long Story." Thus the village is associated with the best and most mature of Gray's few poems. His memory still further consecrates a locality made classic by its literary and political memories—memories of Milton and Waller, of Burke and Beaconsfield.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.



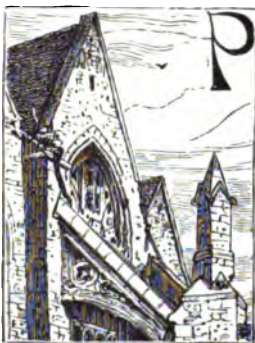
GRAY.



RYE, FROM THE FERRY.

RYE AND WINCHELSEA.

TWO OLD SEAPORTS.



PEACE does not always bring prosperity. This is true not only in the moral sense, as Ruskin has indicated in eloquent words, but also in the material sense. If spears, metaphorically speaking, were beaten into pruning-hooks, Woolwich Arsenal, so soon as this process of conversion was over, must infallibly lose its trade. Now, although this millennial period is far distant, the character of war, so far as Europe is concerned, has changed, and it is needless to guard our shores against the attacks of pirates or marauders. Thus the Cinque Ports of our southern coast, except where they have been able to make a new start in life, have fallen far away from their mediæval prosperity. The original "five ports" were Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich; and to these sundry "limbs" or subordinate ports attached themselves, among which were numbered Winchelsea and Rye. Dover still remains, as everyone knows, an important fortress; Hastings has sought new life as a watering-place; but the other ports have declined, together with many of the affiliated towns.

At a glance it is evident that Rye and Winchelsea must be counted among towns that have gone down in the world, but they illustrate different stages in



RYE: THE PENDULUM.

the descent. Rye still retains its harbour, into which vessels of two hundred tons can enter, is probably as populous as in the olden time, nay, has so far extended as to boast of a New Rye on the level ground, as distinguished from Old Rye on the hill; while Winchelsea has reached a further stage of decadence. Its ancient defences have become "a world too wide for its shrunk shanks," the cattle graze upon forgotten streets, and the plough is passed over the foundations of houses.

Each town occupies a headland. Such has always been the site of Rye, but, as will be hereafter explained, the present is not the original position of Winchelsea. Between the two towns is a marshy plain. Over this in former days the sea ebbcd and flowed when its waves washed the steeper slopes which still terminate the Sussex upland. The headland hill, on which Old Rye is built, must have been designed by

nature for the site of a town. At its base three streams—the Rother, the Brede, and the Tillingham—unite to form the harbour, in which its little flotilla of fishing-boats still finds anchor. The houses cluster thickly on the slopes, up which the streets wind tortuously; and above the broken lines of roof rise two towers, indicative of the old Puritan sentiment, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," for the one is the tower of its church, the other the stronghold of William of Ypres.

Walls and battlements were needed for Rye in early days; its pastor knew sometimes the "noise of war in the gates." Predatory descents were by no means unfrequent on our coasts in the Middle Ages, and it must be admitted that they were neither unprovoked nor unrequited. In fact, the men of the Cinque Ports were a thorn in the side of France, and took to the work of harrying the French so kindly that the King could not always keep his dogs from the game when a "close time" was proclaimed. On this account, some five hundred years ago Rye was by no means a pleasant place of residence. For instance, in the year 1377 the French landed in force and plundered the town—an attention which the men of the Cinque Ports duly returned by harrying Western Normandy. That brought back the French in greater strength,

and in 1380 they burnt, not only Rye, but also Winchelsea and Hastings, towns which on the former occasion had beaten off their assailants.

The church at Rye is dedicated to St. Clement, and is a cruciform structure of considerable importance. The transepts, however, are short, the nave aisles rather wide, and the choir is flanked by large chapels which range with its eastern wall, so that the ground-plan of the building is practically an oblong. There is a massive tower which, though low, is conspicuous in distant views of the town. The older part of the church is Norman, but there is later work of most dates, and it was partly rebuilt about the end of the fourteenth century. Like the town, it was fired by the French in 1380, and this may have rendered a rebuilding necessary. It has also found foes among those of its own household, for a century since it seems to have been yet worse neglected than was usual even in that age. Not only did it meet with the common fate of churches as to galleries, pews, and whitewash, but the northern chapel, dedicated to St. Clare, was used for the parish school, while the southern, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was converted into a lumber-room. These, of course, have been reclaimed, and the church has lately been restored, as was inevitable.* Externally it is plain and rather unattractive, the best feature being the tracery of the east windows and a remarkable, rather massive flying buttress supporting the eastern wall of the southern chapel, probably a subsequent addition to counteract a settlement of the foundation. The interior of the church is much more striking. The nave retains the Late Norman pier-arches, and there is work of that period in the transepts. There is also some Early English work, as in a chantry to the south aisle, and most of the eastern part of the church is Late Decorated or Early Perpendicular, subsequent, as has been said, to the injuries inflicted by the French in the year 1380.

Among the minor details, two only call for special mention. Of these, one is the church clock. This is something quite out of the common way, for the hours are struck upon its bell by a gilded pair of well-nurtured cherubs, and its pendulum is so long



WINCHELSEA: THE PORCH.

* The work is not yet complete, but the building is now thoroughly repaired. Except for some attempts to approximate its appearance to that of a church prior to the Reformation, the work seems to have been done in a conservative spirit.

that it comes through the ceiling and swings free in the church below, though during the recent restoration it has been shortened by some three yards. What a solace this must have been to the children of Rye during sermon time, especially in the days when the good folk liked the discourse long if not strong, and considered less than forty minutes rather short measure; and how those youngsters whose paternal pews were in full sight of the pendulum must have been envied by their less fortunately situated friends! This clock claims Queen Elizabeth as its donor, and so boasts itself to be the oldest in England which is in working order. The other thing notable is the communion-table, which is a fine specimen of Renaissance work, made of mahogany, and said to be a memorial of the Spanish Armada. Not long ago it was fastened face to the wall, as if in permanent disgrace for its non-mediaeval aspect, now it has been brought forward, and an attempt made to "set it up on high," but it evidently troubles the modern architects by looking too like a table.*

The decline and fall of Winchelsea is more marked than that of Rye. "Grass grows in the streets, gardens surround its houses, as in some scattered hamlet, there are great tracts of land under cultivation in the very heart of the town. Around the Friary, the chief mansion therein, on the site of an old monastery, there is a park with noble trees. You pass this, and go on through fields far away from any house, and then, where the road drops down to a valley, there is an ivy-clad ruin, once a gateway of the town. As we tread the streets of Winchelsea, we are reminded of some of the districts within the walls of Rome—of Aigues Mortes in the marshes of the Rhone delta. Yet from these they differ in one marked respect: there is something very melancholy in the grand wrecks of buildings of the one, in the ague-haunted solitudes of the other. Not so is Winchelsea; trees and flowers, the healthful air from the sea, the greenery of gardens and lawns and fields, give it a pleasant and cheerful aspect in its decline. It has come down in the world, it is true—it is a village standing on the site of a town—but still it has not fallen into degradation."† This, moreover, is New Winchelsea; Old Winchelsea—Winchels'-ea, or island—did not rise high enough to resist the encroachments of the sea. After various losses from inundations, the old town was almost swept away on St. Agatha's eve in the year 1287.

But the value of the harbour induced Edward I. to rebuild the town on the present site, an extensive plateau, secure from the ravages of the sea, and not easily attacked by man. He intended his new town to become the chief maritime station on the south coast; and it was laid out on a definite and well-

* This removal has brought to light two small round-headed arches, low down in the east wall. A stone screen has lately been inserted under the arches leading into the chapels north and south, to make the chancel more complete.

† "Our Own Country," vol. vi., p. 319.

considered plan, similar to the *bastides*, *villes franches*, or free-towns, which Edward had founded in Guienne and Aquitaine. The streets form two sets of parallels at right angles with each other, and towards the centre is a large open square, near to which are built the Town Hall and the church.

At first the king's project seemed successful. New Winchelsea thrived apace, driving a brisk trade in wines and other continental produce. It was, however, much injured in the second of the French incursions, which has already been mentioned. From the first it escaped, for the Abbot of Battle gathered his troops together, fell upon the French, and drove them from its walls; but on the second descent, the French were too strong for the valiant monk, so Winchelsea was stormed and burnt. The sea, however, was its worst enemy. It had destroyed Old Winchelsea by violence, it ruined New Winchelsea by treachery. Being unable to prevail by open attack, it adopted, too successfully, a policy of "boycotting." In the middle of the fifteenth century the sea began to retire from the coast, and the harbour became useless; first commerce, then the inhabitants, deserted Winchelsea; now the population of a village dwells in the remnants of a town.

In keeping with this, the church is only a fragment, though it is a grand one. As befits the place, it stands in an ample churchyard, beyond which is an open grassy space. Here, near the garth wall, is an aged ash tree; beneath its branches John Wesley preached his last open-air sermons at the age of eighty-seven. The church once consisted of a choir of three bays, of a chancel of one bay, with a chapel on its northern side, of transepts two bays long, of a nave of four bays, with a tower at the cross. Only the eastern part remains; the nave is gone, the transepts are reduced to broken fragments. For a tower, there is at the western end of the north aisle what may be called a "rudimentary structure," hardly developed beyond an embryonic stage; and a porch has been affixed to the wall which now blocks the choir arch.

The date of the church is, of course, that of the foundation of the town. It was built between the years 1288 and 1292, and thus belongs to a time when the graceful Early English style had just blossomed forth into the more ornate Decorated, a time which has produced some of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in this country. To this rule Winchelsea is no exception. The lofty arches which separate the choir from the chapels north and south, with the clustered columns of Caen stone and Sussex marble, are well worth examination. So, too, is the window tracery, especially the curious arrangement of quatrefoils in the north and south windows. The principal eastern window is also good, but it is a modern restoration. There are sedilia and a piscina in the chancel, but these have been much injured. A bracket in the wall is supposed to have once supported a figure of the patron saint,

who was no less a personage than Thomas of Canterbury. Probably that was destroyed to vindicate the royal supremacy. Here the south aisle is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the north to the Virgin. In the former is the Alard Chantry; in the latter the Farncombe. Both contain monuments of exceptional interest. In the Alard Chapel are the two finest. That nearer to the east has a beautiful



WINCHELSEA : THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

gabled canopy, and all the details—"grotesque heads, with clusters and sprays of oak-leaves, the mouldings, and the ornaments—are admirable, belonging as they do to the best period of Gothic architecture, when natural leafage and natural expression were carefully imitated, but with the feeling of the truest art." The figure, which also is admirably executed, is clad in armour, the hands hold a small heart, the legs are crossed, the feet rest upon a lion. This effigy is believed, with good reason, to represent one Gervase Alard, a native of the place, and one of a family of bold sailors. He was appointed "Admiral" of the Cinque Port fleet in the years 1303 and 1306, and the first documentary evidence of the use of this title in England is in connection with his name. The other tomb, which is rather later in date and not quite so good in execution, is probably, though it has been otherwise identified, that of Stephen Alard,

who was Admiral of the Western Fleet to Edward II. in the year 1324. These tombs are of ordinary limestone, and have been coloured. The three effigies in the north aisle, which probably date from the reign of Edward III., are of polished Sussex marble. That to the west is a cross-legged warrior, that to the east a young man, and in the middle is a lady. It has been suggested that they represent a warrior, his wife, and a son, and that the first may be one Nicholas Alard. There are also some other monuments of less importance.

The bells of Winchelsea were once hung in a detached campanile, but this was pulled down in the year 1790, and, with the foundations of the nave, was carted off to repair the harbour at Rye. Both towns, it must not be forgotten, have been invested with a new interest, fictitious though it be, as the scenes among which Denis Duval spent his boyhood. So life-like is this last child of Thackeray's imagination, that we unconsciously people the streets of Rye and Winchelsea with the personages of the novel, some of whom, notably the Westons, conspicuous personages among the group of ill-doers who figure in it, were not without a historical basis. That, too, there was for the smugglers, of whom Denis writes, "Grandfather, Rudge, the Chevalier, the gentlemen of the Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its dépôts all along the coast, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace."

T. G. BONNEY.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, SMITHFIELD, AND ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

OLD LONDON CHURCHES.

ANY historical notice of the Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, of which the remaining church is only the choir, must necessarily refer to the famous Rahere, its first canon, who in 1123 founded both the priory and the hospital; but to narrate the story of Rahere, even as it is found in authentic records, would be beyond the scope of these pages.* It must suffice now to remember that Rahere, who, though of humble birth, was a fellow of infinite jest, and of such accomplishments that he was a welcome companion of nobles and a guest at the Court of Henry I., repented of the vanity of his life, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and after a dream—a vision of St. Bartholomew—founded this church and priory of black canons.

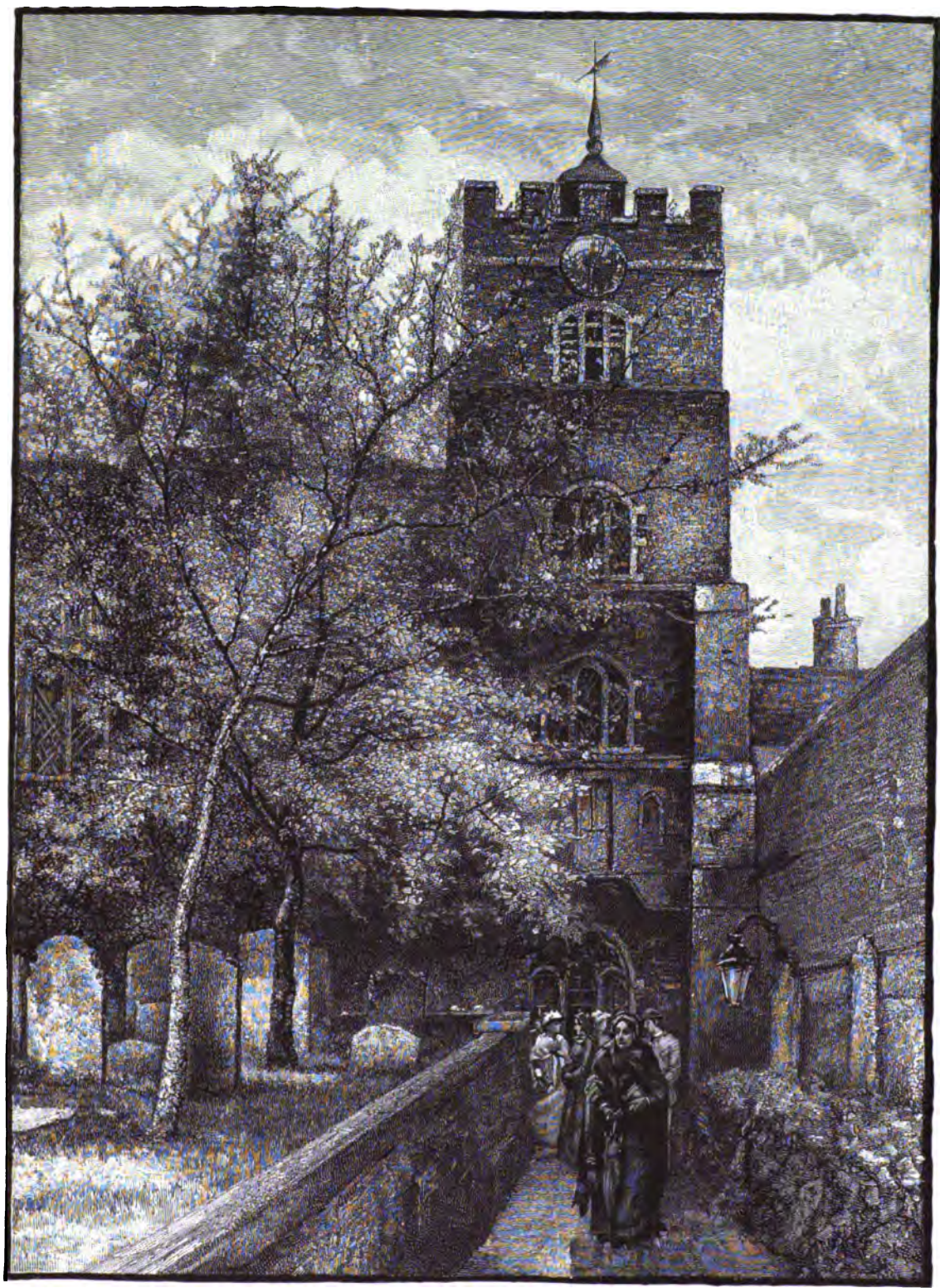
The Augustins, or “black canons,” so called from their black cassocks and cloaks, were famous builders and famous “leeches,” and for the latter reason the hospital flourished.

In March, 1123, the priory church was partially completed, and the choir, now remaining as the present church, was consecrated by Richard of Beauvais, Bishop of London. Ten years later the work was finished. Henry II. granted to the priory the privilege of holding a three days' fair for the sale of cloth, in the precinct still called “Cloth Fair;” and during the fair a court of *pied poudre* (dusty-foot) was held, for the trial then and there of cases arising from grievances or offences among the wayfarers attending the market.

For twenty-two years and six months Rahere continued as the active director of the priory and its charitable work, and when, as the chronicler says, he “the clay-house of this world forsook, and the house everlasting he entered,” he was succeeded by Thomas, one of the canons of the Church of St. Osyth.

The choir of the priory, the first portion of the building to be finished, and the only portion remaining, is older than the Temple Church, and only a few years later than the chapel in the White Tower of the Tower of London, to which it bears some resemblance in the grand and massive character of masonry that is still in its pristine condition, recent restorations having left the stonework untouched, except by sweeping off accumulated dirt and the remains of former whitewash. The ancient structure was extensive, as may be perceived by

* Dr. Norman Moore, warden and assistant physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has published the complete text and the ancient translation of the book of the foundation, from the original MS., with many interesting notes and explanations. Mr. W. Marrant Baker, F.R.C.S., surgeon to the hospital, has also published an address delivered by him to the Abernethian Society, on the two foundations of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S: THE TOWER.

the large space of ground which it covered. In Bartholomew Close, once the close of the priory, and in the adjacent courts and streets, now covered with houses of no great importance, many relics of the old buildings were to be seen at no remote date; and from documents of 1410 it may be learnt that the various habitations and offices of the priory, including the mulberry garden, the stables, kitchens, refectories, granary, woodshed, and cloisters, occupied a considerable area. When Prior Bolton came to be ruler the buildings were improved, and probably increased, and the church especially was architecturally altered, so far as much of the ornamental portion was concerned. The device or rebus of the prior (the bolt in the tun) is still to be seen here, as at many other places. Bolton was true to the Augustinian tradition at Bartholomew's as well as at Canonbury, where he built the famous tower in the gardens which were the summer retreat of the canons. He died in 1532, and in 1544 the whole of the priory buildings came within the law for the dissolution of monasteries, and the King sold them to Sir Richard Rich, the man who was instrumental in the execution of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. It was decreed that the great church within the close should be a parish church for ever, and that the "void ground," 87 feet in length and 50 feet in breadth, should become (and it still is) the churchyard. This void ground was the space formerly occupied by the nave, which had been destroyed, and the graveyard is still all that remains of it, except perhaps a fragment of the south aisle.

The buildings that grew up around the church, and almost hid it from sight, were sordid. St. Bartholomew's Fair and the Cattle Market of Smithfield were not calculated to improve the locality; and though the great hospital increased and prospered with the large grants which it obtained and inherited, the church fell into neglect and decay. It is only from certain points that any part of the church could or can be discerned from the streets. The approach from Smithfield through a dingy court to the equally dingy graveyard on the left, surrounded on three sides by plaster-fronted houses, and with its gravestones all awry and in various stages of dilapidation, is not compensated by the aspect of the ugly tower above the gateway of the church. The original tower, which occupied the centre, was destroyed at a very early date, and was replaced in 1628 by a hideous structure which had not been improved by later restorations. The entrance gate leading into the church, however, immediately interests the visitor as a fine example of Early English work; and, within the building, the bold freedom and solidity of the vast Norman pillars and arches are as superb and imposing as ever. The aisle, or ambulatory, encircling the body of the church, adds to the sense of space and grandeur. The edifice, about 132 feet long, by 57 feet wide, and 47 feet high to its timber roof, had been damaged in various ways, and was much injured by fire in 1830; but nothing could destroy the grand

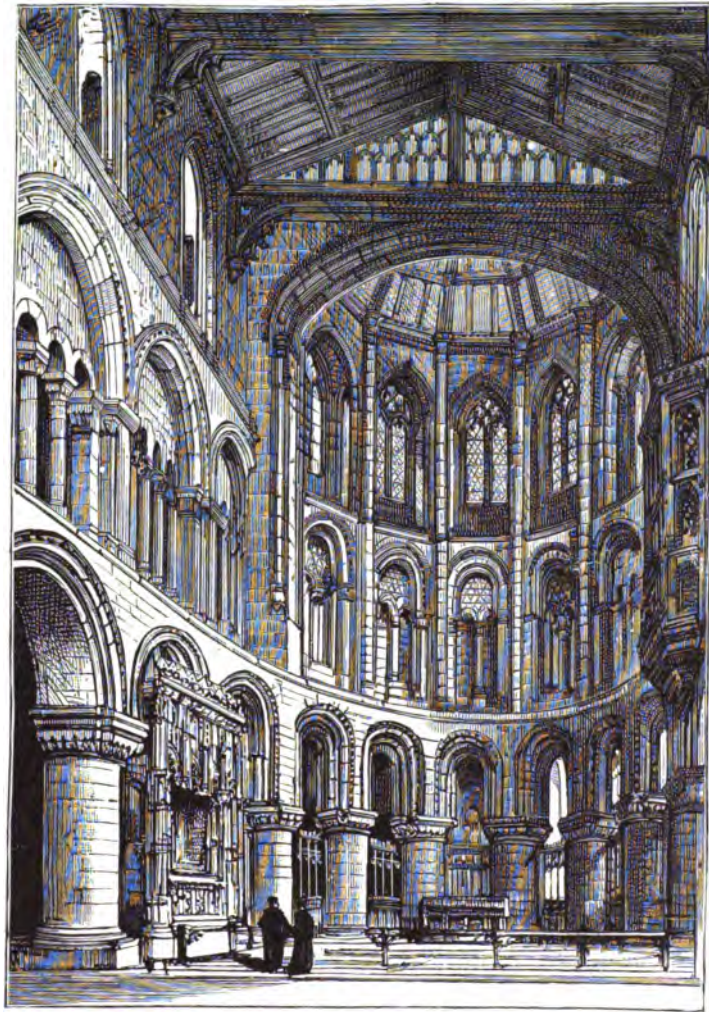
proportions of the stonework, though, as the pillars and arches had been white-washed, and the congregation then objected to the lime rubbing off upon their clothes, woodwork was actually placed round the gigantic supports of the arches. Of course, portions of the architecture are of various dates, some of it being of the



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, BEFORE THE RESTORATION.

Perpendicular period ; but on the whole this building, with the exception of some fragments in other churches, is the best example of good Anglo-Norman architecture in the City. The clerestory represents Early English ; and the tomb of Rahere is Perpendicular, and a very fine example, though overlaid with coarse colouring of comparatively recent date. The windows were altered in the fifteenth century ; the floor was raised about the year 1500. Across the western bend of what should have been the eastern apse, a straight wall had been erected, and

was painted red, spotted with black stars ; and long afterwards, at a distance of a few feet eastward, was built a second wall, pierced with two arches of the time of Charles I., the narrow space between bearing the name of "Purgatory," possibly because of its darkness, or because of a quantity of bones having been



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, AFTER THE RESTORATION.

found in a recess behind the altar, as though it had been above the chancel. Originally, however, the eastern end was terminated by an apse, and the latest reclamations have in view a restoration to what is believed to have been its pristine beauty.

Of the tombs and monuments in St. Bartholomew's, few are of great importance, except that of Rahere. The recumbent effigy of the prior is remarkable for its elaborate ornamentation, and is a prominent object on the left as we approach

the altar. Two brothers of the priory kneel beside the figure, each with a Bible opened at the 51st chapter of Isaiah. There is also the Elizabethan tomb of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who died in 1589. Mildmay was employed with Cecil in the trial and execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Rycroft, the King's printer of the Polyglot, was buried here; and also James Rivers, who died in 1641, and the bust of whom is probably the work of Hubert le Sœur, a famous sculptor, who lived in Bartholomew Close, where John Milton also had a house. In the church of St. Bartholomew, William Hogarth was baptised on the 28th of November, 1697; and in the register may be seen the record of the burial, in 1627, of Sir John Hayward, the historian.

In 1863 a large and influential meeting was held within the building, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Abbiss, who was then the rector; and the Rev. Thomas Hugo, and Mr. Parker, of Oxford, each read a paper, one referring to the documents and records and the other to the architecture of the church. An effort was then to be made to repair, restore, and give a new roof to the church, but this could only be done by a general subscription, because of the smallness and comparative poverty of the parish. A sum of £4,000 was required, and in 1865 the work was begun, a committee having been formed under the presidency of Mr. Tite, M.P., and including the Rev. John Abbiss, M.A., Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Hardwicke, R.A., Mr. White, the treasurer of the hospital, Mr. Gilpin, the treasurer of Christ's Hospital, and other influential gentlemen. All that could be then accomplished was to reclaim what remained of the noble structure, to reveal what had been overlaid and hidden, and to provide for its preservation. Before that time the north wall was dangerous; the floor was two or three feet higher than the original and the present level; the high pews reached nearly up to the capitals of the Norman columns; all the stonework was thickly covered with whitewash; the building was damp and decaying. All this was remedied at a cost of £5,000; but a fringe factory, which had been erected at the east end, remained, a portion of it supported by two iron columns placed within the altar rails, and a smith's shop was at full blast daily in the northern transept. No more could be done for many years; but in 1883, after the death of the Rev. J. Abbiss, and shortly after the induction of the Rev. W. Panckridge, the fringe factory was offered for sale, and an influential committee was at once formed, subscriptions were called for, and above £5,000 was collected for the purchase of the property, leaving £2,200 to be paid; the patron, the Rev. F. Parr Phillips, nephew of the late rector, having undertaken to pay £650 for that part of it which projected into the church, and to expend £1,800 for the completion of the apse in memory of his uncle. The purchase of the factory led to the restoration of the south ambulatory, and the walls of the long-

obnoxious building were found to be those of a fourteenth-century lady chapel, at the end of which is a fine, day-lighted crypt. The funds were not sufficient to excavate and restore this, and it has had to wait, but much has been done to the church itself. A new oak roof has replaced the main portion of the old one, which was beyond repair. A new altar and altar steps and new choir stalls have been among the gifts of liberal donors; an organ gallery has been guaranteed by members of the committee, and the organ of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has been purchased and erected in it. The blacksmith's forge is to disappear, and it is hoped that a sufficient sum will soon be raised to complete a work that, so far as the actual interior of the church is concerned, was well begun and has for the most part been resolutely accomplished. The services are now attended by a large congregation, who can scarcely fail to be interested in the grand and beautiful building, which is open daily to them and to the public, who reverently regard the memory of the founder, and wonder at the story of the survival of his noble work.

The Church of St. Saviour, known in earlier times as St. Mary Overy, may be regarded as one of the most remarkable parochial churches in the kingdom, as it is almost the sole remaining building of old Southwark, and is also one of the few parish churches possessing a "lady chapel."

The wayfarer who passes over London Bridge, and finds himself at the top of the flight of stone steps leading down to the Borough Market, may recognise at a glance that there is a great edifice there demanding his attention, but can scarcely realise the historical importance of the building which has for ages been associated with "the other side of the water," as its distinguishing title of "Overy" once implied. Next to Westminster Abbey, the finest examples of Early English architecture were to be seen in this half-forgotten structure, even after the nave had been taken down, and nothing remained but the choir and the lady chapel.

The modern name of "St. Saviour's" has not altogether superseded the historical appellation of St. Mary Overy, by which it was known before the Reformation. We may dismiss the tradition which was preserved by the last prior, Bartholomeo Linsted, that this building arose from the House of Sisters established by Mary, the daughter of a ferryman named Overy, or Overies, who had accumulated considerable wealth; for the name Overy, or Overey, is evidently derived from over-eye, which means over the river bank, or "over the water," eye or eyot being frequently applied to riverside lands or domains, as Bermund's-eye, Putten-eye, and even Hacon-eye (or Hackney)—on the banks or shoals of the River Lea—a village said to be named after its former owner. It is true that there was a house of Sisters on the bank-side, at or near the spot now occupied by St.

Saviour's Church, and that it was converted into a college for priests. In 1106 two Norman knights re-founded it as a canonry and priory of the Order of



ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK: THE EXTERIOR.

Augustin, and Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, built a cathedral church and palace in Winchester Yard. These perished in a great fire in 1212, and the church was not rebuilt till near the end of the fourteenth century, when Gower, the poet, who lived close by, contributed largely to the funds. In 1404 Cardinal Beaufort was made Bishop of Winchester; and in 1406 the marriage of Edmund Holland, Earl of Kent, and Lucia, the daughter of the Lord of Milan, was celebrated here, King Henry IV. giving away the bride at the church door. Eight years afterwards James I. of Scotland was married here to the niece of the great Cardinal—the daughter of the Earl of Beaufort—James having met the lady at Windsor while he was there as a prisoner. On the dissolution of religious houses in 1539, the “black canons” who held the priory were dispersed, but the prior, Linsted, obtained from the King a pension of £100 a year—a fair sum in those days. The inhabitants of the joint parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret-at-Hill, assisted by Stephen Gardiner, who had been appointed Bishop of Winchester, then bought the priory church; churchwardens were appointed, and the building became the parish church of St. Saviour.

In 1611, James I. (for a valuable consideration) granted by letters patent to the churchwardens and parishioners, "in free soccage," the rectory and parish church, together with all the glebe lands, tithes, oblations, and so on. In consideration of this, the said churchwardens and parishioners were compelled to provide a fit house for a grammar school, and to keep a good master to teach the children of the parish at a salary of £20 a year, with an usher who received £10 a year, and also to provide two chaplains to preach in the church for £30 a year each. This was the foundation of St. Saviour's Grammar School, and the conditions were observed till the year 1672, when the salaries were found to be insufficient, and were raised by Act of Parliament to £100 a year for each of the chaplains, and £30 a year each for the master and usher, the head master being probably one of the chaplains. For defraying these sums, and for the repairs of the church, the churchwardens were empowered to claim from the parishioners, in lieu of tithes, the sum of £350 per annum, "clear of reprises;" but change followed change, and Chamberlain, writing in 1760, says:—"The profits arising to the two chaplains are at this time said to amount to above £300 per annum."

Numerous alterations or restorations had then been effected in the church itself. The lady chapel at the east end was preserved, but the rest of the building was defaced by brick and plaster, which was not removed till 1822, when the beautiful Gothic architecture was revealed, the groined roof and transepts were restored, and a fine circular window was constructed. Unfortunately a nave was added to the building, with the result that the former magnificent perspective of the aisle and choir was seriously impaired, but the fine proportions of the edifice and its cathedral-like character remained. The tower, though not older than the sixteenth century, is a remarkable feature of the church, as it is 35 feet square, and rises 150 feet above the intersection of the nave, transept, and choir, supported by four massy pillars with clustered columns. The interior of the tower consists of four storeys, the uppermost containing the bells. Five grand and lofty pointed arches extend from the pillars supporting the tower to the altar screen at the east end of the choir, and the choir itself is divided by a richly-decorated screen from the lady chapel, which was restored by public subscription in 1832; but it is a wonder that any of the original structure remained, for when the church had been purchased by the parishioners, after the Reformation, this chapel was let as a bakehouse, and was used not only for a bakery, but as a storehouse for the billets and firewood, as well as for the meal used by its tenants. Nine groined arches dividing the roof of this chapel are supported by two rows of six octangular pillars, with small circular columns at the four points; and the large window at the east end, on the north side, is divided by slender pillars into three lancet-shaped windows. At the north-east corner a wooden enclosure, containing a table, desk, and high seat, was formerly used as the Bishop's court, where

the Bishop of Winchester transacted business until the early part of the present century.

The chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, founded by Peter de Rupibus, and removed in 1822, was on the east side of the south transept; another chapel, called "Bishop Andrewes' Chapel," stood at the east end of the lady chapel, but this also was removed, and the tomb of the bishop (he was one of the translators of the Bible), which occupied the centre of it, was transferred to the lady chapel.

Many of the tombs and monuments of St. Saviour's are peculiarly interesting, because of their associations with the poets and dramatists and players who lived in the district, or were connected with the theatres (the Rose, the Globe, and Paris Garden being the most important) which stood on Bankside, and have themselves become historical. Gower, though one of the earliest and most munificent patrons of the priory and the church, is not the only poet who was laid within its precincts, though some of the graves are unmarked with stone or memorial. Sir Edward Dyer, who lived and died in Winchester House, was buried in the chancel on the 11th of May, 1607. Edward Shakespeare, "player," the youngest brother of the great dramatist, was buried in the church on December 31st, 1607. Here also Lawrence Fletcher, one of the principal shareholders in the Globe and the Blackfriars Theatres, and William Shakespeare's "fellow," was laid, on September 12th, 1608. Philip Henslow, the manager, who wrote the curious "Account Book," was buried in the chancel in January, 1615-16. John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher) was interred in the church on August 29th, 1625. Philip Massinger was laid to rest in the churchyard March 18th, 1638-39. This, indeed, continued to be a great burying-ground to a much later date, for it is said that from 1826 to 1835 the interments amounted to above 5,000, and from 1836 to 1845 to nearly 3,000. Among the monuments in the church may be noticed those of John Trehearne, gentleman-porter to James I., with half-length effigies of himself and his wife; John Bingham, saddler to Elizabeth and James I.; Alderman Humble and his wife (*temp.* James I.); William Austin, a gentleman of importance in Southwark at the same period; and Lockyer (1672), a famous empiric, whose full-length figure may be seen in the north transept.

THOMAS ARCHER.

HOLY TRINITY, COLCHESTER; BARNACK; EARLS BARTON;
ST. BENET'S, CAMBRIDGE; AND ST. MICHAEL'S, OXFORD.

REMNANTS OF "SAXON" CHURCHES.

BY certain "Anglican Catholics" in the present age, a church which in ground-plan was an oblong, with a small apse at the eastern end, would be regarded as an abomination. Indeed, there are, we believe, those who regard a cruciform plan as endowed with some special virtue. Yet there was a time when, so far as we can learn, cruciform churches were unknown; there was, perhaps, a time when they were regarded as unauthorised and revolutionary innovations. The simple rectangle with an apse, the plan sometimes adopted in our despised later seventeenth and older eighteenth century churches, was that in use in the earlier centuries of Western Christianity; not, indeed, in the earliest, for then its followers were not permitted to have any church at all, but worshipped in the chance "upper chambers" or in the "dens and caves" of the earth, such as the recesses of the Catacombs. In short, the most ancient form of the Christian church was that of the basilica, a structure raised after the pattern of the town-hall or court-house of the Romans; sometimes, indeed, one which had actually been built for this or some like purpose. It was, in fact, a place of assembly: it was only by degrees that the idea of the celebration of mysteries, and so what we may call the Temple plan, was recalled. Then the chancel, from being, as the name implies, merely a space enclosed with a railing, became a separate building—an adytum, or holy of holies, after which, probably by way of distinction from the heathen temple, the addition of a transept produced the cruciform design.

The earliest churches which remain to us in Britain as anything but the merest fragments exhibit an intermediate stage in these designs. They are usually oblong in plan, but with separate chancels and western towers, indicating by the last-named feature a comparatively late period of development. That this tower is, in a certain sense, an excrescence, is indicated by the fact that the main entrance to the church is not, as afterwards it often was, through a door in the tower, but directly into the body through the south side.

This was the usual plan of a "Saxon" church, that is, of one of those built after the faith introduced by Augustine had ceased to be an exotic, and before the influence of Norman civilisation had made itself felt. This long period—at least three full centuries (it is difficult to know when we should begin to reckon)—was not, on the whole, a favourable one to church building. Men were too much harried by the Northern rovers; sometimes they were hardly able to restore what these had burned. Moreover, much of the work of this early date,

rude and ungraceful, would be an offence to the Norman priests; and in the days which followed the Conquest, church rebuilding, like church restoration in a later period, would become a promising pathway to episcopal favour and the “refreshing dew of ecclesiastical promotion.” Notwithstanding all this, Rickman enumerates one hundred and twenty churches which may claim to be either distinctly anterior to the Norman Conquest, or, if a few years later in actual date, such complete



HOLY TRINITY, COLCHESTER.

survivals of the earlier style, that they may as fairly claim to be reckoned with it as the Abbey of Harold at Waltham may be counted with the newer work.

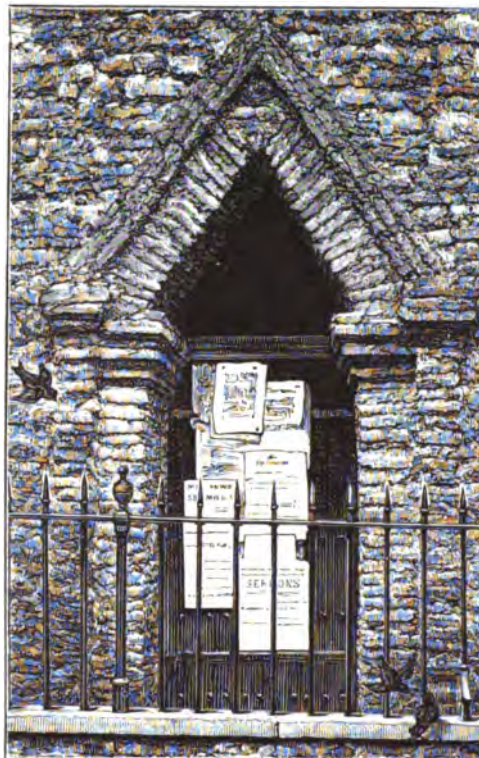
Very few of these churches are at all perfect. Perhaps the most perfect—that of Bradford-on-Avon, exhumed from encrusting buildings during the last few years—is no longer used for worship. A large number either have been so modified that the earlier work is with difficulty discovered, or have been completely rebuilt. The feature which has very commonly escaped best—probably from utilitarian motives—is the tower. Five examples of this structure will be the subject of the present article.

Sir G. G. Scott, in his history of English church architecture, expresses the opinion that the oldest English churches may be divided into three groups. First

come those which preceded the Danish invasion, of which the best examples are the churches of Bradford-on-Avon, near Bath, Wing, near Leighton Buzzard, and Brixworth, near Northampton; the second, those from the above epoch to the invasion of Sweyn, to which period may be referred the church in Dover Castle, Holy Trinity at Colchester, Barnack, Earls Barton, Barton-on-Humber, Wootton Wawen, and others; to the third period, lasting up to the Norman Conquest, belong the towers of St. Benet's, Cambridge; St. Michael's, Oxford; St. Mary's and St. Peter's, Lincoln, &c.

Our examples in the present article are taken, as will be seen, from the second and third of the above groups. Earliest of these, in one sense, is Holy Trinity, Colchester, for the materials of which it is constructed are in themselves very old. Colchester was, in its day, an important Roman station. The sack of Camulodunum by the insurgent Britons in the days of Tacitus was an event almost as memorable at Rome as in our generation the fall of Cawnpore has been in England. The county of Essex has plenty of clay and but little stone; the latter also is of small value for building purposes, while the former makes excellent bricks; so these were largely used at Camulodunum, and as the overlookers were Romans, were, it is almost needless to say, of the best. So when the Roman city went to ruin, and peasants built their cottages among its deserted public buildings, the remnants of a higher civilisation formed an excellent quarry, and a large part of mediæval Colchester—notably the castle, the priory of St. Botolph, and the tower of Holy Trinity Church—were constructed mainly of bricks from the Roman ruins.

The tower may be briefly described. It is the outcome of a time when there was little knowledge of art, and probably little money to expend on decoration. The greater part of it, as we see it, is the original structure, though one or two windows have been pierced at a later date, and the last few feet are a modern addition. It is roughly built of Roman brick which has been plastered—perhaps from the first; the old windows are of the simplest possible type—mere round-headed openings, splayed and shaftless.



HOLY TRINITY, COLCHESTER: THE WEST DOOR.

The small entrance door is the most interesting feature. It has rectangular piers, square capitals of the simplest form, and a triangular "arch," with a simple hood-moulding. The ground-floor chamber of the tower is connected with the body of the church by a large arched opening. This, together with the lower part of the eastern wall of the tower, is considered by some authorities to be of yet earlier date than the rest of the building. The body of the church is much more modern than the tower, and there is little of interest in its architecture or in its history.

The church of Earls Barton, in Northamptonshire, stands high up on the left bank of the Nen, and occupies a commanding position near the top of a little eminence in the village itself. The tower alone is earlier than the Norman Conquest, the remainder of the church being a structure of more than one age. Evidently the pastor of Earls Barton has been generally favoured by wealthy parishioners or patrons. The tower itself is, for its period, large, substantially built, and considerably ornamented. The Norman architects, who swept away all the rest of the "Saxon" church, erected a very ornate structure, nearly as large as the present one, and this too has been to a large extent rebuilt.

The tower consists of four stages, each slightly smaller than the one below it. The quoins, pilasters, window mouldings, &c., are worked from a shelly oolite; the rest of the masonry is irregular, and has been wholly covered with rough-cast. There is, as usual, long and short work at the corners, and thin, shallow pilasters divide the face of the intermediate wall into panels, but these are combined with occasional rows of small semicircular or triangular arches. The belfry windows are also rather peculiar. They have five lights; the semicircular heads are sculptured, rudely and feebly, out of a rough block of stone, and the baluster shafts, which often seem inadequately small, are here disproportionately large. There is a small western door, where the inner order of the arch is also formed by a single block; trimmed blocks, relieved by a shallow arcading, serve as capitals. The old work remains, on the whole, in excellent preservation, to just above the top of the belfry windows; beyond that all is comparatively modern.

The church must be passed over briefly, though there is much in it to interest the antiquarian. The south door is Norman, with ornamented mouldings and shafts, the chancel arch retains some work of the same period, and in the lower parts of both its north and south walls a rich Norman arcading still remains. The eastern part of that on the south side consists of three bays rising in steps. As these seem hardly wide enough for sedilia, they probably indicate the former position of the steps leading to the high altar, so that the original Norman chancel must have been nearly, if not quite, as long as the present one. The

remainder of the church is Late Decorated or Perpendicular in style. It contains a good Jacobean pulpit in black oak, and a rather plain fifteenth century wooden screen, on which there has been an attempt to restore the original painting. The oak roof, however, is modern, like the fittings, the whole church having been very carefully restored some years since.

Barnack Church, in the same county, is even more interesting than Earls Barton, for in it we find an example of each architectural style which, in turn, prevailed during a period of four centuries. The tower in its lower stages is Saxon; its upper stage, the southern door, and the pier-arches of the nave, indicate the transition from Norman to Early English. The south porch is in the latter style; one of its chapels dates from more than one part of the Decorated period; the largest is Perpendicular. The tower is less elaborately ornamented, but rather more highly finished, than that at Earls Barton; but whether the latter feature is due to a difference in date or a superiority of constructive material, is hard to say. At Barnack, it must be remembered, were the famous quarries from which was built many a church, not only in all the country round, but also far away in the stoneless Fenland of Eastern England. All about the village the broken ground and the roughness of the sward tell where once the stone was quarried, for no more has been obtainable for many a long year. An interesting and perplexing feature in the tower of Barnack is three sculptured stones built into the wall at the base of the second stage, and thus at a considerable height from the ground. Are they of the same date as the tower, or have they been subsequently inserted? From below they appear to be integral parts of the structure, but the bold and free style of the decoration—foliated scroll-work—and the execution of the animal figures on the top of each stone seem to indicate a rather later date. Compare with these the awkward and timid attempts at ornamentation on the various arches in the tower, especially on the large one opening into the nave. This, though it has two orders, is perfectly plain, and the curious arrangement of horizontal fillet-mouldings—if such a term be correctly applied—which does duty for capitals shows neither constructive skill nor architectural knowledge.

Here also we must pass briefly over the rest of the church, though at Barnack there is, if possible, even more to detain us than at Earls Barton. The Late Norman arches of the nave, with their marked differences of design and ornamentation; the singular little clerestory above, with its square openings and trefoil lights; the porch, with its high-pitched stone roof; the stone staircase and groining, inserted into the old Saxon tower at the end of the twelfth century, when the bell-chamber and low spire were added; the chapels and their tombs; with all the structural alterations made in the church from the beginning of the fourteenth to the end of the fifteenth century, render it hard

to tear ourselves away from so interesting a building, which is, moreover, in excellent order, and has not been too much restored. The village, too, is worthy of the church. The stone-built houses—not a few of them ancient—are neat and picturesque. The rectory, where Charles Kingsley passed a part of his childhood, is entirely in keeping with church and village. Between it and Stamford are the stately woods of Burghley, and all the country round is pleasant to the wayfarer.

The tower of St.
Benedict's Church —



ST. MICHAEL'S, OXFORD.



BARNACK.



EARLS BARTON.

familiarly called St. Benet's—at Cambridge is, on the whole, in good preservation. It consists of three stages, constructed of rude stonework, originally covered by rough-cast, with long and short work at the corners. The lowest storey, which takes up about half the building, has been much knocked about, a door and windows having been pierced at a much later period; the next storey is without any windows; the third has an abundance. A description of one face will suffice for all. In the centre, resting on a string-course, is a window of two lights, the semicircular heads of which are cut out of one block of stone; these are separated by a single lathe-turned column. This, as the walls are thick, has a curiously insufficient appearance. On either side, and not ranging with the above, are two simple round-headed windows, and diagonally and irregularly above each of these is a single stone pierced with a round hole. In

the east wall of the tower, communicating with the church, is an arch of simple but rather pleasing design, and above this a niche. The church was rebuilt, probably, in the thirteenth century, and has been a good deal altered subsequently, but a fragment with the characteristic long and short work still remains at the north-east angle of the nave.

This church is attached to Corpus Christi College, literally as well as figuratively, and was used as its chapel from the date of the foundation—that is, from the year 1353—to about 1580, when a separate chapel was built, chiefly by the munificence of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. However, strictly speaking, for nearly a century before the latter date the College had not actually used the church, but a chapel attached to the south side of the chancel.



ST. BENET'S, CAMBRIDGE:
ARCH IN THE TOWER.

The tower of St. Michael's, Oxford, is very similar to, but yet plainer than, that of St. Benet's, Cambridge. In one respect, however, it is less altered. Neither door nor window has been pierced through the lowest storey. Its exterior is a solid mass of masonry, and, as it rises directly from the street pavement and is level with the houses, which are actually built against its northern side, it suggests the idea of a structure for defence more than for ornament. The next stage has one rude, round-headed opening; the third and fourth have windows similar to, but a shade more highly finished than, those at Cambridge. The church has been reconstructed at more than one period, is of small size, and not remarkable. There is a tiny churchyard on the south, and on the east houses rise within two or three paces of the chancel.

T. G. BONNEY.

ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.

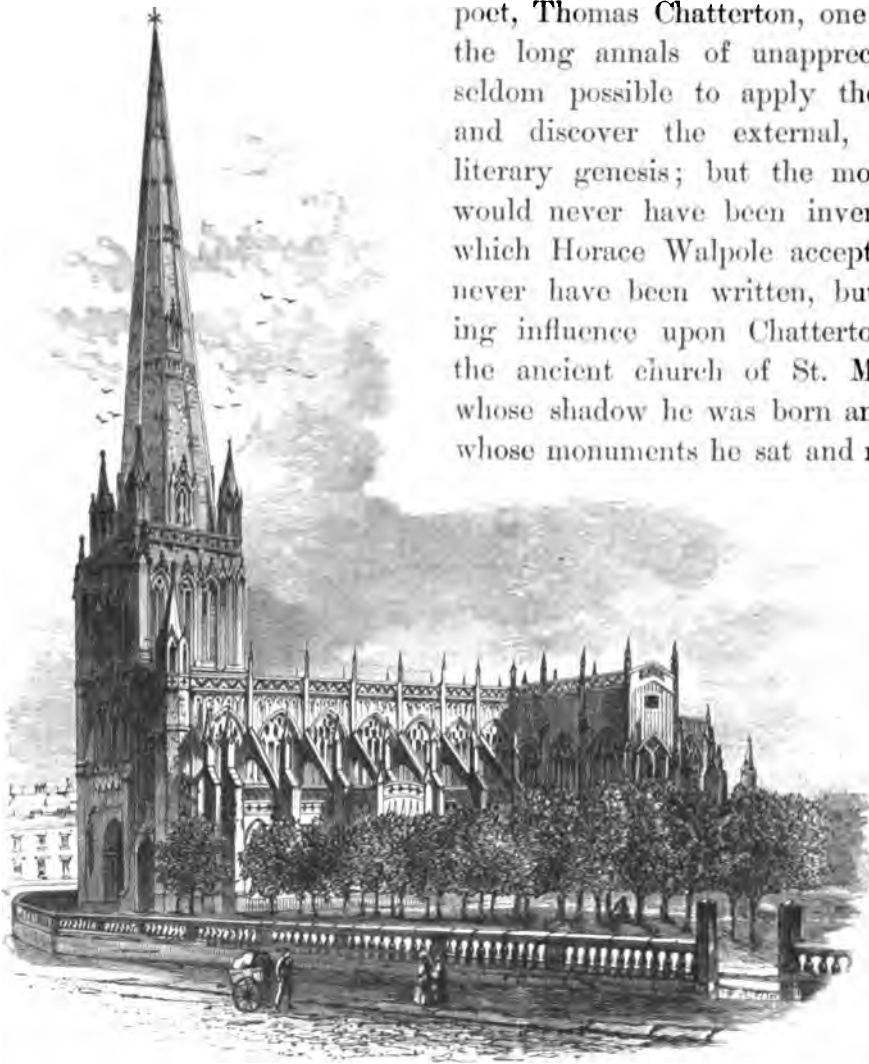
A LIFE'S FAILURE.

BRISTOL has no public building so wondrously beautiful in form and detail, or so rich in historical associations, as the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and nowhere has the munificence of its merchant princes been more freely bestowed than upon this "pride of Bristowe and the western lande." It enjoys, indeed, no mere local fame, for by the concurrent testimony of Leland, Fuller, and Camden, it takes rank as, in the words of the last named, "on all accounts the first parish church in England." But it has attained its widest, its deathless renown from the close link which binds its name to the tragic story of the boy-

poet, Thomas Chatterton, one of the saddest in all the long annals of unappreciated genius. It is seldom possible to apply the Berkeleian theory, and discover the external, exciting cause of a literary genesis; but the monk, Thomas Rowley, would never have been invented, the manuscripts which Horace Walpole accepted as genuine would never have been written, but for the overmastering influence upon Chatterton's mental being of the ancient church of St. Mary Redcliffe, under whose shadow he was born and brought up, beside whose monuments he sat and meditated, and among

whose muniments he rummaged at will. No one, therefore, can hope to comprehend his character without catching something of the spell under which he lived.

The right way for a stranger to approach Redcliffe Church, so as to be duly impressed by its



THE EXTERIOR.

grandeur, is by the winding thoroughfare of Redcliffe Street, leading from the centre of the city. The effect upon his mind must have been even more striking when this street was as it is still to be seen in a painting by John Syer—much narrower than at present, with overhanging gabled houses, which have been swept away to make room for lofty warehouses. As it is, the stranger emerges from an avenue of houses upon a comparatively open space, to see the roadway make a sharp ascent, at the summit of which, on a natural terrace, stands Redcliffe Church, the massive steeple springing straight from the ground to a height of 300 feet. "It must have been begun when Bishop Poore was building Salisbury Cathedral, at the commencement of the

thirteenth century, resumed when Henry III. was rebuilding Westminster Abbey Church, and completed to the spring of the spire while Edward I. was erecting his memorial crosses at the close of the same century." The capstone of the spire was put on in May, 1872, it having been previously, for some four centuries, truncated just above the tops of the four pinnacles. Directly to the east of the tower is the famous north porch, of Early English date; it is hexagonal in form, and is absolutely unique, so far as this country is concerned. The complex design and elaboration of detail which mark its ornament without and within are marvellous to behold. In a low second storey is a small chamber, called the Treasury, where Chatterton found his parchments. The church itself is in the form of a cross, and is remarkable for the fact that the transepts as well as the chancel have double aisles, a feature by no means common even in cathedrals. The instructed observer can, of course, discriminate the different periods of different parts of the structure, but they all blend together into a highly harmonious whole, which acquires a very rich and beautiful effect from the abundance of flying buttresses and pinnaced parapets, and from the lofty windows and handsome panelling of the



THE INTERIOR.

Perpendicular clerestory. The work of the same period predominates in the interior, where the striking individuality of St. Mary Redcliffe is as strongly marked as in its ground-plan. There is no triforium, or even horizontal string-course, between the arches and the clerestory either in nave or in chancel, but the wall space, instead of being left plain, is richly panelled. The vaulted roof, rich in ornament, is supported on shafts which spring from the floor, without any break, and contribute much to the impression of singular loftiness and lightness which is recognised as the general effect of the interior. Closing in the long vista, looking



CHATTERTON.

from west to east, is the lady chapel, supported on an archway, for a thoroughfare passes beneath, as is the case with some of the Exeter city churches. In the dark age of the English Church it was used as a school, but in recent times it has been restored at the expense of the fraternity of Freemasons.

The present church is the third which has stood upon the site; and the story of its building is one of unusual interest, for it has enshrined the name of Canynges in the annals of Bristol. It is recorded in the Mayor's Calendar, under date 1376, that Wm. Canynges "built the body of Redcliffe Church, from the cross aisle westward." His grandson, another Wm. Canynges, when Mayor for the first time in 1442, set himself to "edifye, repayre, cover, and glaze" the church which his grandfather had partially rebuilt. This Canynges was a merchant who accumulated enormous wealth and vast influence by his enterprises; he was five times Mayor of his native city, which he also represented in Parliament, and at his house in Redcliffe Street, of which a portion is still preserved, he entertained Queen Margaret of Anjou, and subsequently King Edward IV. As an indication of the influence he enjoyed, it may be mentioned that in 1449 King Henry VI. addressed special letters of commendation to the Master General of Prussia and the magistrates of Dantzic, praying them to favour Canynges' factors, established within their jurisdiction, and to advance the interest of his "beloved eminent merchant of Bristol;" and about the same time Christian, King of Denmark, as a mark of special favour, allowed Canynges to trade at certain ports to which English ships were prohibited from going. Such was the man who was just completing his ancestor's work upon their parish church, when, during a great storm in 1445, the spire fell down and crashed through the roof of the nave, destroying several bays of it. Nothing daunted, Canynges set to work to rebuild the church upon a grander scale than ever, and all the Late Perpendicular work we have described is his. William of

Worcester, who was living in Bristol at this time, has preserved many interesting details regarding Canynges' master builder Norton, and has given a minute description of the building, which is of great value to the architectural student. Canynges, whose other benefactions to Redcliffe parish were most numerous, took holy orders later in life, after the death of his wife, whom he dearly loved,



THE REREDOS.

singing his first mass, of course, at St. Mary's, and retired to the college of Westbury-upon-Trym, of which he subsequently became Dean, and where he died about 1474. There is a very dramatic version of the motive for his retirement from the world given in the Mayor's Calendar, which does not possess the merit of being true. It is to the effect that when Canynges became a widower the king, with an eye no doubt to conduct his wealth into some chosen family, commanded him to marry a lady of royal selection, and that he forthwith entered the priesthood rather than do so.

Nearly three centuries elapse as we pass from the story of the wealthy merchant who made St. Mary's beautiful, to that of the poor lawyer's clerk who

made it famous. Thomas Chatterton's family had, for some generations, held a minor office in connection with Redcliffe Church, and his father was master of a free school, still existing, within its shadow on the northern side. Here Thomas was born on the 20th of November, 1752, his misfortunes having begun even before he opened his eyes upon the world he was to find so cruel, for his father had died three months before. His mother, when she had to quit the schoolhouse, took up her abode close by, on the western side of the church. This magnificent structure therefore coloured his earliest impressions, and, beyond all doubt, determined the bent of his mind. It must be remembered to his credit that he appreciated and admitted its wondrous beauty in an age when polite critics all regarded Gothic architecture as rude and barbarous. We could readily believe, if the fact were not distinctly recorded, that with his dreamy poetic disposition he would, even as a child, haunt the church, and spend hours in silent thought beside Canynges' tomb. He got to know every nook and corner of the building, and in the Treasury, above the north porch, he found an ancient chest, known as Canynges' coffer, in which, with reckless unconcern, was left loose and unprotected a number of old parchments, to which no value was attached, as they were not actually title-deeds of property. These afforded him material on which to work when the fictitious monk, Thomas Rowley, had assumed definite form and substance in his imaginative brain, and he had resolved to bestow upon the world some of the manuscripts of this supposed contemporary of Canynges. If any scruples entered his mind as to the propriety of so doing, the miseries of his position were enough to goad him into taking any means which promised him release therefrom. The children of the poor cannot live in idleness, and he was at the age of fourteen years apprenticed to a Bristol attorney, named Lambert. His office hours, twelve a day, seem nowadays cruelly excessive, though they were not so regarded even within living memory; but Lambert was a hard taskmaster, with no power of appreciating the genius he was entertaining, whom he subjected to the keenly felt indignity of sleeping with the footboy.

After two years of this cruel existence Rowley was brought upon the scene, and Dodsley, the publisher, was offered the opportunity of acquiring several of Rowley's poems, and "an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic poem extant." But the publisher did not bite, even when he was offered the tragedy of "*Ælla*," another pseudo antique, in reality a very powerful performance of Chatterton's, for the small sum of one guinea. Then a fresh line was baited, and Horace Walpole, at the time engaged upon his "*Anecdotes of British Painters*," was promised some information regarding eminent painters who had flourished in Bristol, as well as some old poems. Walpole rose to this tempting bait, and was in reply furnished with "*a Historie of Peyncters of Englande bie Thomas Rowley*." At the same time Chatterton ventured to make a pathetic statement

of his poor and uncongenial condition, and to beseech the great man's aid to place him in some position in which he could indulge his natural inclination towards literature. To this he received a most unfeeling reply, urging him to stick to his business. Moreover, his ill-starred manuscripts were now suspected and submitted to experts, who pronounced them forgeries. The contemptuous manner in which Walpole announced this conclusion reduced Chatterton to despair; he was turned out of doors by his master as worthless, and went to London, as so many others have done before and since, hoping to gain a living by his pen. But the friendless boy met failure everywhere, and even when in a state of starvation his spirit was too proud to confess it to those who would have relieved such distress as that. So after four months of misery he poisoned himself, not being then eighteen years of age.

When this last fact is taken into consideration, the power displayed in Chatterton's poems is something marvellous, and it is an unquestionable loss to literature that his life was so miserable and misguided, and his death so early. His apologists urge that his Rowley manuscripts are no more forgeries than Walpole's "*Castle of Otranto*," which was put forth as a translation. But fictions of the latter kind are recognised, whether we approve them or not, as part of the literary stock-in-trade, just like the solemn asseverations of the truth of his stories indulged in by such a writer as another gifted son of Bristol, whose career was as untimely cut short, if his lot was happier—Hugh Conway. But Chatterton represented his Rowley productions as actually ancient documents, and, indeed, palmed several of them off upon an old surgeon named Barrett, who was writing a "*History of Bristol*." His conduct, therefore, cannot be justified, although abundant excuses can be found for it in the hardships which made his life so wretched, and eventually unhinged a mind so full of promise. A memorial cross now stands in the churchyard opposite the north porch, which is especially associated with his memory.

But other traditions, of a less gloomy character, linger round the stately church of St. Mary Redcliffe. William of Wykeham was vicar of this parish before he went to Winchester to carry out his noble projects there. The long aisles once re-echoed to the voice of George Whitfield, who has written of the occasion that he preached "to such a congregation as my eyes never yet saw, with great liberty and demonstration of the Spirit." Robert Southey was a native of Bristol, and Coleridge, coming here to confer with him upon their scheme for emigrating to the banks of the Susquehanna to found yet another ideal commonwealth, took up his residence in the city. So it came to pass that Redcliffe Church was the scene of an important event in both their lives. Here in the year 1795 Coleridge married Sarah Fricker, and Southey her sister Edith, the latter departing for Portugal actually on his wedding day. The bride and

the groom shook hands and parted in silence after the ceremony, the poet being at this time so poor that his friend Cottle, the bookseller, had to lend him the money to pay the necessary fees. The ladies were both beautiful, and were milliners of Bristol, not of Bath, as Lord Byron speaks of them in "Don Juan."

On Whit Sunday a quaint old custom, dating from the year 1494, is carefully observed. In fulfilment of a bequest then made by one William Mede, who had been three times Mayor of Bristol, the church is strewn with reeds and flowers, the fine peal of eight bells rings merrily, and the Mayor and members of the Corporation, clad in the crimson robes which here, at least, the Municipal Reform Act did not abolish, attend the morning service in state, and return to the Council House to drink mulled wine. On November 13th in every year the anniversary of Edward Colston, the great Bristol philanthropist, is honoured by three societies, who contrive a unique combination of the essentially British institution of dining together, of politics, and of charity, though it must in justice be added that with them, as with the Apostle, "the greatest of these is charity." As the hour of midnight marks the beginning of that anniversary, the sweet bells of Redcliffe ring a muffled peal, which sounds over the silent city and echoes round the valley with a weird and solemn music not to be forgotten by those who have once heard it.

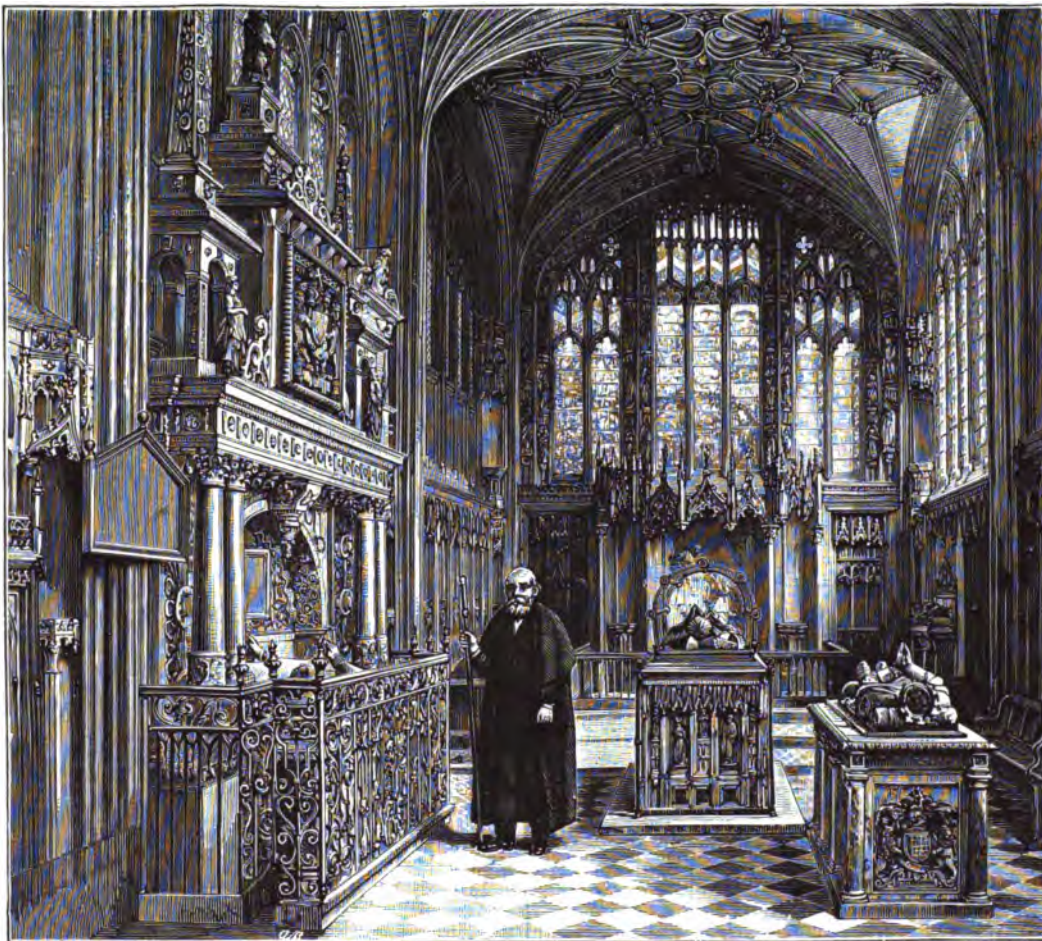
During the present century the noble church has been worthily restored. The work began in 1842, when the removal of the dwelling-houses with which human vandalism and greed had encrusted it showed the need of reparation; it occupied thirty years in completion, and is estimated to have involved an expenditure of £40,000. The raising of this large sum was not without its element of romance and mystery, for the committee were encouraged from time to time by munificent gifts from an anonymous contributor, who was only known to them under the pseudonym of "Nil Desperandum," and who furnished the whole sum of something like £2,500 for the restoration of the famous north porch. Many guesses were made, but only after his death was "Nil Desperandum" identified with a prominent citizen—Thomas Proctor.

HAROLD LEWIS.

ST. MARY'S, WARWICK.

TOMBS OF THE BEAUCHAMPS.

FEW towns in England have a name more familiar to readers of our country's history than Warwick, for it gave a title to one of the great families which in the Middle Ages so much helped to make that history. Its castle was their



THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL.

principal home; in its mother-church several of their members were laid to rest. Not indeed all. It is rare to find that, in the days of Plantagenet and Tudor kings, son followed father without a break in the succession of generations to the same place of sepulchre; the fortune of war, the king's pleasure or displeasure, the regard of this or that representative for some religious house which he had founded or endowed, all have combined in dispersing far and

wide over England, even over Europe, the monuments of those who wore in turn the coronet.

The castle, which for centuries has been the dwelling-place of the Earls of Warwick, is surpassed in its situation by but few in England. Perched on a sandstone knoll by the side of the Avon, it rises like a great crag from the river; its walls command a fair prospect of rich sward and clustered trees, backed by slopes of field and copse. A residence of the family for so many centuries, and exceptionally rich—notwithstanding the disastrous fire from which it suffered a few years since—in relics of ancient days and in works of art, it is one of the most interesting among the stately homes of England.

The situation of the church is hardly less fine. The town is built upon a hill, of which the castle occupies one edge. From it the ground shelves upwards, to form a broad and moderately level plateau; and on the highest part of this a church was built, which has for centuries been the mother-church of the town. Thus, from far and wide, from windings of the valley, from many an undulation of the neighbouring district, its lofty tower forms a conspicuous landmark, indicating the position of the county town, and calling up memories of a family whose power at one time was little less than regal.

St. Mary's Church occupies a site which has been consecrated ground for many centuries. The date of the foundation is not known, but it is certainly anterior to the Norman Conquest. Warwick town, indeed, has a history which reaches so far back that the site of its principal church may have become consecrated ground no long time after the missionaries of Gregory won back England to Christianity. Certain it is that Warwick was destroyed by the Danes, and was rebuilt by Ethelfleda, the worthy daughter of the great Alfred, who laid the foundation of its castle about the year 915. Some antiquaries even carry back the lists of its Earls to the days of King Arthur, but we fear the sceptical students of the nineteenth century look askance at many of the names, and even demur to the veracious history of Guy, slayer of a giant, a dun cow, and a dragon, though he is said to have flourished in the days of Ethelfleda, and though they exhibit his armour and porringer unto this day in Warwick Castle.

While, so far as we are aware, there is no clear statement of the fact in history, it is highly probable that a church has occupied this site on the hill from a very early period. At any rate, when the commissioners of the Norman Conqueror came to Warwick, St. Mary's Church was in existence, and had been endowed with a hide of land by Turchil, who was Earl of Warwick when William landed in Sussex. No part, however, of that church now remains. Probably, before long the architects took it in hand, for the first Norman earl, Roger de Newburgh, was not unmindful of the religious wants of the place from which he took his title. Not only did he augment the endowments of the church, but

also he made it a collegiate foundation, with a dean, secular canons, priests, and choristers. His son increased its revenues, and successive Earls of Warwick added to the endowments. The other churches of the town by degrees, and sometimes not without a struggle, were reduced to the position of mere dependencies; and at the time of the Reformation St. Mary's possessed a rich store of relics, and an annual revenue of considerably more than three hundred pounds. Of the church which was then standing, only the eastern half remains. In the year 1694 a great fire broke out in Warwick, which destroyed a considerable part of the town, together with the tower and nave of St. Mary's. This was rebuilt shortly afterwards, Queen Anne contributing a thousand pounds to the restoration fund.

The present church is cruciform in plan, with a western tower, the transepts being rather short, the choir comparatively long. At a glance, it is evident that the whole structure west of the choir belongs to the last rebuilding. It is no less evident that, to a certain extent, an effort was made to reproduce the distinctive features of the ruined church. The leading lines of the nave, and yet more of the tower, suggest a structure in the Perpendicular style, but every detail indicates the influence of the Renaissance. The tracery of the nave windows would have been the death of a pre-Reformation architect. The ornamentation of the tower is in the style of Wren or of Vanbrugh. Everywhere is the classic "peard" beneath the Gothic "muffler." The towers of Westminster Abbey afford a somewhat parallel case, but with a less satisfactory result, for St. Mary's tower is impressive at a distance. The architect,* handling a style of which probably he had but small knowledge, and with which he had little sympathy, has, nevertheless, shown that a vigorous arm was wielding the unfamiliar weapon. The result is far better than the feeble efforts which signalised the early days of the Victorian "Gothic revival." With all its incongruities, the tower of Warwick Church is by no means a failure. In some ways, it is even better than much work that the above-named revival has produced. It is like a poem written by a man of genius in a language which he had imperfectly learnt, rather than the verse copy of the dull, but correctly taught, schoolboy.

The tower is supported on arches, covering the footway of the street, and its pinnacles rise to a height of 174 feet. The interior of the nave offers little to detain the visitor. It is like many of the "semi-Gothic" churches to which we have already alluded; having rather lofty aisles, columns indecisive in design, and a flattish roof. It is fitted up with pews which recall the days of our childhood, before church restoration had become general. Such monuments as it contains are in almost every case later than the conflagration, for this destroyed several of considerable interest which once found a place in the western part

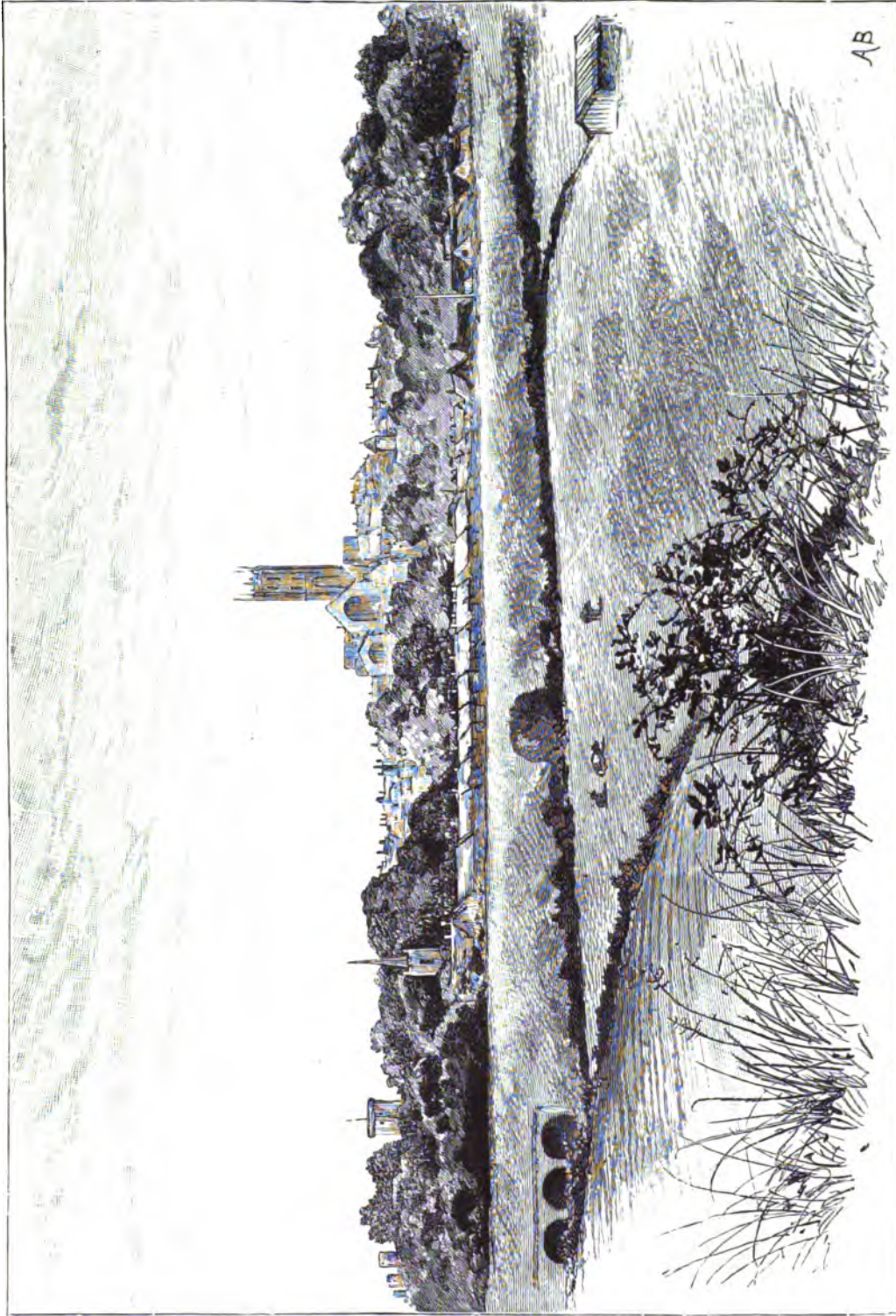
* Often said to be Sir C. Wren, but really Sir W. Wilson.

of the church. Passing eastwards, we note in the east wall of the southern transept an elaborate doorway in a style which recalls the work of Tudor times, but is influenced also by Renaissance feeling. This leads into the famous Beauchamp Chapel, and is probably a restoration of the original door, executed after the great fire. The northern transept opens out on its eastern side to three connected chapels, of which one is used as a vestry; and that in the middle has an apse projecting to the north. This was the chapter-house of the collegiate church, but it is now occupied and considerably blocked up by a heavy canopied Jacobean monument commemorating "Fulke Grevill" (Lord Brooke), "servant to Queene Elizabeth, concellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." In a third room is a monument to Francis Parker, tutor, secretary, and steward to the Brooke family, who died in the year 1693, and another large canopied tomb to Sir Thomas Puckering, who died in the year 1636. This part of the church has been restored, and during the work a fine stone screen between the last-named room and the vestry was discovered, cleaned, and repaired.

The choir, the floor of which is on a higher level than that of the nave, and is interrupted by more than one step, fortunately escaped the conflagration, and has been restored of late years. Its style is Perpendicular. The roof is of stone, supported by ribs, which are partly detached, like a flying buttress. The windows are large, and not elaborate in design, and the lower half of those on the north and south are blocked, so as to form a sculptured panelling. The upper part of most of them is filled with modern stained glass, that in the large east window, to the memory of the Rev. J. Bondier, a former vicar, being rather good. The reredos, of marble and alabaster, is modern; so are the stalls and other fittings. In the middle of the choir is a fine altar-tomb, on which reposes the effigy of its founder, Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in the year 1370, together with that of his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. He is represented in full armour, but his right hand is bare, and grasps that of his wife.

Beneath the choir is a spacious crypt, an interesting remnant of an earlier church, being of Norman architecture; in it for many years leading citizens of Warwick were interred. On the north side, beneath the chapels, is the mausoleum of the Greville line of the Earls of Warwick.

The Beauchamp or Lady Chapel is, however, the chief ornament of St. Mary's Church. This is entered, not only by the main portal already mentioned, but also by a small door in the south wall of the choir, leading into one of three curious chapels, which occupy the narrow space between the two buildings. To discuss the probable intention of these would exceed our present limits. They are connected by doorways; from the eastern one, which has an



DISTANT VIEW OF ST. MARY'S.

enriched stone roof, a door on the north side leads to a very narrow and ruinous flight of steps, at the top of which a grated opening looks into the choir. This is popularly termed the confessional, but it may be doubted whether that is a true explanation of its purpose. Three rusty helmets and a curious old chest preserved here are worth examination. We descend by a short flight of steps into the Beauchamp Chapel, which was built for a tomb-house by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Commenced in the twenty-first year of Henry VI., and completed in the third of Edward III. (1443—1464), it is in style a Late Perpendicular structure, reminding us somewhat, though on a small scale, of St. George's, Windsor, and the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. In the centre of the chapel, in front and to the west of the altar, so that he might hear well "the blessed mutter of the mass," is the founder's monument, a sculptured altar-tomb of Purbeck marble, richly adorned with figures of gilded brass. A slab of the same metal covers the tomb, on which lies the effigy of the Earl, also of brass. He is in full armour, but his head is bare, and rests upon his helmet; his hands are raised in prayer, but are not joined. A griffin and a bear support his feet. The figure is enclosed by a hooped hearse of brass, which is said to have formerly supported a velvet pall. The monument, fortunately, is still in good preservation, and as a work of art, no less than as a relic of ancient days, it is worthy of the closest study. The contract, with all the details of the expenditure for this memorial chapel, is still in existence. From it we learn that the cost of the Earl's effigy was £40, and of the whole building £2,481.

But this tomb is not the only one of interest in the chapel. When mass had ceased to be said for the founder's soul, other folk came crowding in to share the grandeur of his tomb-house. Against the north wall is a sumptuous pile commemorating Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the noted favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The figures of the Earl and his second wife rest upon an altar-tomb, at the back of which rises an elaborately sculptured canopy. The monument is more indebted to the quality of the materials than to the grace of the design, and the reader must settle for himself whether the epitaph or history gives a truer picture of the Earl. On the floor of the chapel, near to the founder's monument, is another altar-tomb. This is to the memory of Leicester's brother, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, commonly called, by contrast, the Good Earl. It supports an effigy, but has neither canopy nor hearse. Against the south wall, near the eastern end of the chapel, is the figure of a child, clad in one of the long gowns which the pictures of Tudor days have made familiar to us, and of which we have in some sort a survival in the coats of the Christ's Hospital boys. This commemorates the "noble impe" Robert of Dudley, son of the former, nephew and heir of the latter, of the two peers just mentioned, "a child of greate parentage but of farre

greater hope and towardness, taken from this transitory unto the everlasting life" in the year 1584. These are the principal monuments in this interesting and, in many respects, beautiful chapel. The seats are of old oak, well carved; the windows were once filled with stained glass, but of this little remains except in the eastern one; the roof is stone, groined and ornamented with heraldic bosses; the floor is paved with slabs of black and white marble; the reredos is modern; a door on the left side of the altar leads into a chamber, once appropriated to the attendant priest, now used as a library. The chapel has, by rare good fortune, escaped with little harm from Puritan iconoclasts and Hanoverian vandals, and is hardly less interesting as a work of art than as a memorial of the Beauchamps and the Dudleys.

With a brief glance at the history of the illustrious families whose representatives rest in St. Mary's Church, we must conclude our notice. Passing over the family of De Newburgh, to which the earldom was given by the Conqueror, and of which the name is not specially connected with the church, we come to the house of Beauchamp, barons of Elmley in Worcestershire. They received the title by marriage, on failure of direct heirs in the male line of the De Newburghs, after the death of the sixth earl. All were men of mark. Guy, the second earl of this house, was the "black hound of Arden," whose fangs Piers Gaveston felt when he was brought as captive to Warwick Castle, and took his last look on earth from Blacklow Hill. His son, Thomas, fought manfully in the French wars by the side of the Black Prince, and died as Governor of Calais. His monument, as has been said, stands in the middle of St. Mary's Choir, of which he was the builder. The Black Hound's grandson, another Thomas, also won distinction in France, but, notwithstanding all his services, in the evil days of Richard II. his head was in no small danger, and he was kept for some time a prisoner in the Tower. The accession of Bolinbroke, however, restored him to liberty and honour. At his charge the nave of the church was built, and on his death, in the year 1401, he was buried there. His monument was destroyed by the great fire, but the brass effigies of himself and his wife were saved, and are now fixed against the wall of the south transept, near to the entrance to the Lady Chapel. Richard Beauchamp, his son, was even more distinguished than his illustrious progenitor. At the tournament or in war among the first, in private life irreproachable, the "father of courtesy," as he was called by the emperor, he filled, among other responsible offices, those of guardian to the young Henry VI., and Regent of France. There, in the year 1439, he died, and his body was buried, as mentioned above, in the stately Lady Chapel, which was built as directed in his will. His son, Henry Beauchamp, bade fair to equal the fame of his father, and was high in favour with the young king, who created him Duke of Warwick, and even King of the Isle of Man; but at the early age of twenty-two he died, and with him ended the house of Beauchamp.

The estates passed to Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, on whom the earldom of Warwick was conferred. This bearer of the title played a part in English history more famous, if less useful, than any of the Beauchamps, for he was the great "king-maker," who at last fell on the field of Barnet. He, however, does not rest within the walls of St. Mary's, but was buried at Bisham Abbey, with others of his house. A curse now seemed to cling for a while to the title. It was next held by "Clarence, ill-fated Clarence," done to death in the Tower. His son and successor was, from his boyhood, kept as a prisoner in that fortress, and, when still young in years, was murdered under the forms of justice, losing his head on the scaffold in order that the crown might rest more securely on that of Henry Richmond. For nearly half a century the title was dormant. Then it was conferred on John Dudley, Lord High Admiral of England. He rose to the dignity of Duke of Northumberland, but at last his head fell upon the scaffold on Tower Hill, in requital for his efforts to exclude Queen Mary from the throne. His grave also is far away from Warwick, for he was buried in St. Peter's Chapel, within the fortress. His grandson, Ambrose, was the "Good Earl," who lies buried in the Beauchamp Chapel, and in whose person the title again became extinct. It was now separated for a time from the estates, the one being conferred by James I. on Lord Rich, the other passing into the hands of the Grevilles, Earls Brooke, one of whom was the noted Lord Brooke, who was killed at the siege of Lichfield Cathedral. The title, after seven descents in the line of Rich, again became extinct, and was then conferred upon the Brookes, of whom the present owner is a descendant.

We mainly dwell on the connection of the church with the history of our country, but we must not forget that it is no less closely associated with the plain burghers of Warwick town than with the lords of its castle. Its mayors, its aldermen, its more noted citizens and public benefactors, have their monuments in the church, their graves beneath its pavements, more especially in the crypt. Its churchyard also is fully tenanted by the memorials of the dead. That aspect of its history has now become a thing of the past. This is in many respects wisely ordered, but in the time to come St. Mary's cannot be quite the same place to the citizens as when it was not only their place of worship in life, but their place of rest in death.

T. G. BONNEY.



THE TOWER.

CHRISTCHURCH AND ROMSEY.

HAMPSHIRE ABBEYS.

THE county of Hampshire, peculiarly rich in antiquities of every kind, contains within its borders many valuable specimens of early churches. The Priory of Christchurch is so ancient that we have no authentic record of its establishment, though some authorities hold that it was founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor for a dean and twenty Austin canons. The town undoubtedly derived its name from this church. There is, however, a legend of monastic origin which suggests more specific derivation. The story runs that during the building of the church a massive oaken beam, when hoisted to its place, was found to be a foot too short; but when the workmen after an interval for rest and refreshment returned to their work, the timber had been lengthened to its proper proportions by miraculous intervention. On this account the church was dedicated to Christ. This, as the reader may perhaps have noticed at odd times, is a type of tradition that has been often met with before, being, in short, merely an old friend in a dressing adapted for local uses. Near Christchurch, and in the surrounding neighbourhood, Roman earthworks point to an occupation by our original invaders. Connoisseurs in such matters have unhesitatingly pronounced certain remains to be a Roman camp and entrenchments, tumuli and barrows, the latter containing human bones. A Roman station here would be almost a matter of course. The Avon would make the position one of strategical importance, and the Romans were not far east of the spot when they sailed their galleys up Southampton Water and pitched at Clausentum.

The first clear mention of Christchurch is in the Saxon chronicles of about the year 900, and it arose from the fighting for the crown which was going on about that time between Edward the Elder and Ethelwald. In the Domesday survey it appears as a burgh and royal manor under the name of Thuinam. These scraps of ancient history, however, do not enlighten us respecting the priory with which we are immediately concerned; but, striking a balance between this and that probability, we may reasonably assume that the great house for secular Augustinian canons was founded by Ethelstane.

The church of modern times, picturesquely planted on the banks of the Avon, and justly accounted a magnificent structure, was the collegiate church of the priory, of the establishment of which there are no authentic records. Camden states that it was founded in remote English times on the ruins of an ancient heathen temple. In the reign of Edward the Confessor there were known to be a prior and four-and-twenty canons of the Order of St. Augustine. The church and convent were given to Flambard, Bishop of Durham, by William

Rufus, and this prelate rebuilt the church on a larger scale, and dedicated it to Christ. The revenues of the establishment received substantial support from de Redvers, Earl of Devon, to whom the manor was granted, and who built the castle which commanded the passage of the Avon. Close to the church, as



CHRISTCHURCH, FROM THE RIVER.

we see it in its restored condition, a wall covered with long-established verdure and an old-world section of causeway mark the whereabouts and solidity of the priory. Portions of the castle keep, more than ten feet in thickness, are also well preserved. On the banks of the river a remarkably good specimen may be seen of the Norman house of the twelfth century, with loop-holed walls, chimney-shaft, and windows, of a purity of style rarely to be met with in this country.

At the Dissolution the church was granted to the parish, the abbey lands, according to the custom of the high-handed monarch who carried out the work, being apportioned to private individuals. The last prior was one John Draper, suffragan Bishop of Naples, who was consoled for his deposition by a pension, and has been passed down to posterity as a very honest and comfortable person. In the south aisle the memory of this dignitary, who died in 1552, is perpetuated by a chantry and stone screen, erected by himself twenty-three years before his death; and his grave-slab forms part of the pavement. Vast sums of money

have been expended on the restoration of this beautiful church, and the principal work was carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Ferrey, by whom a memorial window was placed in the south aisle in memory of his father, Benjamin Ferrey. The church is in the form of a cross, and, in size and richness of exterior and interior, is superior to some English cathedrals.

Much of Flambard's original Norman work has been preserved. The principal example is the nave, 118 feet by 58 feet, used at the present day as the parish church. The basis is of course Norman, but the clerestory is Early English, and the high-pitched roof was ceiled in comparatively recent times by Garbett. Prior Flambard, it may be remembered, after his elevation to the rank of bishop, continued his architectural enterprises with great effect in Durham Cathedral. Admirably in harmony with the main structure is the Early English north porch, which is entered by a recessed gateway. The north aisle, also Early English, is a hundred years later than the southern aisle, where there is a Norman arcade, with Early English windows. There are, moreover, the remains of a staircase which led to the dormitory, the conventual buildings having joined the church on this side. The nave, with its double row of massively squared pillars, demi-columns, and semicircular arches springing between them from grouped pilasters, is considered to be one of our best extant specimens of the Norman style. There are evidences of the same style, with Perpendicular insertions, in the north transept, which has undergone, however, more alteration than the nave; and there are two chantries projecting eastward, instead of aisles. Where the transept joins the north aisle a two-storeyed stone building, known as the governor's rooms, once stood, recalling the departed days when there was a Christchurch Castle, and an appointed governor.

William Eyre was elected prior of Christchurch in 1502. The letters "W.E." in the Perpendicular arch of the south transept, which is Early English, are his initials, and they are also to be found in the choir. This is 70 feet by 21 feet, mainly of Perpendicular character, and retaining traces of the ancient colouring. The roof, of four bays, is much admired. Most curious are the stalls and seats of the choir. The stalls are thirty-six in number, and are probably as old as the latter part of the fifteenth century; the chancel and the whole of the eastern portion of the church being of more recent date than the transept and nave. The carvings of the stalls are quaint, even grotesque; and the fox, geese, and monkey chiselled in the oak are thought by some to be symbolical, if not satirical. The high altar bears an inscription to Baldwin de Redvers, who was lord of the Isle of Wight; he died in 1216, and the crypt beneath is reported to have been his place of burial. The old altar-piece is finely sculptured, and the reredos is, like that of Winchester, in three storeys, the subject being the Jesse tree.

Apart from its architectural beauties and handsome proportions, the church abounds in interesting memorial and other features. One of the most popular, perhaps, with modern visitors is the monument in the tower at the west end of the nave to the poet Shelley. It was sculptured by Weekes, and erected by the poet's son, Sir Percy Shelley, in 1854. The subject, which cannot be said to be felicitously treated, is the recovery of the body by the sea-shore, and the inscription is from *Adonais*. The mortuary chantry on the north side of the altar was erected by the Countess of Salisbury, who was mother of Cardinal Pole, and who at the age of seventy was beheaded by Henry VIII. The chapel fabric is well preserved, though the finer surface ornamentation has been destroyed. According to one historian, the escutcheons on the ceiling were defaced by the direct order of bluff King Harry. On the south side of the altar there is a good piece of sculpture by Flaxman, and in the vicinity are two ancient tombs of former priors. Elsewhere is a Perpendicular chapel with memorial to John Cook; a smaller Decorated chapel with a monument by Chantrey; and a chantry and stone screen to one Robert Harys, who died in 1525. The vestry was an ancient chapel in the Early English style.

The Lady Chapel, of the Late Perpendicular period, is one of the most beautiful portions of the church, with its delicate screen, carefully preserved altar, and ancient monuments. St. Michael's loft, over the Lady's Chapel, once the chapter-house of the priory, in modern times became a school-house, which was approached by a winding staircase outside the church. An altar-tomb in the north aisle has effigies of Sir John Chydioke and his wife. The knight was killed in the Wars of the Roses, and his helmet has been preserved. The defacement of the effigies is attributed to the vulgar superstition of a past generation, who believed that the scrapings of Chydioke's tomb would cure certain diseases.

The Abbey Church of Romsey in South Hampshire has made the pretty municipal and market town on the river Test famous for many generations. Some antiquarians, indeed, used to maintain that it was the abbey that gave birth and growth to the town, but it is now more generally accepted, largely on the authority of Stukeley, who devoted much time and labour to the study, that we must go back farther if we would fix the origin of Romsey. The contention of Dr. Stukeley is that here stood the Roman city once named Arminis, but subsequently changed to Romana Insula. The river Test, and a tributary stream which joins the main river near Broadlands, virtually place Romsey and its venerable abbey upon an island, and in the opinion of some this natural conformation gave to the place its earliest Saxon name of Rumes-ey, the broad island. Dr. Stukeley's views have been supported by Mr. Spence, a

more recent writer, who points out that the situation of Romsey makes it nearly equidistant from *Sorbiodunum*, or Old Sarum; *Brige*, or Broughton; *Venta Belgarum*, or Winchester; and *Clausentum*, near Southampton; and that as these were Roman stations of acknowledged importance, the Romans must have passed through Romsey on their marches from one camp to another. The discovery of a number of Roman coins at Abbotswood, near Romsey, in 1845, was accepted as strong evidence in favour of Dr. Stukeley's contention.

The Abbey Church of Romsey, like the Church of Christchurch, was thoroughly restored by Ferrey in modern times, and it is valued by archaeologists as presenting more fully than any building of equal size in England the outline and general aspect of a Norman conventual church, and the manner in which architectural styles became merged. Whatever changes may have been introduced, as in the nave, which is of a later period than the oldest portions of the structure, the dimensions and broad proportions of the original architects have been in the main preserved. A perfect window, of the somewhat common arrangement of Norman clerestory windows observed at Waltham Abbey, Essex, and Christchurch, Oxford, is worthy of special study, and there is a clearly defined apse, of the kind which was characteristic of the Norman style. The lofty arched recesses, carried up over the actual arches and the triforium, though suggesting supplementary work over the original building, are nevertheless characteristic of the first design, of which they form a part. Fortunately, the general character of the stately abbey, which has always been architecturally famous, has not suffered in the careful restoration it has undergone. In Romsey Abbey, the student of ecclesiastical architecture has a most attractive course of investigation open to him from the Norman to the Pointed, and from the Early English to the Decorated, since definite examples of each are there.

The Norman portion of the nave of the abbey, cruciform in design, was the work of Bishop Henry de Blois, and may be dated somewhere between 1129 and 1169, but the remainder is Early English. As the abbey was a minster church to an ancient nunnery, it lacks the great west doorway for which one naturally looks in a building of such important dimensions; and the north and south aisles were raised above the level of the nave, probably to afford accommodation for the stalls of the nuns. The choir is so short as to be peculiar, and the apsidal chapels attached to the east side of the transepts form a feature of the Norman work which should not be overlooked. The three-light windows are Early Decorated additions, but in the north aisle are several windows of four lights, some Perpendicular, others earlier. A gracefully bold Early English arch spans the west front of the nave, and no purer examples could be desired than are furnished by the Early English doors, chastened by slender shafts and foliated capitals.

The Lady Chapel, in Early Decorated style, stood at the east end of the choir, but this has long disappeared, and the discovery of the foundation is due to the untiring zeal of the vicar, the Rev. E. L. Berthon. The chapel was probably built about 1305 A.D., but the only remains are portions of the shafts and groinings of the old walls, and the two restored windows which had been inserted in Norman archways. The excavations which led to this discovery brought to light, within the foundations of the Lady Chapel, the foundations of the smaller and rectangular original Norman chapel. The southern entrance to the abbey, which has been reopened in modern times, formed the old communication with the cloisters. The transepts, which are distinctively Norman, are 121 feet long and $61\frac{1}{4}$ feet high. The total length of the abbey is $240\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The nave is 134 feet long, $72\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and 80 feet high, and a general idea of the squat appearance of the heavy Norman tower may be formed from the statement that it is only $92\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and some 26 feet square.

Reference has been already made to the nunnery associated with the abbey, and one of the most interesting of the abbey relics is a cope, afterwards converted into an altar-cloth, supposed to have been the handiwork of some of the Romsey sisterhood. The material is green brocaded velvet, spangled with golden stars and figured with lilies, finely worked into the fabric. This altar-cloth was apparently made about the year 1450, or perhaps a quarter of a century earlier. The nuns are closely associated with the earliest history of the abbey, which was founded in a small way by Edward the Elder about 910 A.D.; and it must have been very soon converted to the purposes of an insignificant nunnery. This at first was only poorly endowed, but Edward's grandson, Edgar, able to turn his attention from the alarms of war to the arts of peace, pushed its fortunes, aided by Archbishop Dunstan of Canterbury, along with those of other churches throughout the recently distracted country. In Edgar's reign, Romsey Abbey was accordingly enlarged and rebuilt under Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and was opened by the king in presence of his nobility on Christmas Day in the year 974.

High patronage without stint fell to the share of the abbesses of Romsey,



CHRISTCHURCH: THE RINGING-ROOM.

some of whom were themselves of the lineage of Saxon kings. Marivanna, a lady of noble blood and exemplary piety, was the first abbess, and her days were those of peace. Stormy times disturbed the reign of her successor Elwina, for the troublesome Dane and his warlike marauders pushed up the Test as far as Romsey, and pillaged the abbey. The abbess and her nuns, having received, as the



ROMSEY.

legend goes, supernatural forewarning of the attack, fled in the nick of time across country to Winchester, taking with them such holy relics as were portable.

Matilda, queen of Henry I., was educated at Romsey Abbey under the charge of her aunt, the abbess Christina. Later, a daughter of King Stephen was head of the nunnery. This abbess was Countess of Boulogne, and it may not have been forgotten that she was the occasion of a great mediæval scandal by defying the Pope and marrying a son of the Count of Flanders, in defiance of monastic vows, and without troubling his Holiness the Pope for a dispensation. The high-handed proceeding was doubtless instigated and helped on to its *dénouement* by Henry II., as a telling point in his course of opposition to the troublesome Thomas à Becket. For ten years the count and his abbess wife survived excommunication and the bitter denunciation of the Church, but the Church was

in the end too strong for them, and they separated. An abbess, in the reign of Henry III., petitioned and actually obtained royal letters patent for the restitution of the privilege of condemning and hanging, that function of the abbesses of Romsey having then become obsolete. On the whole the abbey of Romsey was strictly, virtuously, and liberally managed, and enjoyed high repute for sanctity and learning. Towards the close of the period to which the Dissolution put a sudden stop, the vices which had eaten into the ecclesiastical establishments of the kingdom had, however, tainted even saintly Romsey.

The abbey church shows boldly above the charming valley in which it is built, and the view from the square flat tower is typical of the richest English pastoral scenery. Within easy walking distance of the town is Broadlands, the seat of Lord Mount-Temple; and Westmacott's monument in the abbey to the memory of Frances, Viscountess Palmerston, reminds us that this was the ancestral home of one of the most popular of English Prime Ministers. The epitaph was written by Lord Palmerston's father. Amongst other tombs in the church should be mentioned the canopied monument and effigy ascribed to the abbess-countess who married the Count of Flanders; and a lettered stone to the memory of Sir William Petty, who, the son of a Romsey clothier, became physician-in-chief to the army of Ireland, and died in 1687, the founder of the Lansdowne family.

W SENIOR.

THE CHURCHES OF LEICESTER.

THE LAST HOURS OF WOLSEY.

LEICESTER, once a city and the home of a mitred abbey, and now a busy, thriving manufacturing town, is a very quaint mixture of the old and the new. It possesses in plenty the traditions of antiquity, and some of its streets—such as

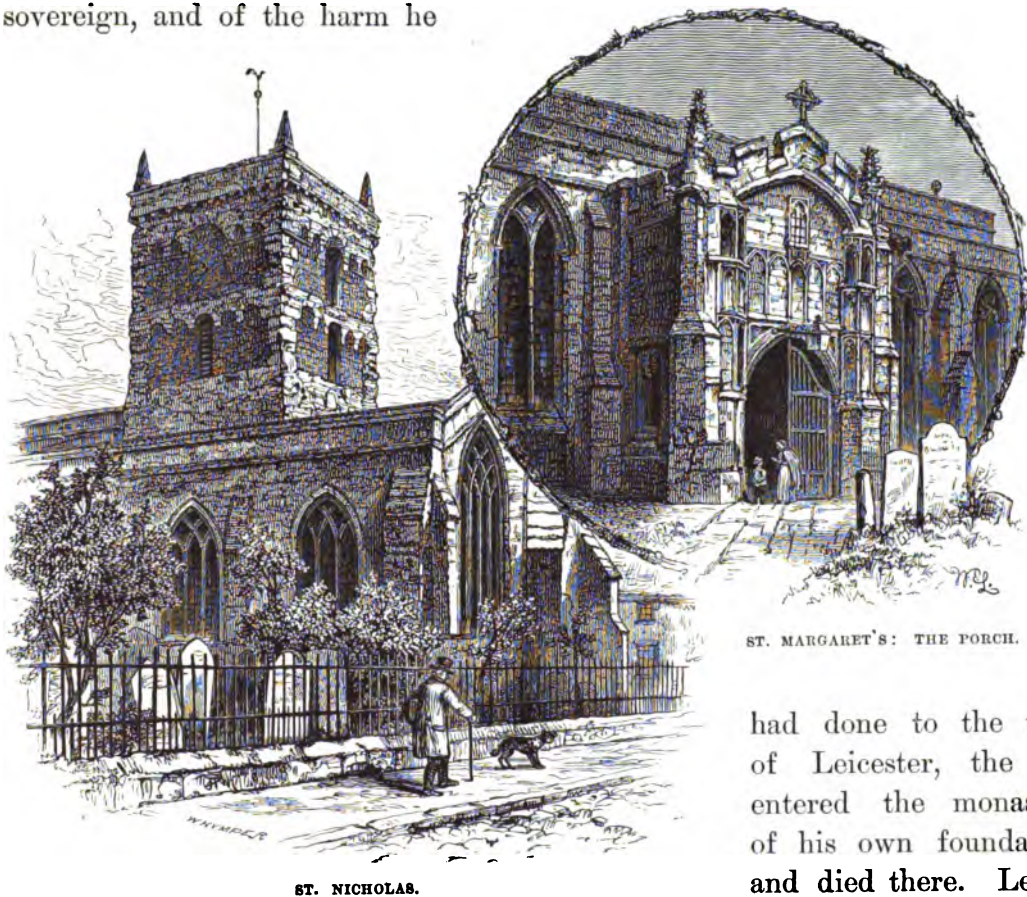


RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY.

Gallowtrecegate and Belgravegate—bear names which sufficiently indicate their olden origin; but, with the exception of its churches and the exceedingly scanty ruins of its abbey, few outward and visible signs of that antiquity remain. To the archæologist and the student of town-lore, the narrow, tortuous streets speak plainly enough of their history; but it is to be feared that the ordinary casual visitor regards Leicester merely as a busy, inelegant town. As a matter of fact, few Midland towns have a longer or more interesting history; and, at all events from an architectural point of view, several of its churches are very curious and attractive. Leicester, moreover, was the scene of the death of Cardinal Wolsey under circumstances so dramatic, not to say tragic, that it was inevitable they should take a strong hold upon the imagination. It was in a chamber of the abbey of St. Mary de Pratis that the Cardinal Thomas Wolsey,

Legate a latere and Archbishop of York, expired, upon a dreary November day in 1530; and long before dawn on the following morning the disgraced prelate was buried by torchlight in the abbey church. That church has long since entirely disappeared; and the day came when even the dust of the proud Chancellor was scattered to the winds.

The Abbey of Leicester was founded in 1143 by Robert, second Earl of Leicester of the de Bellomont creation for Augustinian Canons Regular. In expiation of his rebellion against the sovereign, and of the harm he



had done to the town of Leicester, the earl entered the monastery of his own foundation, and died there. Leicester Abbey was wealthy

from the first. It counted thirty-six manors in Leicestershire alone among its endowments, and was able to maintain the whole of the poor in its neighbourhood. A few crumbling walls are all that now remains of Earl Robert's rich foundation. These ruins are romantically situated in the centre of the Abbey Park, which is a tastefully laid out and well-kept pleasure belonging to the town. The little river Soar flows sluggishly near the scanty vestiges of the building in which was ended one of the most remarkable careers in history. Few men whose names have resounded through the world have left so few visible personal traces as Thomas

Wolsey; for he has neither tomb nor monument, and even the stone coffin which contained his body is traditionally said to have been used as a horse-trough after his disinterment.

As was the case with most monastic foundations of any importance, many odd legends were current regarding Leicester Abbey. The buildings were enlarged by Petronilla, daughter-in-law of the founder; and it is said that after her death a plait of her hair was used to suspend the ever-burning lamp of the sanctuary. Another anecdote has a more genuinely monkish flavour about it. Gilbert Foliot, the first abbot, who was afterwards successively Bishop of Hereford and of London, one night left the presence of King Henry II., with whom he had been conferring relative to the monarch's differences with Thomas à Becket. As he went along he heard a voice, which he took to be that of the devil, reproaching him: "O Gilbert Foliot, dum revolvis tot et tot, Deus tuus est Astaroth." But the holy man was not to be daunted, even by the devil in person; and he answered proudly and severely: "Mentiris Dæmon! Deus meus est Deus Sabaoth."

Of the five churches of Leicester which possess any historic interest, St. Nicholas's is at once the oldest and the quaintest. It is small and low, with a fine square arcaded tower, containing herring-bone work, between the nave and the chancel; and is constructed of granite, sandstone, and Roman tile. Some of these materials, it is conjectured, were taken from the old Jewry Wall close by. The style is mixed, for we find Saxon, Norman, and Early English. The south porch is an interesting piece of ancient brick and timber work, and the doorway to which it gives access has a Norman arch in good preservation, with dog-tooth mouldings. The Saxon church was a plain, rough, barn-like building, with narrow lights, two of which are still to be seen in the nave. The Norman building was cruciform. The church now consists of nave, Early English chancel and south aisle, Norman tower and nave, and a modern north aisle. The roughness of the interior masonry gives the building a curiously bare and unfinished appearance, which is but little relieved in other ways. The pulpit is a semi-circular stone gallery running partly round one of the massive supports of the tower. The Norman arches are semicircular, and have a very quaint appearance. The church contains two or three good windows of modern stained glass, the best of which is the richly coloured one representing Christ raising Jairus' Daughter. There are a few flat tombs, consisting mainly of slabs of slate. In the churchyard are two mutilated pillars of red sandstone, which are conjectured to have formed part of the Roman forum. They were dug out of the street close by. The church, with its low roof and fine tower, makes a striking appearance as seen from the ugly, unkempt street which commands it.

If St. Nicholas be the most curious, the formerly collegiate St. Mary de Castro is assuredly the most generally interesting as well as one of the most architecturally handsome, of the Leicester churches. As its name indicates, it is close to the castle; and is a fine large church, of great length and of very varied architecture. The ancient square pinnaced tower, from which rises a tall and slender Decorated spire (rebuilt in 1783), imparts a noble and elegant appearance to the exterior. There is evidence that a church existed upon this site in Saxon times. A portion of St. Mary's was built by Robert de Bellomont, first Norman Earl of Leicester, father of the founder of Leicester Abbey. He founded in it a college of twelve canons, to which he granted ample endowments and privileges, among them being the patronage of all the other churches in Leicester, with the exception of St. Margaret's.

The church consists now of two naves of equal length, and a narrow north aisle, said to have been built by John of Gaunt. The tower and spire, which rest upon arches, stand independently of the walls of the church. The interior is exceedingly handsome; and although the building contains examples of so many different styles, the work harmonises excellently, and all the details are fine in themselves as well as exceedingly interesting to the architectural antiquary. The Norman work presents some unusual features. The buttresses of the chancel walls are characteristic of the early forms of that style; they are "of the same breadth and thickness from the ground to the top, and die into the wall with a slope immediately below the parapet," and are ornamented with dog-tooth and billeted mouldings. The sedilia are likewise Norman, but of somewhat later date, which has been conjectured as about 1150. They have double rows of pilasters, and are adorned with lavish chevron-work.

At the east end of the aisle is the chapel, or choir, as it has sometimes been called, of the Trinity Guild, founded in the time of Henry VII. by Sir Richard Sacheverel, Knight, and the "good" Lady Hungerford. On the south side of the chancel the stout Norman walls still remain. The chief beauty of the chancel is in the very fine Perpendicular screen, which dates from about 1450. This is a very elaborate piece of work, richly bossed, panelled, and foliated. It contains an abundance of the characteristic Perpendicular quatrefoil work, deftly varied and harmonious. This handsome screen is happily still in very good condition. In the chancel is a monument, conceived in by no means the best taste, to the Rev. Thomas Robinson, the author of "Scripture Characters"—a book which once enjoyed a popularity as great as it now seems amazing. The character of the monument may be gathered from its date—1813. The rich clerestory dates from the thirteenth century; and the font is of about the same period. The handsome and richly carved roof of the chancel is a fine example of

Norman work; and many of the windows, particularly the two east windows, contain good modern stained glass. St. Mary's forms a richer and more harmonious whole than any other church in Leicester.



ST. MARY'S: THE TOWER.

St. Margaret's is a fine church of somewhat later date than those we have been considering, and occupies the site of the Cathedral of the Saxon Bishopric of Leicester—a see which endured only from A.D. 680 to 870. Its most striking external feature is its embattled Perpendicular tower, more than one hundred feet high. The building is, indeed, mainly Perpendicular, and contains some admirable work of that period. When the pious Robert de Bellomont endowed the collegiate church of St. Mary de Castro, we have seen that he granted to it the patronage of all the other churches in the town with the exception of this, which was almost simultaneously erected into a prebend to Lincoln Cathedral by the bishop of the diocese. St. Margaret's consists of nave and side aisles, with an unusually large chancel, and is a church of fine and ample proportions; but the whiteness of the internal stone-work gives the building a somewhat cold appearance. The church is in exceedingly good condition, and is very well kept, which is unfortunately more than can be said for one or two of the other ancient fanes of Leicester. I have said that the chancel is of considerable size; and it is almost as interesting as that of St. Mary's. It contains the very finest ancient tomb existing in the town, which is, oddly enough, singularly destitute of interesting sepulchral memorials.

This is the tomb of John Penny, for many years abbot of the monastery of St. Mary de Pratis, and afterwards Bishop of Bangor and of Carlisle, who died in 1520. It is a chaste and beautiful monument of alabaster, with a recumbent figure of the bishop in episcopal vestments, executed with all the taste and more than the simplicity of the time. It is happily still quite perfect. The chancel is entirely Perpendicular, and is closed by a handsome modern Perpendicular screen, noticeably excellent in itself, but naturally neither so rich nor so elegant as that of St. Mary's. The chancel windows, which are likewise Perpendicular, have some modern stained glass. Some well-carved poppy-head stalls and two or three *misereres*, which have been figured in more than one book upon ecclesiastical architecture, were removed early in the century; and some of them now enrich the church of Aston, Birmingham. In the side aisles are several slabs to the memory of members of the Burnaby family, an old Leicestershire house which has achieved conspicuous distinction in very recent times. The churchyard contains the very plain tomb of Andrew, fifth Baron Rollo, who died at Leicester in 1765. Lord Rollo was one of the most distinguished members of a military and Jacobite family, which seemed at one time to have an insatiable taste for fighting. He obtained well-deserved laurels for his share in the reduction of Canada, and in the capture of Martinique in 1762. Robert Grossetête, who, after St. Hugh of Avalon was the most famous of Lincoln's bishops, once held this benefice.



WOLSEY.

Notwithstanding that the church of All Saints dates from the fourteenth century, and was no doubt once interesting and sightly, it is now in many respects a "fearful example." Bare, barnlike, and whitewashed, it presumably bears a close resemblance to the typical English church of a century ago, when architectural taste was undergoing a long eclipse. Even the roof of the chancel is whitewashed; while every detail of the sanctuary is mean and unfit. The chancel, which was rebuilt in the worst days of ecclesiastical architecture, is an eyesore; but steps are being taken to improve its appearance. The side aisles are match-boarded, which necessarily produces a cheap, commonplace, not to say barrack-like effect that is sadly out of keeping in a church. The benches, too, are painted and grained; and there is not a single pane of coloured glass in the building. Still the church, which was founded in 1199, is not absolutely destitute of interesting features. The lower section of the tower and the west doorway are Norman. There is a fine and well-carved

hexagonal oak pulpit, of Perpendicular work, very much smaller, of course, than most modern pulpits. The windows are of that Decorated curvilinear fashion which is so often found in Leicestershire churches. The roofs of the side aisles are handsome pieces of Perpendicular woodwork. The font, too, is a beautiful example of Early English carving. There is still preserved in the church part of a curious old clock, having a painted representation of Time and two human figures, or "Quarter Jacks," which formerly, when the clock was over the west door, outside the church, struck the quarters with hammers. The only noticeable tomb the church seems to have contained in recent times was that of William Norice, whose claims to remembrance were, that he was twice Mayor of Leicester, was thrice married, was ninety-seven years of age when he died in 1615, and that, according to his epitaph, his

"—grave from all the rest is known
By finding out the greatest stone."

This tomb has disappeared. Close to the west door is a holy-water stoup, with two iron links for the chained bowl still remaining. In the south aisle two piscinas and a bracket-pedestal for a statue indicate that there were formerly side altars. Near the font are some ancient tiles and the remains of the old screen, unhappily covered with paint. The church was restored in 1877, when the beautiful Early English arch between the north aisle and the tower was opened.

St. Martin's (or St. Cross, as it has sometimes been called) is the largest church in Leicester, and has been the most intimately connected with the history of the town. It is a cruciform church, of great width, having three aisles, two on the south and one on the north; and it has a fine central tower supported upon arches, and an elegant spire put up in 1867 from the designs of Mr. R. Brandon. The body of the church is Early English, but the existing windows were inserted in the Decorated period. The chancel was rebuilt about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the great south aisle, which is almost as wide as the nave, the archdeacon holds his court. This aisle contains two chapels or oratories—the chapel of Our Lady at the east end, and that of St. George at the west end; but neither of them is now used. The altars of these chapels, together with the high-altar, were destroyed at the Reformation. These oratories were the chapels of the two powerful guilds that were long attached to the church: the Guilds of St. George and Corpus Christi. The confraternity of St. George possessed many peculiar privileges; and the "Ride of St. George," which it annually performed, was a gorgeous pageant. There was formerly in the church an effigy of a horse decked in the brave trappings that were used on the yearly festival day of the confraternity; but at the

Reformation it went the way of the three altars, and is recorded to have been sold for a shilling. The Guild of Corpus Christi was the more ancient of the two, and was invested with an odd mixture of civil and religious jurisdiction. There were two joint masters of the confraternity who were empowered, in association with the mayor, to impose fines upon members of the corporation who misbehaved themselves.

The roofs and woodwork of St. Martin's are very fine; and the church happily still retains its Norman piscina. There is also a creditable "Ascension" by Vanni, formerly used as an altar-piece, which was presented by Sir William Skeffington, Bart. Here is the unpretending tomb, bearing the date of 1710, of Abigail Swift, mother of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Of the several tombs of members of the Heyrick family, none is of especial interest. The church has unfortunately now finally lost the ancient font which was removed during the Usurpation. It was sold in 1651 to one George Smith for seven shillings, and a new one erected near to the reading-desk; as was common in Puritanical times. But nine months after the Restoration a parish meeting was held, at which it was "agreed that the font of stone formerly belonging to the church shall be set up in the ancient place, and that the other now standing near the desk be taken down;" and a little more than a year later the font was repurchased from George Smith's widow for the same price that had been given for it eleven years previously. St. Martin's suffered much during the civil wars. A Parliamentary garrison, that was driven out of Newark, took refuge in it, and converted it into a barrack. The church was stormed, and many of the soldiers were killed within its walls, while others were cut down in the market-place near by.

In 1729 a violent and unseemly dispute broke out between the Rev. Mr. Carte, the Vicar of St. Martin's, and Mr. Jackson, a Confrater, who afterwards became Master of the Wigston Hospital. Mr. Jackson disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the doctrine of the Trinity; and on several occasions when the Vicar in his Sunday morning sermon had upheld that doctrine, scandalous scenes were caused by Mr. Jackson going into the pulpit in the evening and denying the Vicar's teaching. Upon one occasion the churchwardens commanded him in the middle of his sermon to leave the pulpit; and at another time he was stopped on the steps of the pulpit by the sexton. A judicial decision was at length obtained to the effect that the Confrater's action was illegal.

The tendency of time is always to raise the level of the streets in an old town; and at Leicester several of the more ancient churches are considerably below the street-line, and are entered by a descent of two or three steps.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY; ST. MICHAEL'S, VERULAM;
ST. MARY-IN-CASTRO, DOVER.

MEMORIES OF BRITISH CHURCHES.

THERE is no church in England more venerable than that which looks down from the last undulation of the chalk downs over the valley of the Stour, and the city of Canterbury. For nearly thirteen centuries it has borne the name of St. Martin of Tours; for the same period, practically without a break, has Christ been worshipped on this spot—nay, we might almost say, within these walls. Externally, there is little to attract notice, though the view from its churchyard is of exceptional interest. It is a simply-built structure of moderate size, with a low, almost stumpy, tower. But closer investigation proves that if it has little architectural beauty it is full of historic interest. A glance at the rude masonry of its walls shows Roman tiles abundant among the miscellaneous materials of which it is composed. Here and there may be seen plain and heavy semicircular arches similarly constructed. Among the changes of later date, it is easy to distinguish the shell of a very ancient building, which, if it do not reach back to Roman times, is, at any rate, largely constructed from the ruins of Roman buildings.

This is the history of St. Martin's. Ethelbert, the Pagan King of Kent, towards the end of the sixth century married Bertha, a Christian, daughter of King Charibert, of Paris. Ethelbert, though he did not adopt the creed of his wife, assigned to her and her chaplain a ruined Christian church outside Canterbury, where his palace also was a relic of the Roman occupation of Britain. Thus, on the site of St. Martin's Church, "prayer was wont to be made" at the time when Augustine landed at Ebbe's Fleet; and here, not long after his arrival at Canterbury, he worshipped with the queen. In due course the king was baptised—as some have asserted, at St. Martin's. This, then, may be regarded as in a certain sense the very seed-plot of the Anglican Church, and still more as a visible link between that and the yet earlier British Church, for, as we are told by Bede, the building given to Bertha had been a church prior to the invasion of the English.

Does any part of this structure remain? Can we touch the walls which have witnessed the prayers of Bertha and Augustine? It is not easy to answer the question. Certainly a great part of the church is of later date. There is work of the fourteenth century in the tower, and in the windows of the nave, with some which is yet more modern. The chancel is of the thirteenth century, and something is left older than this, but later than the Norman Conquest. Nevertheless, in the rude masonry with Roman tiles, and the simple openings—doors, or windows of

some kind—now mostly blocked up, there is evidence that parts of the building are anterior to the last-named period. Still, it must be admitted that though



ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

Roman materials enter abundantly into the masonry, this, as a rule, appears to be of later date than the age of Ethelbert. Here and there, however, a little may be seen with the characteristic Roman "salmon-coloured" mortar, which appears to be still *in situ*, and also some pieces of pavement, seemingly of Roman date, which entitle us to claim for the present fabric of St. Martin's a material connection with that in which Roman Christians worshipped and Bertha listened to the voice of Augustine.

There are many details of the church, as will be inferred from the above remarks, of the highest interest, such as a curious opening in the west wall, and another in that on the south side of the chancel, monumental brasses, and the like, two of which, at least, demand a brief notice. One is the font. It is evidently of great antiquity, formed of more than one piece of stone, approximately cylindrical in shape, the ornamentation consisting of three tiers, with rim and

base (modern). The two lower tiers are occupied by two zones of knotwork or scroll work, the third by a row of intersecting semicircular arches; on the rim, again, is scroll work. Tradition points to it as the font in which Ethelbert was baptised. Not only is the locality of the king's baptism uncertain, but also no part of the ornamentation of this font can be assigned to so early a date as the end of the sixth century; indeed, the interlacing arches would suggest rather the twelfth. So that the only way out of the difficulty would be to suppose, as some have done, that the ornamentation is more recent than the font itself. We can hardly say that this is impossible, but on the whole it seems more probable that the font is of later date than the days of Augustine. Again, an old stone coffin under a semicircular arch in the north wall of the chancel is designated as the tomb of Bertha. But here, too, apart from architectural difficulties, we are confronted with the fact that she was not buried at St. Martin's, but nearer the ruined chapel of St. Pancras, on the lower ground just outside the city walls. Church and churchyard alike are carefully tended. The latter was chosen by Dean Alford for his resting-place. The view from it is a grand one. Below the slope, beyond the spot where Bertha and Augustine were buried, are the remnants of the noble abbey which the latter founded, and which bore his name. Beyond this rises the stately mass of the noble cathedral, which, taking the place of the humbler structure founded by Augustine, also stands on the site of a building of Roman age, and is now the visible centre of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, the middle link in a chain of Christian congregations which girdles the earth.

On the top of the chalk cliffs at Dover, within the walls of its famous castle, we find another connection with the Roman occupation, and possibly with the British churches. There stands a rugged octagonal structure, with massive walls built of tufa and other stone, bonded with Roman tiles, the lower and greater part of which is indubitably a work of that people, though the upper storey was evidently added about the fourteenth century. This is supposed to have been a landmark or lighthouse. A few feet distant to the east is a church, obviously of great antiquity. It is cruciform in plan, with a low central tower, broken on one side. The walls are constructed of rough masonry of stone, and flint, and brick. The quoins are partly stone, partly Roman tiles. Many of the openings are round-headed, the jambs being like the quoins, the arches mostly turned with tiles. Within, and beneath the tower, similar round-headed arches open into the transepts, but those east and west are insertions of later date. The west front has two round-headed arches in the gable, a single similar opening in the wall below, and beneath that a very plain door of like form. Both these are supposed by the late Sir G. G. Scott, by whom the church was carefully

restored, to have been once connected with the "Pharos." The age of the church is less certain than that of the tower. Tradition asserts that it was built by King Lucius; but this is of no value. Some have ascribed it to Eadbald, son of Ethelbert, and thus as dating from about the year 640. Sir G. G. Scott, however, regards it as more modern, though he considers it to be one of the three oldest churches in England, Worth and Brixworth being the others. Thus it is long anterior to the Norman Conquest. It undoubtedly contains materials derived from a Roman building, and there is, of course, a possibility that some fragments of this age may be incorporated into its walls. The various later alterations call for no special mention, and the few monuments which now remain have only a local interest; but plain and almost humble as is its architecture, we cannot gaze unmoved on this venerable relic, which, after years of disgraceful neglect, has been rescued from ruin, and bids fair to remain for centuries to come a memorial of the older period of our national history.



THE PHAROS.

St. Michael's Church at St. Albans, though no part of it may be actually Roman masonry, brings us into close contact with the work of that nation and with the first days of British Christianity. As we stand on the bridge over the river Ver, which parts the English from the Roman town, we are surrounded by memorials of full nineteen centuries of our history. Towards the east our eyes rest on a grassy strath, by the side of a little river fringed with lines of luxuriant trees, and bordered by gardens which extend to the brink of the stream down the slope of the northern plateau. On this cluster the houses of St. Albans, overtopped or masked by tall trees; these almost conceal the tower of the stately abbey, raised by the first Norman abbot, Paul of Caen, on the site of the religious house founded by the English king, Offa, in memory of the British martyr. The town creeps down not unpicturesquely to the bridge, a substitute for the old ford, and from this it again straggles a little way up the gentle slope on the south side of the valley, towards a small old church. On this slope, above and below the bridge, where now, except in our immediate neighbourhood, are grassy fields and hedgerows, or shadowy groups of trees, once stood the Roman Verulam, which itself, in the opinion of some antiquaries, replaced the stronghold of Cassivelaunus, chief of the Casii, stormed and captured by the legions of Julius Caesar. St. Michael's Church, and the little suburb around it, with a fragment of wall and some grassy mounds, are the

sole memorials of the Roman city, whose inhabitants were gradually drawn away to gather round the gates of the abbey which had risen on the spot where a Roman soldier had paid with his life for becoming a convert to the faith of the despised Galilean.

The church of St. Michael stands not far from the middle of the southern



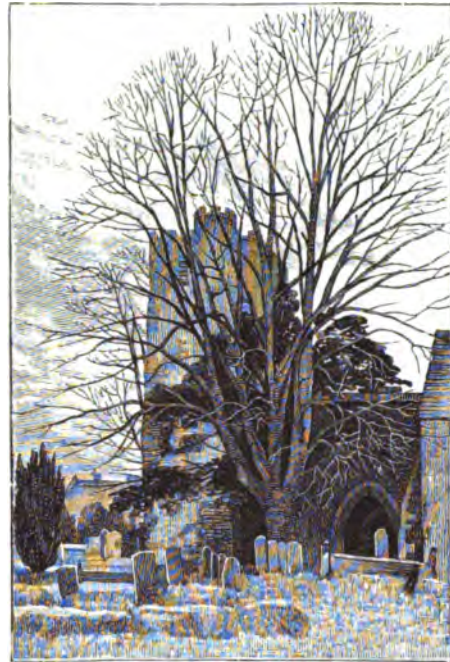
ST. MARY-IN-CASTRO.

wall of the Roman Verulam, probably at no great distance from the site of the gateway. Though no part of it may be of Roman masonry, yet it is traditionally said to occupy the place of a temple. At any rate, Roman substructures are so common all round as to make it often difficult to dig a grave in the rather ample churchyard, the wall of which, considerably higher than the road, is said to rest on a foundation of Roman work. Parts of the church presently to be described are undoubtedly very ancient. Matthew Paris states that Ulsinus, second abbot of St. Albans, built, about the year 950, three churches, of which this, dedicated to St. Michael, was one. It is, therefore, probable that the earliest work now visible dates from the middle of the tenth century, while the materials of which it was constructed are from the Roman town.

There is some difference of opinion as to the relative ages of the older

part of the church, one authority stating that the nave was built about the year 1086, while another holds that the nave belongs to the earlier date, and that its walls were pierced and aisles added at the later. This appears the more probable. The extremely rude pier arches certainly seem not later than the eleventh century, and yet they are evidently newer than some small plain round-headed arches, constructed of Roman brick, which are visible in the clerestory wall, for these bear no relation in position to the pier arches, and in one case one of the latter actually cuts off the lower part of the former. The aisles have been, however, rebuilt and altered. The pier arches are unequal in number, three on the north, four on the south; of the latter, two open into a chapel, one is partially built up and communicates with a porch, and the westernmost is closed. The original clerestory windows were built up, and others of late type inserted during one of the many alterations, though prior to the construction of the above-mentioned chapel, which has two lancet windows at its eastern end. The tower is Perpendicular, but the great blocks of Hertfordshire pudding-stone on which its masonry rests may belong to an older building. There are several interesting details in the church, such as a "squint," remains of a rood-loft, brasses, and a Jacobean pulpit, with an iron bracket for an hour-glass; but over these we must not linger.

There is, however, a monument to be noticed, which brings, perhaps, more visitors to St. Michael's than its ancient arches and walls. This is the grave of Bacon, the profound philosopher, once—unfortunately for his repute—keeper of the Great Seal of England. Gorhambury, his home, is a short distance from Verulam, from which he took one of his titles, and the picturesque ruins of the Elizabethan house which he inhabited may be still seen in the park. A chill, caught while experimenting on the effect of snow as an antiseptic, by the roadside of Highgate, proved fatal to his already enfeebled constitution, and he died at that place, whence he was brought to this church for burial, in accordance with his own desire, it being the resting-place of his mother. His monument is placed in a recess in the north wall of the chancel, and is no doubt an excellent likeness.



ST. MICHAEL'S, ST. ALBANS.

T. G. BONNEY.

GRASMERE AND CROSTHWAITE.

THE LAKE POETS.

“IT was sunset when we approached Grasmere. The solemn heights towards the setting sun showed their dark sides reflected in the water with wonderful distinctness. The effect of this lake upon the spirit was immediate, awakening a feeling of something profound in one’s nature. Windermere was tranquil, but it was a cheerful tranquillity; its genius was peace, but peace with a smiling aspect. Grasmere seemed to be formed amidst the mountain recesses expressly as an abode for lonely, silent, pensive meditation.” Since these words were written, by a visitor from the great American continent, Grasmere—the village, at least, and in some respects the lake and vale—may be said to have suffered loss of the loneliness, silence, and reflective solitude so eloquently claimed on behalf of the beautiful spot. At Town End stands the Lake Hotel. There are also the Prince of Wales’s, and many lodging-houses, villas, and mansions, denoting a place with a “season,” and with no lack of tourist visitors at all holiday times of the year. Grasmere, in truth, is a place of much resort, and can no longer be spoken of as by the poet Gray, when its repose and “happy poverty” were unspoilt, or even as, at a much later time, by Channing, when all its impressions were still those of pensive loneliness.

With Grasmere is inseparably linked the fame of William Wordsworth. Here he lived, from 1799 to 1808, when he first settled in the neighbourhood, occupying a house which he celebrates in his poem of “The Waggoner” as having once borne the sign of the Dove and Olive-bough. Here, too, in the shade of yew-trees which he is said to have planted with his own hands, he lies buried. The grave is covered with a plain slab of blue slate, bearing the names—sharply cut, as if the work of the chisel had been done yesterday—of the poet and his wife Mary, who survived him. Other graves of his household are here, having, indeed, been tenanted before his own. His sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, lies near; nearer still rests Dora Quillinan, the married daughter whose death shook him so severely that it may be said to have hastened his own. This highly gifted lady, beloved by all who knew her, was the wife of Mr. Edward Quillinan, a native of Oporto, and a man of rare literary attainments, who first married a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and lost her by a lamentable accident. A little behind the graves of the Wordsworth family is the mound, denoted by a cruciform tombstone, which covers Hartley Coleridge, eldest son of S. T. Coleridge, another of the Lake brotherhood. Within the heavy, square-built church, ancient but unattractive, is the medallion profile of Wordsworth, accompanied by Keble’s epitaph. The church itself has been uncompromisingly

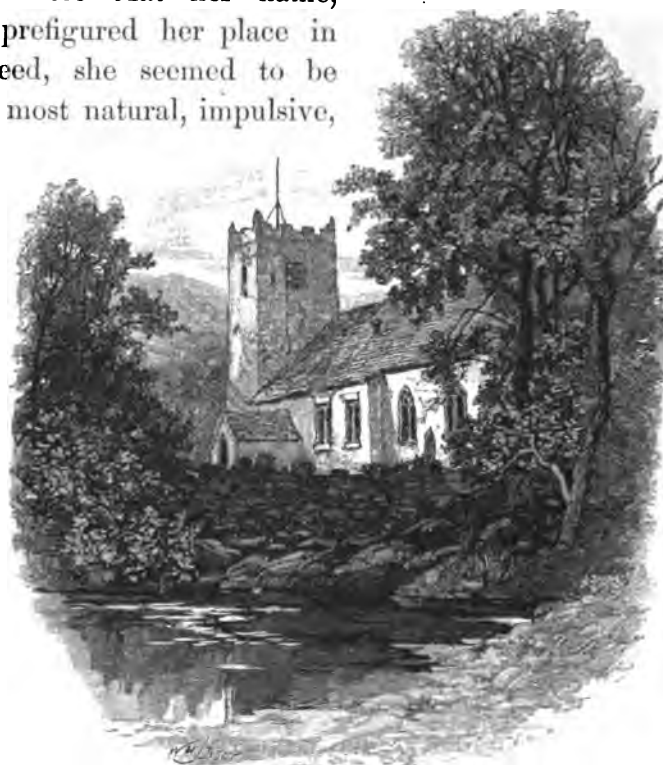
described as "hideous," which is a hard word for any building with so old and so hallowed a history. It has a massive tower; and massiveness, or, it might be said, bulkiness, is the general characteristic of the entire building, which is one of great antiquity. The Rothay glides gently by the resting-place of Wordsworth, on which the heights of Fairfield, Silver How, and Helm Crag look lovingly down; and, with the winding stream as a foreground, the church falls well enough into its place in the picture.

Never doubting his claim to poetic immortality, but always regarding the future as for him an assured growth of fame, Wordsworth was spared the painful effects of that misgiving which has beset many other poets, and has at times deprived them of the light in which, grave or gay, all poetry should live and move and have its being. Whatever tone of sadness, of melancholy, may haunt the poet's song, no dark, doubtful note must jar with his true inspiration. Wordsworth knew himself to be, in his own words, "a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them."

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, a small town of Cumberland, on the high road from Keswick to Whitehaven. His father was a solicitor and law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale, a capricious, eccentric, and oppressive nobleman, who, in his official station of Lord Lieutenant over two counties, is said to have behaved at times with the arbitrary and disdainful haughtiness of a feudal chieftain. The estate for which Wordsworth's father was agent was very large, and, at that time, savagely grand and primæval. There were oaks that might have built a navy; yews that had possibly furnished bows for the soldiers of Cœur de Lion; forestal glades and sweeping lawns which for centuries had been unapproached by the hand of art; and, instead of timid fallow deer, such as are seen in other parks of the aristocracy, thundering droves of wild horses, that made the solid earth tremble beneath their fast-galloping feet.

The children of the Cumberland lawyer received all the advantages of a complete education. Of the four sons, Richard, the eldest, followed in the footsteps of his father, and was trained to the law. William, the second, and Christopher, the third son, after being some years at Hawkshead School, in Lancashire, proceeded to Cambridge University, where, as is well known, the younger man rose to the dignified station of Master of Trinity College. The fourth and youngest son, John, entered the East India Company's service, and, having risen honourably to the rank of captain, perished at the very outset of

the voyage which was meant to be his last, and which would, if successful, have raised the sum of his fortunes to £20,000. While the outward-bound ship, *Abergavenny*, was still in charge of the pilot off the Dorsetshire coast, she went ashore and became a total wreck. "O pilot, you have ruined me," were nearly the last words that the unfortunate officer was heard to speak. Of the one sister, it is but necessary to say here that her name, Dorothy, *id est*, Theodora, aptly prefigured her place in the poet's household, where, indeed, she seemed to be "the gift of God." She was the most natural, impulsive, sympathetic, helpful, companionable, tender, and real of human beings. Who can say how much we, who have found joy, strength, and encouragement in Wordsworth's poetry, owe to that loved sister? Her musical soul joined his in many and many a ramble; for she was ever ready to walk out with him; and that poem, "To my Sister," beginning, "It is the first mild day of March," was but the frequent and ordinary expression of a desire to roam forth with her in her woodland dress and "feel the sun." His own acknowledgment of obligation to her influence should, in fact, be ours. Happy, also,



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in his choice of Mary Hutchinson, his meek, cheerful, intelligent cousin, for a wife, Wordsworth had all that could foster that peculiarly tranquil and reflective faculty of imagination which made his poetry what it was and is for the English-speaking race. Retirement and rustic ease, freedom from petty troubles, the constant congenial promptings of that natural beauty which he was so keenly competent to perceive and admire, all helped to feed his divinely-given genius. He had little reason, with his simple and austere tastes, to fear poverty; that is, so soon as he was in possession of any moderate means; and though, about the time of his leaving college, his whole regular income was, as De Quincey puts it with characteristic quaintness, "precisely = 0," this was but a fleeting condition of embarrassment, if it was even that. Never, surely, was penniless poet more readily helped above the menaces of



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

out of sheer mad perversity, and a determination to do the thing that was wrong, had withheld payment of money due to his law-agent, Wordsworth's father. His lordship's successor, a man of conscience, looking into his family affairs, found out the true state of the case, and hastened to make restitution. By this act of simple honesty, the Wordsworths were duly benefited. Then, Miss Hutchinson brought her spouse some little fortune, which, after their marriage, was handsomely increased by a legacy. The removal of Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth to Rydal Mount, where the poet continued to reside for the rest of his life, a period of thirty-seven years, was marked by continued access of fortune. Through the instrumentality of Lord Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, a somewhat lucrative post, yielding an annual revenue of £500; to this was in time added a Government pension of £300 a year; and, apart from these monetary benefits, the Laureateship and the academic honours conferred on him by the universities of Oxford and Durham, together with his advancing fame, gladdened the declining years of his honoured life. He died on St. George's Day, 1850, three years after

worldly care. A young man of good family, and with extraordinary discernment of the uses to which money might beneficially be put, happened to be dying of pulmonary consumption; and, as might befall in a pleasant fiction, though a most unusual incident of real life, he left £900 to his poetical neighbour, because he wanted it; a most ridiculous reason, as many excellent persons no doubt thought, for a young gentleman-farmer to entertain. It was, however, the basis of Wordsworth's prosperity, which was built up by a series of lucky accessions. The "bad Lord Lonsdale,"



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(From a Portrait by Hancock.)

his beloved daughter, Dora Quillinan, and about thrice that interval of time before the death of Mrs. Wordsworth, who continued to dwell at Rydal Mount, deprived of sight, but cheerful and full of conversational power, as in the old time.

Nor is it alone with the church of Grasmere that, in fame as well as in mortality, we associate the name of William Wordsworth. His epitaph on Southey has been read by every Lake tourist visiting the church of Crosthwaite. This large, ancient, and massive building, with heavy buttresses and battlements, is dedicated to St. Kentigern. The church was restored in 1845. Its ancient monuments and brasses, curious font of Edward III., and other points of antiquarian interest, are obscured in general estimation by the monument of Robert Southey, a recumbent figure, by the self-taught sculptor, John Graham Lough. The epitaph, by Wordsworth, happily touches every memorable point of Southey's history. These are the closing lines :—

" His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top ; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure ; and Christian faith
Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death."

Of whom do we speak as the "Lake Poets"? There is inevitably some confusion of ideas in the frequent use of a phrase so loose and uncertain. The "Lake School," a still less intelligible designation, was first applied to the followers or imitators of Wordsworth, who are now forgotten, if they ever really existed. But by the "Lake Poets" we may signify a small group of independently creative minds that never constituted, nor ever could constitute, a school. Of these, Wordsworth himself stands first; and when we have added the names of Coleridge, who wrote too little, and Southey, who wrote too much, the alliance or community of poetical thought and feeling indicated by the term "Lake Poets," or "Lakists," is made up. To the group might indeed be attached, by some license of imperfect association, Thomas de Quincey, who for a time succeeded to the occupancy of Wordsworth's first dwelling-place at Grasmere, and who, though not strictly definable as a poet, had undoubtedly the poetical gifts, both of imagination and fancy, in a high degree. The single volume in which Wordsworth published his "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798 contained, as the contribution of an anonymous friend, Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." As if to complete, for all future time, the personal association of the two poets, then unknown by name, Wordsworth's own hand appears in two of the most familiar lines of his friend's poem.

The "ray of a new morning" was found by De Quincey, though only a boy of thirteen at the time, in this book, so coldly and ignorantly received by the public. He, almost alone, perceived in it an absolute revelation of untrodden worlds, teeming with power and beauty as yet unsuspected among men. It seems that

Professor Wilson, entirely unconnected with "the English Opium-Eater," and not even known to him until ten years later, received from the same volume the same startling and profound impressions, he being no older than De Quincey himself. Wordsworth and Coleridge were, at the time of publication, respectively twenty-eight and twenty-six years of age; but it is scarcely necessary to remind any ordinary reader that both were precocious versifiers, or that, in addition to the poetic faculty, Coleridge was a very Gibbon of crudition when but a boy of fourteen. A "playless day-dreamer," he acquired learning without effort; and having made himself head-scholar at Christ's Hospital, where he was schoolmate of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, he proceeded to Jesus College, Cambridge, where, in his first year, he gained the Browne gold medal for the Greek ode. Incurring debts, which weighed heavily on his mind and spirits, though the amount was small, and having, moreover, made himself obnoxious by the unpatriotic principles—as they were thought to be—which were afterwards so strongly expressed in his ode, "France," he suddenly left Cambridge, flung himself forlorn and desolate on the world of London, and enlisted, as all people know—even though knowing little or nothing else about Coleridge—in the 15th Light Dragoons, soon to be discovered and bought out by his friends.

From both his friends, from Southey more, indeed, than from Wordsworth, Coleridge differed vastly in all but the common ties of intellect. Circumstances and their effect upon character strengthened the contrast between him and Wordsworth; but in habit, conduct, all that comes of character—in principle, that is to say, which is little affected by circumstances—Coleridge was still further removed from Southey. What Wordsworth would have been without the easy flow of fortune which satisfied his wants it would not be easy to say. But of Southey, changeable in his opinions like Wordsworth and like Coleridge, but fixed in laborious resolution, and in calm, steadfast adherence to the rules he had laid down for his own guidance through life, it may be safely said he was the very opposite of that common type of mankind, a "creature of circumstance." A voluminous poet, whose published verse might have been vastly augmented had he not destroyed at least half the quantity he produced, it was by his prose writings that, as he himself laughingly said, he "made the pot boil." And boil it did, to a pretty tune; for this often anonymous writer of reviews, who was exceedingly modest and contented in his ideas of remuneration, and neither courted nor enjoyed popularity, amassed a library which was itself a fortune, and left £12,000 to be divided amongst his children.

There was close fellowship through many years among these great men and a fourth, who, though falling short of the mark at which greatness can be said to begin, was not unworthy to be associated in literary labours with two of them, Coleridge and Southey. This was Robert Lovell, who began his intimacy by

publishing, in conjunction with Southey, a volume of poems, and who afterwards joined in other labours—not to mention a wild scheme of emigration—which



CRORTHWAITE.

included Coleridge. It must not be left unmentioned that the three fellow-poets married sisters, natives of Bristol, named Fricker. The lady who was espoused by Southey died an unhappy imbecile; and, as is well known, he took for his second wife the gifted Caroline Bowles. In the matter of boons and legacies not even Coleridge had cause to complain of ill-fortune; for an annuity of £75, left him by his friend Mr. Wedgwood, who had materially aided his travels and studies, must have helped him in later years to keep the wolf from the door. Mrs. Lovell, widow of the poet who was brother-in-law of Coleridge and Southey, came to live for a time with the two families, when they occupied in combination the plain dwelling-house on a hill overhanging the river Greta. She brought her son with her, so that there were in all three families, the children of each having by consequence two several aunts. It was one of Southey's jests to call the eminence on which their house was placed the *ant-hill*.

Coleridge abandoned the Lakes many years—twenty-four, according to De Quincey—before his death at Highgate, on the 25th July, 1834. Southey, of whom it may be said, in distinction from Wordsworth and Coleridge, that his ideality was tinged less by German thought than with the colours of that strong and richly-blossoming Teutonic branch of the Latin tongue, Spanish, remained,

like Wordsworth, constant to the scenes in which his part in life had principally been played. The poet of the "Prelude," the "Excursion," and many a more familiar and better-loved strain of natural, reflective verse, lies buried, as we have seen, at Grasmere. "Westminster contains no resting-place so fit for him." Southey's grave is in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, and of his monument within the church mention has already been made. It is a link between the two friends, who rest apart, but whose tombs are drawn together in the deathless sympathy of poetic thought, Wordsworth's heartfelt lines shedding immortal radiance on the cold marble of Southey's sculptured form.

GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.



CROSTHWAITE: SOUTHEY'S MONUMENT.

THE PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, BRECON.

“THE second cathedral in this great diocese.” So spake the Bishop of St. David’s on the memorable occasion when the ornate eastern window was unveiled by his lordship, on April 13th, 1882, to the double memory of those noble fellows (many of them brave Welshmen) who fought against fearful odds on that terrible field of carnage, Isandhlwana, and of those who battled even more gloriously in defending the hospital at Rorke’s Drift. “Brecon Priory Church is indisputably the third church not in a state of ruin in the Principality: it possibly might venture to dispute the second place with Llandaff.” Thus wrote, a few years ago, Mr. Freeman, the historian, and withal an authority on Norman churches. The grandeur of this sacred Norman pile as a whole, added to its internal architectural beauty, and to the wealth of its archæological and antiquarian records, has given well-earned meaning to the phrase, “the grand old Priory Church.”

The Priory Church (or the Church of the Holy Rood) is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and was first built by Bernard de Newmarch, one of the Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror (said to be indeed his half-brother). There is something intensely pathetic about the tale of the subjugation of Breconshire to the Norman yoke. Brecon had a noble line of native princes; they fought valiantly against the foreign invader; and on the spot where the earlier Romans had erected their camp (the great Gaer-camp), a few hundred years later we find the native British princes squeezed into a corner, as it were, and compelled to fight against the mailed hosts of the merciless Conqueror. The Norman knights had “already paid homage and sworn fealty for the lands they had not yet conquered in Wales;” and thus it comes about that we find Bernard de Newmarch confronting Prince Blethyn ap Maenarch in his chief town of Caer Vong (ancient Brecon), situated two miles higher up the valley than the present town. Here Blethyn made “a last stand.” Alas! he was slain; his town of Caer Vong was razed; and Newmarch moved down the river Usk two miles into a beautiful and secluded valley: he had an eye to the picturesque, hard, feudal lord though he was, and here he built a castle, fortified a town, and presently erected the fine embattled pile of St. John’s and the priory of Benedictine monks adjoining. One can pretty well picture the scene of those bygone times. Brecon (which is 171 miles from London—seven hours’ railway journey) is built in one long and narrow valley: on the one side the stately Beacons reared their heads; and the fine old tower of St. John’s, almost as massively square as it is tall, would then, as now, be a conspicuous object in the panoramic view.

The Priory Church is nobly situated on an eminence, and is almost a perfect example of pure Norman work; and, to quote Mr. Freeman once again, "Brecon is a grand and perfect whole, which Llandaff is not. Its external idea is that of pure bulk, and no building ever better expressed it. Its outline, as a matter of picturesque effect, is inimitable;" and we have been further told by this eminent expert, and the words have been reiterated by the late Sir Gilbert Scott (who carried out the restoration work in 1860—75), that the Priory Church, with "the splendours of its magnificent presbytery, is one of the choicest examples of the Early English style, on a scale intermediate between the sublime majesty of Ely and the diminutive elegance of Skelton." The presence of an old Saxon font has led some antiquarians and archaeologists to wax warm on the theme whether the church is to be reckoned of Norman or pre-Norman creation; but the dim light of mediæval history fairly and conclusively points to the conclusion that after the battle of Caer Vong (*temp.* 1090), the "local monarch" founded Brecknock Priory as a cell to Battle Abbey, in Sussex; and when we further remember that one of the chapels in the church of the Holy Rood of Brecon is called to this day Battle Chapel, Battle being the name of the parish in which Prince Blethyn and his troops were slain, we think the evidence is irresistible that the first ecclesiastical pile was erected here by Bernard the Norman.

This Bernard de Newmarch was a stern, boisterous, commanding old knight. His time on earth seems to have been pretty well and fully occupied in the serious pastimes of conquering, murdering, building, praying, endowing. "For the peace of his soul," as the old terroriser well expressed it in his "last will and testament," he bequeathed corn-mills, and tithes, and churches, to keep the Priory of Benedictine Monks at Brecon a-going; and when Bluff Old Hal "laid hands" upon the monasteries and their rich endowments, "Brecknock Priory" must have been a veritable golden egg. After supplying all the wants and scruples of Henry VIII., Sir John Price, of the Priory, antiquarian, author, and promoter of the Welsh Act of Union, who had been commissioned to carry out the unpleasant duty of "evicting the monks," inherited a large and goodly estate out of "the royal leavings;" for when Robert Halder, the last prior, surrendered up possession to Henry VIII. in 1537, the possessions were valued at £112 14s. 2d.

Newmarch, besides being a faithful son of the Church, was a very astute lord. He accordingly married a Welsh damsel, the daughter of one of his most turbulent and valiant foes (Gruffydd ap Llewellyn), but this expected model Norman-Welsh alliance brought unhappiness and disaster into the Lord of Brecknock's castle. The story is that Newmarch had a son and daughter by his wife Nest. The son's name was Mahael, a high-spirited youth, who had observed that his mother was unfaithful to her sovereign lord, and was actually carrying on an intrigue against his father's home and kingdom. This incensed Mahael, and he warned his guilty mother of her

infamy. This not having the desired effect, he challenged her knight and wounded him. To be revenged on Mahael, the sinful mother, whose passion had seemingly destroyed all maternal feeling, swore that Mahael was not her lawful son; this was credited by Newmarch; Mahael was disinherited, and the estates were given to his sister.

There are several interesting periods in the history of the Priory Church. The first was the period of the rule of the de Breoses, the Fitzwalters, and the de Bohuns (all Lords of Brecon). We must pass this by somewhat hurriedly, all-important though it was in the history of the Priory; its great and vast-embattled walls were built up in the heyday of conquest and riot, and wealth and property flowed into its coffers from the deathbeds of spiritual cowards—men who had lived boldly and courageously after a fashion, but who yet feared to die as they had lived.

The second period in the history of the church comprised probably the building of the fine central tower, which still remains, and of the chancel—which is ten feet longer than that of St. David's Cathedral—by Bishop Giles de Breos of Hereford; and it is assumed, with some amount of certainty, seeing that this bishop was Lord of Brecon, "that the tower in the hands of his effigy in Hereford Cathedral refers to Saint John's Church at Brecon." This was the Early English period, and "those were the days of the glory of the noble church," when "the praise of God ascended daily, almost hourly, and the doors were continually open for the devout burgesses and followers of the lordly patron." Then succeeded the Buckingham, who held as Lords of Brecknock; and while the second Duke of Buckingham enjoyed this lordship, it was his ill-fate to have consigned to him, for safe custody, Morton, Bishop of Ely, by King Richard. Duke Henry had assisted to raise Richard to the throne, but both he and the wily bishop were not slow to show that they did not like the king; and here, in Ely Tower, in the Castle of Brecon, and within speaking distance of the Priory Church, was concocted the famous plot for dethroning Richard. The Duke of Buckingham set out from Brecknock Castle on a given day with a large army; he reached Gloucester, but the floods had much swollen the river Severn, rendering it impassable, and we are not surprised to learn that Buckingham's ill-appointed army "melted like snow in the warm sun." Buckingham was taken prisoner through the treachery of a trusted servant, and executed in the Market-place, Shrewsbury. Edward Stafford, the traitor's son, was ultimately restored to title and estates, by Henry VII.; like his father, he was proud, ambitious, and *felt* himself a duke:—

"He deemed plebeians, with patrician blood
Compared, the creatures of a lower species:
Mere menial hands, by nature meant to serve him."

It is recorded that on one occasion he exhibited such haughtiness that he threw a basin of water in Cardinal Wolsey's face, and this impetuous incident sealed his



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destruction; he was executed on Tower Hill, May 17th, 1521. He met his fate with heroic courage, disdaining to sue for mercy. A foreign emperor, when he heard of his execution, severely remarked that "a butcher's dog had run down the finest buck in England" (alluding to Wolsey's being the son of a butcher).

With the fall of the Buckingham, succeeded by the dissolution of the monasteries, the former magnificence of the Church and Priory of St. John passed away. Then came the era of the trade guilds, with their beautifully sculptured memorial stones, many of which still adorn and pave the floors of the church—the mercers, the corvizors, the weavers, the tuckers: honest burgesses of Brecon, many of them of ancient lineage, and many of them, again, the ancestors of opulent families now resident in the county. The baron and his retainers, the prior and his monks, were now to disappear for ever, and "the town and trade," as such, became conspicuous in their place. The borough coat-of-arms remains to this day painted on the south respond of one of the stately arches. The remains of the screens and wainscoting of this period may yet be seen. The "guild crosses"

are dated from 1550, and the latest date on a cross is "1602." These guilds, each of them, had separate "chapels" in the Priory Church, and the chapels are called after them to this day.

In 1723 and 1741 the church was described "as a magnificent, spacious building, built in the shape of a cross; it is near 200 feet long and 60 feet broad." The Priory House, so called after the Dissolution, when it became the ancestral seat of the Prices, of whom Sir John Price was the founder, opened into the church on the north side of a well-paved "cloyster." The church was "handed over" by Robert Halder, the last prior, to the Vicar of Brecon, Sir Thomas ap Jenkin Groge, on the 1st August, 1520, and the deed recites that the vicar and his successors for ever "shall have meat and drink at the Prior's Torne messe continually and daily, and when it pleases him to come, he to have his beaver at two of the clock at afternoon, and also after supper, that is to say, *a cup of ale* at the Buttery Hatch."

Sir Richard Price, of the Priory, son of Sir John Price, and William Gwynne-Vaughan, Esquire, M.P., of Trebarried, near Brecon, are stated to have been on terms of great intimacy with the immortal and divine Shakespeare; and Thomas Campbell, the poet, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons" (the great actress of tragedy herself was born at Brecon on July 5th, 1755), observes, under date May 18th, 1833: "It is no later than yesterday that I discovered a probability—almost near a certainty—that Shakespeare visited friends in the very town where Mrs. Siddons was born, and that he there found in a neighbouring glen, called 'The Valley of Fairy Puck,' the principal machinery of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." A first folio edition of Shakespeare was some few years ago found in an old muniment room at Vaughan's place (Trebarried Mansion), and is now at Glanusk Park, Crickhowell, the seat of Sir J. R. Bailey, Bart., M.P., Lord-Lieutenant of Brecknockshire. These facts, coupled with the beautiful situation of Priory House, opening out, as it does, on to shaded and well-wooded walks, called "The Groves" (the pride of Brecon and the theme of all visitors), and the fact that one of Shakespeare's characters, "Fluellen," is the counterpart of "The Brecknockshire Squire," Sir David Gam, knighted on the field of Agincourt by Henry V., would reasonably point to the conclusion that Shakespeare actually visited at the Priory House, which at that time would be the principal and most stately mansion in the county.

The monuments in the Priory Church comprise sculptures and slabs to many county families, some of them the descendants of the original fifteen Norman knights that "came over to help" Bernard Newmarch, and among whom he afterwards parcelled out the fair county into manors. The Awbreys, Walbeoffes, Skwlls, Havards, Herberts, are represented. Quaint Thomas Churchyarde, in his "Worthinesse of Wales," has left us a goodly store of verse descriptive of

many of the ancient tombs in this church, but at the time of the Cromwellian upheaval some of the stones seem to have been removed, and others broken. Several of the Prices, of the Priory, are buried here, Shakespeare's friend, Richard Price, and his lady among the number. The recumbent effigy, in alabaster, of Sir David Williams, one of the Justices of Pleas (died 1613), and that of his wife, Lady Williams, lying on his right side, vividly depict to the eye of the observer the dress customary in those days. Lady Williams has the partlet head-dress, wears a ruff round the neck, and is habited in a gown with ample skirt, over which is worn a rich stomacher buttoned in front of the breast. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, and cuffed at the wrists with small ruffs. A curious effigy, called "Mary Drele," is worthy of note. There are several monuments here to the Camden family, one of whom, by marriage with an heiress, acquired this old monastic property (the Priory); another to Dr. Thomas Coke, the founder of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who was bailiff and alderman of Brecon; and several to the Penrys, all of whom are descended from John Penry, the martyr, the morning star of the Reformation in Cambria. He was a native of Breconshire, and was executed at St. Thomas-a-Watering, in Queen Elizabeth's reign (*temp.* 1593), after what Sir Thomas Phillips declares to be "a trial that disgraces English justice." Several of the monuments are the work of John Evan Thomas, a famous Welsh sculptor. One, however, is by the great Flaxman himself, and another by his brother artist, Bacon.

Numerous sculptures commemorate past vicars of the parish. And we may here be allowed to say that Brecon has had one or two notable clergymen. It is a long stretch from Archdeacon Giraldus Cambrensis to Archdeacon Davies. As to the former, we remember reading an amusing account of a collision between the venerable, but not always decorous, Giraldus and a certain Bishop of St. Asaph, when they met in full canonicals and disputed very warmly each other's right to dedicate Kerry Church (in Montgomeryshire). Neither would give way, so they set about excommunicating one another in right down earnest; but the wily Archdeacon of Brecon got possession of the church keys, and commenced to dedicate the sacred place. The bishop once again excommunicated the archdeacon, and Giraldus, nothing daunted, excommunicated the bishop in return, and ordered the bells to be rung three times as the usual confirmation of the sentence. This so discomfited his reverence of St. Asaph that he hastily mounted his horse, and, together with his followers, beat an undignified retreat. Archdeacon Davies, of Brecon, lived at the time of the French invasion scare, and was major in one of the home regiments of volunteers that had been raised to defend the county in case of need. The venerable archdeacon was a tall, finely-built man. "Who is that smart officer?" asked a stranger who visited Brecon, when he saw the volunteers on Sunday parade. "Why, don't you know? Archdeacon Davies,"

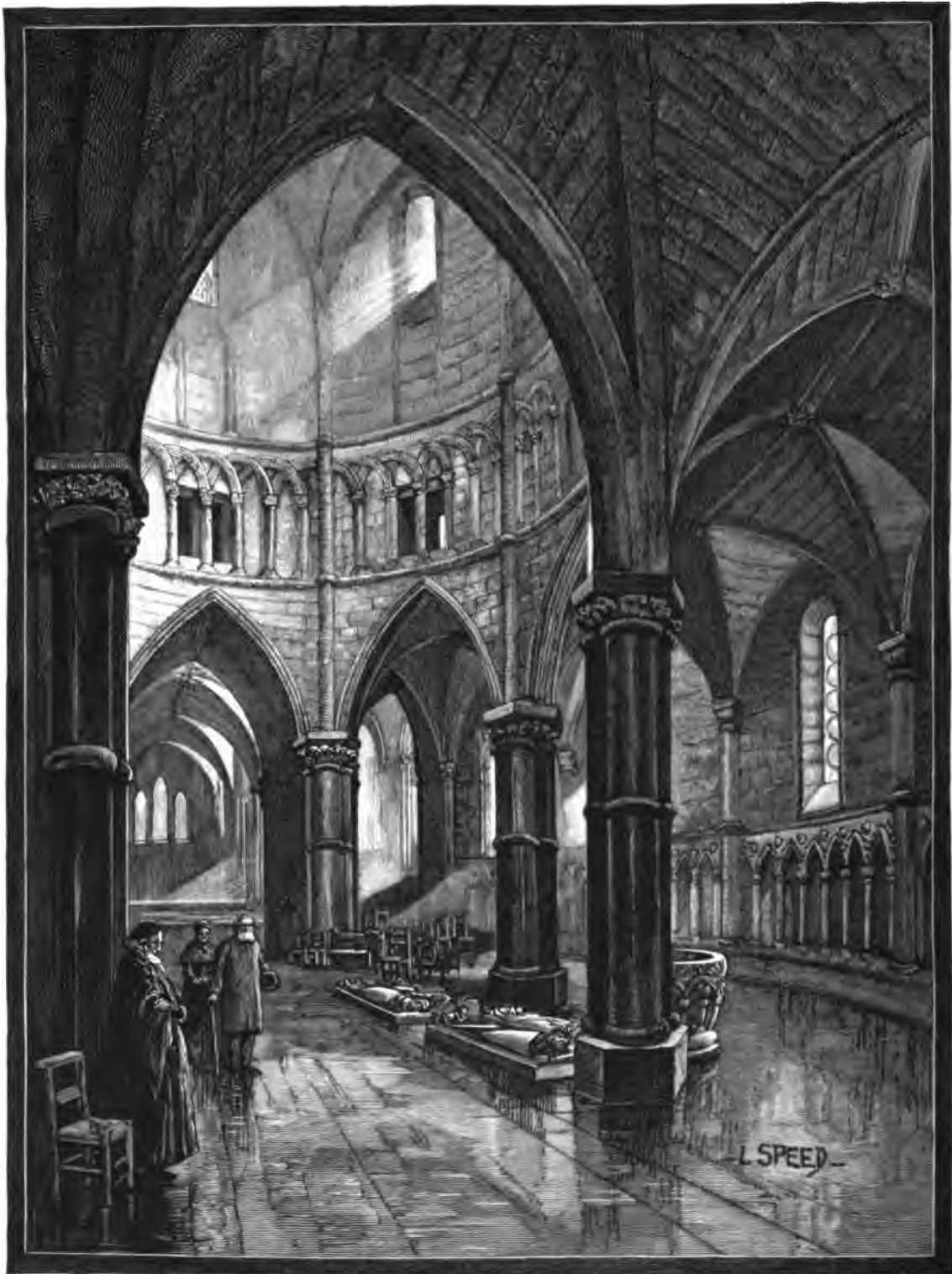
was the reply. The next Sunday, after coming out of church, the same person asked, "Who preached that capital sermon?" "Why, Major Davies, to be sure!" was the reply.

This magnificent and historical church has been thoroughly restored at a cost of some £13,000 or £14,000. The chancel, transepts, and tower were restored in 1860, and the nave and aisles in 1873—75. The late Sir Gilbert Scott devised the whole of the restoration plan, and the sacred pile was re-opened on May 18th, 1875, by Bishop Basil Jones, in the presence of the nobility and *élite* of the county. The Bishop, in his sermon, said:—"The temple which we this day open afresh for the service of God is remarkable, among other things, on this account, that the design of an architect who has been in the grave for some six hundred years has only been carried out to its completion in our own day."

Of the fine five-light window, designed by Mr. W. G. Taylor, the gift of the officers of the South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment of Foot), we have already spoken as having been placed in the church—at a cost of £600—to the memory of 22 officers and 655 men of the 1st and 2nd battalions who fell in the South African campaign of 1877—79. The unveiling of this handsome memorial was made the occasion of an imposing military display, when some 5,000 persons assembled in the church. There is also a memorial cross, mounted on black marble, near the pulpit, with inscription and names thereon. On the 27th October, 1886, a new organ was erected in the church, in the place of an ancient instrument that originally came from Drury Lane Theatre in 1789. The new organ has been placed in Tregunter Chapel, which has been restored for its reception.

Should the diocese of St. David's ever be divided, the Priory Church at Brecon will assuredly become the new cathedral. The present bishop, an historian and archæologist, admits that there is not another church in Wales like it, and not a single church in his diocese to compare to it. St. John's has been spoken of in this probable connection, and it well merits the honour, especially when we bear in mind that in perhaps no town in the Principality of Wales has the Church of England made more progress during the last twenty-five years than she has done in the county town of Brecon.

EDWIN POOLE.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH: THE ROTUNDA.

TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON; ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE
AND NORTHAMPTON; LITTLE MAPLESTEAD, ESSEX.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

ONE result of the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders was the establishment of two Orders, which differed from most others in being at once martial and religious; their members being professedly men of war rather than men of peace: these were the Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers. The former had the more brief, but the more brilliant, existence. Established for the especial defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and called at first "the Poor of the Holy City," they obtained their more familiar name from the Temple,* near to which they were lodged. Their residence here, like their earlier poverty, was comparatively short-lived. Jerusalem was recaptured by the Saracens in the year 1187, and the Latin Kingdom came to an end.

But prior to this event the Templars had establishments in Europe, where at first they were in high favour. Men's goodwill took a material form, and the Order was soon rich in money and in lands. The usual results followed: with wealth came corruption, and such virtues as they had possessed when poor they lost when rich. If we could believe the stories told by their enemies, there were few crimes of which they were not guilty, and the Order had secretly ceased to be Christian even in belief. But the suppression of the Templars is among the mysteries of the past, of which, probably, we shall never know the whole truth. The Order was very rich, this is an undoubted fact; that wealth had wrought its common effects is almost as certain; and that the peculiar union of soldier and monk in one person had not produced a happy result may be well understood. It is also possible that Eastern lore and Eastern mysticism may have exercised their fascinations over some of the members, and exposed them to suspicions of unorthodoxy which were not wholly without foundation. But the common charges seem to be incredible in their very monstrosity. Many men disbelieved them at the time, and saw the finger of God when, not long after the destruction of the Order and the judicial murder of many of its members, its principal enemies died miserably; and most people think that old Fuller was not far wrong when he considered their wealth to have been their real crime, and quaintly said that their foes "could not get the honey unless they burnt the bees."

The churches of these two Orders, of which four still remain in England, were peculiar in plan, a rotunda or sometimes a polygonal building standing at

* The Mosque El-Aksa was at this time called *Templum Salomonis*; the Kubbet-es-Sakharah *Templum Domini*. The Templars' residence adjoined the former; the Hospitallers' was near the Holy Sepulchre.

the western end. This was in memory of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where a dome-shaped building still covers, as it did in the twelfth century, the traditional site of the sacred tomb.

The Temple Church in London, though not the oldest in England, may be fitly described first, as being the largest and most sumptuous, and the head-quarters of that Order in England. Its rotunda was built about the year 1185, that is, shortly before the fall of Jerusalem; the rest of the church appears to have been completed during the next half-century. Thus the latter is a beautiful example of the best period of the "first Pointed" or "Early English" style, while the rotunda marks the transition from the Norman. The entrance door and the windows are round-headed, the triforium has similar arches interlacing, while the supporting arches are pointed. It thus exhibits a peculiarly felicitous combination of Norman solidity and Early English grace—the fruit of a happy union of styles, essentially masculine and feminine.

The effect also of this dome-like structure, with its circular ambulatory and elevated central "drum," is peculiarly good. Whether we look into the body of the church from it, or into it from the other part, the contrast of the two plans and the novel grouping of the pillars may well cause us to regret that this arrangement has been so rarely adopted by English architects.

After the suppression of the Order, which was completed by the Council of Vienne in 1312, this church and the adjoining ground ultimately passed into the hands of the great legal corporation which still retains the name of the original founders, and is known as the Temple. This society, owing to the increase in the number of its members, was subdivided in the reign of Henry VI. The church is in the precincts of the Inner Temple, the other Corporation bearing the name of the Middle Temple. Our limited space forbids us to dwell on the history of these societies, though the memories of great lawyers cannot be separated wholly from the church. The most stirring incident in its career occurred in the insurrection of Wat Tyler, to whom men of the law were an abomination. He, it is said, took out of it "the books and records that were in closets of the apprentices of the law, carried them out into the street, and then burnt them." Even in the time of its former owners it had had some experience of robbery, but the plunderer was no less a person than Edward I., who in the year 1283, after gaining admission to the Treasury on the pretext of wishing to examine the jewels of his mother which had been deposited there, helped himself largely to the property of the knights.

The church had a narrow escape from the Great Fire of 1666, sixteen years after which it was beautified and adorned in the taste of that age; a few years later the south-west part was rebuilt. It was, we read, also "repaired and beautified" in 1706, being, among other improvements, "wholly new whitewashed." It suffered

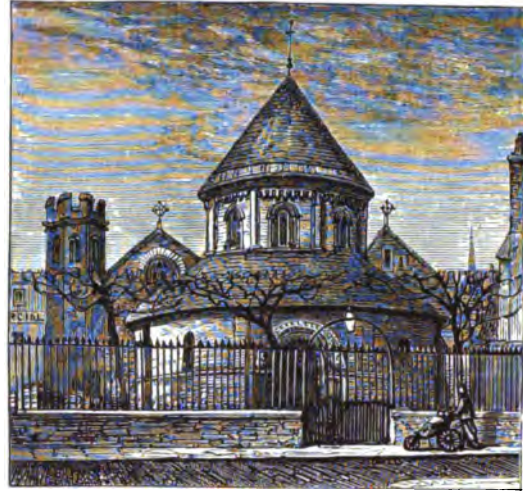
in like manner on three other occasions before the great "restoration," which began in 1839 and continued to 1842, at the cost of £70,000. It was a great misfortune that this was undertaken so early in the "Gothic revival," for the building lost much of its historical character, the old work was copied, the old carving perished, and much of the imitative detail is very unsatisfactory. Still, it is a very curious and beautiful church, the interior of which retains the structural character and the leading details of the original building.

At the "restoration" the later monuments which had accumulated in the church were removed to the triforium. The most noteworthy among these commemorate Edmund Plowden, of whom as a jurist it was said "better authority could not be cited;" Howell, author of the well-known letters; and Martin, a recorder of London early in the seventeenth century. Opening on to the staircase which leads to the triforium is a narrow cell; in this "little ease," it is said, offenders were imprisoned, narrow slits in the wall enabling them to hear the services and look into the church. There is even a tradition that Walter de Bachelier, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, died here of hunger in expiation of offences against the discipline of the Order. Some persons of prosaic minds, however, declare that it was only a cell for the bell-ringers.

In the rotunda have been placed nine effigies of associate-knights, and an ornamented stone coffin. These are commemorated by Butler in the days when the church, like the nave of St. Paul's, was desecrated, and men were wont to

" . . . walk the round with Knights o' the Posts
About the cross-legged knights their hosts."

One effigy is supposed to represent an Earl of Pembroke, who was the husband of a daughter of Henry I.; another, the Earl whom Shakespeare represents as pleading with John on behalf of Prince Arthur; a third, his son, killed untimely at a tournament by a runaway horse. Of the father's monument a grim story is told. The Earl, it is said, had seized the lands of the Abbey of Fernes; the Abbot had pronounced a curse upon the spoiler, but in a merciful mood came to the grave and offered to take it off if the lands were restored. But the dead man made no sign, and so the curse fell, and, as men believed, was accomplished in the son's death.



ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE: THE ROTUNDA.

As pavements, walls, fittings, are all modern, there is no need to describe them; we merely glance at the columns of Purbeck marble, repaired remnants of those that



ST. SEPULCHRE'S, NORTHAMPTON.

were once "polished like so many gems," and at the emblems of the Order painted on the new roof—the lamb and flag—the two knights on one horse, a memorial of its short-lived poverty—and the like. A plain slab, all but concealed, on the south side of the communion-table, has been spared to record John Selden, whose "stupendous learning" was equalled, in the opinion of his contemporaries, by his grace and goodness. A much older tomb, and more interesting to the archæologist, is believed to commemorate Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, while in the vestry are memorials to Eldon, Stowell, and Thurlow.

The memories, however, of the Temple are not wholly legal. More than

one name illustrious in literature is connected with its precincts. Samuel Johnson lived at No 1, Inner Temple Lane, where Johnson Buildings now stand; Charles Lamb lived for awhile in Crown Office Row; Oliver Goldsmith had chambers



LITTLE MAPLESTEAD.

beneath the studious Blackstone, whose labours at the commentaries on the laws of England were sorely disturbed by his neighbour's revels; Goldsmith died in Brick Court, and was buried in the churchyard near the path leading to the Master's house, where a tomb has been erected in his memory.

Among the occupants of this house—though the office, so far as authority goes, is now the shadow of a shade—have been famous men, who in their turn have ministered in the church. Among these it will suffice to name Richard Hooker, who, however, found here so little peace that, to compose the “Ecclesiastical Polity,” he retired to the quiet of a country parsonage. The office is now held by Charles Vaughan; and, in addition to the attraction of the preaching, the music at the church is excellent.

The other three churches are said to have been connected with the Order of the Knights Hospitallers. The church of St. Sepulchre at Cambridge is of earlier date, but of much smaller size, than that of the Temple. The rotunda is a Norman structure, erected probably rather early in the history of the Order.

Massive circular pillars, with capitals of plain but good design, from which spring semicircular arches, simply ornamented, support the tympanum, which also is circular in form, lighted by round-headed windows, and crowned by a conical roof. The upper part, however, is mainly modern, being a restoration of the present century. Old plates represent an octagonal turret of two storeys as rising from the circular roof of the ambulatory. This is lighted by rather plain windows, Perpendicular in style. The round-headed windows which light, or profess to light, the ambulatory, are also a new restoration of the supposed originals, which in the fourteenth century had been replaced by much larger openings. The eastern part of the church was built about the year 1313, probably on the foundation of an earlier structure; except that, as in the Temple Church, its length is small compared with its breadth, there is nothing in it to call for remark.

The policy of the renovation of the rotunda is, of course, open to question, but probably the building in its present state very nearly represents the original structure. Restoration gave the church its first claim to a place in history. The work was done by the Cambridge Camden Society. Its leading members were in sympathy with the new school of "High Churchmen." Their proclivities were expressed by the erection of a stone altar in the restored church. The incumbent—who appears to have had little voice in the matter—objected, and a lawsuit was the result. Ultimately it was decided by the Court of Arches that the structure was illegal, and it was removed. This dispute practically broke up the Camden Society, which had been acquiring great influence at Cambridge; many leading members of the University withdrew from it, and others, finding the Church of England uncongenial, seceded to Rome.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre at Northampton is curious not only for its design and architecture, but also as an instance of growth by accretion. Perhaps we may give the best idea of a rather complicated plan by briefly indicating the probable developments. About the end of the eleventh century, some one—perhaps Simon de St. Liz, first Norman Lord of Northampton—erected a church in memory of the Holy Sepulchre, consisting of a rotunda after the usual plan, with a choir or chancel to the east. This choir, as indicated by some remains of Norman work in the present chancel arch, extended at least as far as this, and perhaps terminated in an apse. But about a century later it was pulled down, and replaced by a building with aisles and a large chapel—possibly a little later in date—on the north. After this, during the next two centuries, many changes were made. The upper part of the rotunda was pulled down, only the massive columns and the outer wall of the ambulatory being left, and in this some of the windows were altered. The part then destroyed was rebuilt with Pointed arches and on an octagonal plan, and many alterations were made

in the church. One of the latest—in the fifteenth century—was the erection of a handsome steeple west of the rotunda. Before the present century began the northern chapel had disappeared, as well as the original chancel; and prior to the restoration, which commenced in 1855, and was carried on at intervals until 1879, the building had suffered much from the effects of time and ill-usage. Then the north chapel or aisle was rebuilt on its old foundations; so was the present chancel, with its apsidal termination, the limit of this also being determined by the old substructures.

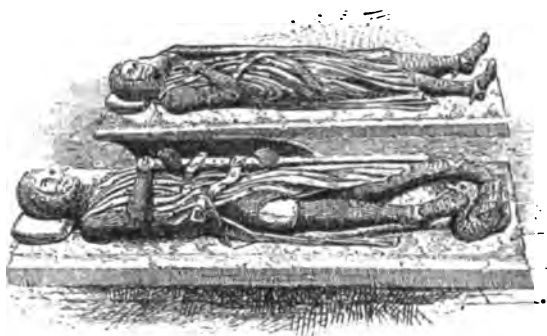
Much also was done in the restoration of details, such as roofing, fittings, window tracery, pavement, and the like, so that the church is now in excellent order, capable of holding a considerable congregation, and is an extremely picturesque though curiously irregular structure. The floor of the choir is at a higher level than that of the rotunda, and this also enhances the effect, which undoubtedly is much improved by the apsidal termination. So much restoration and rebuilding are, of course, perplexing to the antiquarian, but apparently this was almost inevitable. The rotunda is not seated, but is used as the baptistery; a large stone font, a memorial to the late Canon James, who was active in the restoration, occupying the centre. The surrounding pavement, an elaborate modern work, is from the design of Lord Alwyne Compton, the Bishop of Ely. No incidents of historic interest are connected with this church, but in itself it well repays a halt of some hours at Northampton, which town is also so fortunate as to possess in St. Peter's one of the most remarkable and most perfect Norman churches in the kingdom.

The church of Little Maplestead, the smallest of the four round churches still remaining in England, stands in a pleasant upland district a couple of miles from the market-town of Halstead, in Essex. This village, together with its neighbour, Great Maplestead, is said to be named from the maple trees once abundant in the district. The church of Little Maplestead stands just outside the small straggling village in a neatly-kept churchyard, which has been planted with trees. Structurally it yields in interest to none of the four; in detail it has suffered much from alterations and restoration. The latter process has been carried so far that almost all the worked stone, both within and without the building, appears either to be new or to have been re-faced. This renovation, effected in 1862, under the charge of Mr. Carpenter, may have been inevitable, for the building some thirty years since seems to have been in part roofless, and all but a ruin.

The church consists of a rotunda or nave, and a choir or chancel, without aisles, terminating in a semicircular apse of the same diameter. It has a small western porch, partly of wood, which was added in the fifteenth century. The walls are built of flint rubble, squared stones being only used in buttresses, windows, etc. The modern roof has a high pitch; and over the rotunda is a low wooden

tower—more like a dove-cot than aught else. This rests on a hexagon supported by arches, and from each of the six pillars another arch is thrown off to the side walls to sustain the flat ceiling of the aisle. The church has evidently been much altered; the outer walls are all that remain of the original Late Norman structure. The west door and the arches within the rotunda are Early Decorated; the windows, of both nave and chancel, are of about the time of Edward III.—assuming, of course, that the present details are a reproduction of the original, which we believe to be the case. There is now no east window, though one is mentioned in a former description of the church. There are two windows on either side of the chancel, and a small vestry stands on the southern side. The font, though it has been mutilated by chipping off the corners, in order to make it octagonal instead of square, to the loss of some of its simple ornamentation, is a remnant of the original church.

The church appears to have been built late in the twelfth century, for in the year 1186 the manor of Little Maplestead was granted to the Hospitallers by one Juliana Doisnel. This gift was confirmed by King John, and afterwards by Henry III., who added thereto the right of free-warren. The ground-plan, however, suggests that a very early type of church was adopted as a pattern, so that probably this structure reproduces more nearly than any of the others the original church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. T. G. BONNEY.



TOMBS OF KNIGHTS IN THE TEMPLE.



BEACONSFIELD: THE CHURCH, WITH WALLER'S MONUMENT.

BEACONSFIELD AND HUGHENDEN.

TWO QUIET RESTING-PLACES.

THE five miles and a half of winding and gradually ascending road which conduct the pilgrim from High Wycombe to Beaconsfield of so sweet memory, are among the most picturesque in Buckinghamshire. The chief charm of the walk is its infinite variety. For the first mile or two after leaving Wycombe the eye ranges across wide open meadows, watered by the little river which flows so gently and caressingly, as only little rivers can, right by the edge of the foot-path. Then as the road ascends the prospect widens, and although the view is often interrupted by the luxuriant woodland and thick plantations, enough can be seen to make you long for a seat in the high-top of one of the abounding pines. Approaching Wooburn Green there is one of those sheer hills which are the despair of bicyclists and the joy of the pedestrian—when he has surmounted them. On each hand it is thickly edged with young timber, stretching from the deep valley beneath to the summit of the hill above. This silent, solitary reach of road is full of charm to the lover of rural highways; and after one

of the red sandstone lanes of Staffordshire or Warwickshire, I know few thoroughfares which are more purely picturesque.

This ever-mounting road at Beaconsfield widens to a broad plateau, and the little town is intersected by wide highways, which give it an aspect of dignity and consequence that somewhat atones for the lack of the delightful higgledy-piggledyism of most English villages. Beaconsfield always sleeps; and there is so little that is new in it that it is difficult to believe that the pretty little reading-room in the centre of the village has not stood there since Waller's time. Somebody at Beaconsfield has imitated the excellent example set in the rural communes of Belgium, and has inscribed the name of the parish upon the first house in the town. Fifty years ago Beaconsfield must have been a far livelier place than it is now. It stands a little more than halfway upon the high road from London to Oxford; and the rumble of coaches and the clatter of post-horses kept the village from going to sleep. The Saracen's Head and the Old White Hart were inns of dignity and importance then, for people travelled post and by coach all the year round; whereas cyclists, upon whom such hostelries now mainly depend, go out only in fine weather. Yet Beaconsfield is a substantial-looking townlet, wearing that quaint air of staidness and respectability which distinguishes so many of the small Buckinghamshire towns. To judge from appearances, the place has changed but little since Edmund Burke last looked out upon it in 1797. That great statesman's love for these broad streets of red and white houses was as profound as Lord Beaconsfield's affection for the less sightly village of Hughenden. His little estate of Gregories was to him a world in which, as he often hinted, he took more delight than in the noisier world of politics. Beaconsfield, indeed, has had a fortunate history. Edmund Waller, who so long had his home at Hall Barn, was a remarkable product of the changeful times in which he lived; and while he was alternately poet, politician, and conspirator, his name lives solely by virtue of his melodious versification. Burke was less versatile but more sincere; and Beaconsfield will bear sweet memory in political history so long as it is remembered that many of Burke's fiery and sonorous yet finely-balanced and well-proportioned speeches were composed beneath the graceful silent shadow of his own beeches.

Beaconsfield Church stands at the junction of the London and Hedgerley roads. It has a square tower, and is built of that mixture of flint and squared stones so often seen in Buckinghamshire churches. It is much to be regretted, on the score of lost reminiscences, that very little of the building, as Burke knew it, remains. The galleries have been removed; the height of the tower increased; the chancel lengthened; the north wall rebuilt; the south wall re-faced; and the high pews replaced by open benches. It is not exactly a handsome church, but it leaves a pleasing and adequate impression. Of remains of antiquity

it contains really none; but it can well afford to rest its claim to fame upon its possession of the dust of the man who, in impassioned words, when describing the wrongs of Marie Antoinette, lamented that chivalry was dead. Burke's pew was on the south side of the nave, nearly in the centre; and he desired that he might be buried beneath his accustomed seat. His wish was respected; and a small oval marble tablet of excessive plainness upon the south wall near by bears the brief legend—

Near this place
Lies interred
All that was mortal of the
Rt. Honourable EDMUND BURKE,
Who died on the 9th of July, 1797,
Aged 68 years.

The inscription goes on to record that his son and brother were buried in the same vault. The entrance to the vault is beneath the central aisle of the nave, and it is covered by a large handsome brass placed there in 1862 by Mr. Edmund Harland Burke, the statesman's great grand-nephew and representative. The brass bears Burke's armorial achievement, and the Norman-French motto of his family: *Ung roy, ung foy, ung loy*. These memorials are well in keeping with the simplicity of Burke's character, and contrast very pleasingly with the pompous affectation of the methods by which Waller, who, whatever he may have been, was assuredly not an honest man, is commemorated.

The tomb of the author of "Go, lovely Rose," is in the neatly-kept churchyard, and is readily to be recognised by its own proportions and by the great shady walnut-tree that overhangs it. As may be seen from the illustration (page 181), it is superlatively ugly and tasteless—a mere heavy mass of masonry, with ample space for laudatory inscriptions. It is a square raised tomb, with an urn at each corner, and is capped by a great stone pyramid or cone. Heavy iron railings enclose the massive memorial, which is of such weight that the supporting walls of the vault had perforce to extend far into the churchyard. The heaviness of the tomb, which is in somewhat ragged condition, and the deep shade cast by the handsome walnut-tree, leave a melancholy impression upon the memory. There is a very long and very eulogistic Latin inscription, beginning *Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti cessit*, which sets forth that he was a poet and a politician—and, it might with truth have been added, a conspirator, who narrowly escaped with his neck. Also there is the following short legend in English: "Edmund Waller, to whom this marble is sacred, was a native of Coleshill and a student at Cambridge. His father was Richard; his mother of the Hampden family. He was born on the 20th of March, 1605. His first wife was Anne, only daughter and heiress of Edward Banks. Twice made a father by his first

wife, and thirteen times by his second. He died the 21st of October, 1687." In his earlier years, and while his first wife lived, Waller was much at Hall



WALLER. (From a Portrait by Kneller.)



BURKE.

Barn, and took great delight in his gardens. It was no doubt at Hall Barn that he wrote his quaint apostrophe:—

“Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curl me about, ye gadding vines,
And, oh, so close your tendrils lace
That I may never leave this place.
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
And I your greeny bondage break,
Do you, oh, brambles, bind me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through.”

Yet most of Waller's time was spent in attending Parliament—he took his seat for Amersham when sixteen—in following “the primrose path of dalliance” at court, and in carefully trimming his sails to suit the political winds. By continual turnings of coat, aided by his relationship to the leaders of the Parliamentary party—he was first cousin to Hampden and nephew of one of Cromwell's uncles—he succeeded in weathering all storms, and died a religiously-minded old man of eighty-five. His participation in what is known as “Waller's Plot,” which aimed at restoring Charles I. to the throne, nearly cost him his life. His brother-in-law, who was much less guilty, was hanged in front of his own door; and it was only Waller's abject cowardice, and the expenditure of £30,000 in bribes, that

obtained a commutation of the death sentence to a fine of £10,000 and perpetual banishment. But in those days nothing was perpetual, and before many years had passed Waller had made his peace with Cromwell, and was writing "A Panegyric to my Lord Protector," to be duly followed in 1660 by an Ode to Charles II. "upon his Majesty's Happy Return." Waller was unstable as water; and it is utterly impossible to believe that even his epistles to Lady Dorothy



HUGHENDEN: THE CHURCH, FROM THE PARK.

Sidney, upon which his fame as a poet chiefly rests, are sincere. The haughty young beauty, so well known in literary history as "Saccharissa," preferred another suitor; and although Waller married his second wife shortly afterwards, there is reason to think that he never quite forgave the lady to whom he had addressed so many sweet lines. It was one of Waller's distinctions that he was almost the first writer of verses of society, and that he wrote them most sweetly and melodiously. His numbers were always musical, even when there was nothing in them.

The Hall Barn of to-day is not the house in which Waller lived. It was built in 1712, and has some interesting associations. In one of its rooms Lord Verney handed to Burke the £20,000 with which Gregories was purchased in

1769. For nearly thirty years that brave and prescient spirit enjoyed the sweets of rural life at Gregories; and it is an enduring regret to every admirer of his honesty, integrity, and eloquence, that the house in which he spent so many happy years no longer exists. It was burned down not very long after his death, and only a few grass-covered mounds, the overgrown, half-obliterated avenue, and the scanty ruins of the stables, now mark the site of the home Burke loved so well. There was a good deal of high thinking at Gregories in the days when Fox, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, Goldsmith, and Garrick were wont to visit their friend at this "place exceeding pleasant," as the owner himself described it, to say naught of the famous visit of Mirabeau and Madame de Genlis. Few villages possess such classic memories as Beaconsfield; and few, be it said, so well deserved to be the abode of the famous. Perched above the charming vales of Bucks, surrounded by the fragrant woodlands which unendingly delight more than one of the senses, the typical English scenery of Beaconsfield is full of that reposeful picturesqueness of which no lover of nature ever tires.

Hughenden lies some seven miles from Beaconsfield. The outskirts of the parish are not very far from the market-place of High Wycombe; but it is a beautiful walk of about a couple of miles up to the church. For three-fourths of the distance from Wycombe the narrow road is bordered by the pales of Hughenden Park. We pass the principal entrance to the park, which is guarded by a very unpretending pair of iron gates, bearing Lord Beaconsfield's cypher, crest, and coronet. The highway is remarkably picturesque. The park pales are low; much of the road is high; and there is a good view of great part of the park. The fine beeches and firs, which here and there obscure the prospect, pleasantly overhang the road; and the glimpses of the domain to be had through their leafy masses take the added charms of the partly-seen. Hughenden is, undoubtedly, one of the prettiest bits of park-like scenery in the home counties. From the tree-lined road the land slopes gently to a little brawling stream, reported to contain trout, which almost bisects the park. Beyond this stream the ground again rises to a succession of irregular uplands, all, like the flatter ground, richly and effectively timbered. Upon one of these wooded hills stands the monument erected by the Viscountess Beaconsfield to the memory of Isaac Disraeli, her husband's father. Lord Beaconsfield delighted in the sylvan beauties of his domain; for, as he once most truly wrote, "sylvan scenery never palls." It has a restful charm which most other scenery lacks; and to the wearied politician, few things in nature can be more delightful. The park of Hughenden Manor could not well contain more trees; neither could they be more artistically grouped and studded.

Hughenden Church stands within the park, at its furthest extremity. It is

of flint and stone, and is almost entirely modern, having been rebuilt in 1875. It is effectively placed upon the slope of the hill, and is almost surrounded by trees. The very first object which strikes the eye of the visitor in the neatly-kept churchyard is the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield. The three red granite panels which contain the inscriptions are built against the outer wall of the De Montfort Chapel at the eastern end of the church, closely adjoining the chancel. The effect is somewhat inelegant, and the low iron railing which surrounds the wreath-strewn space is most unornamental. The right-hand panel commemorates Mr. James Disraeli, third son of the author of "*The Curiosities of Literature*;" that to the left Mrs. Sarah Brydges Willyams, who left Lord Beaconsfield a fortune, "and was buried at her desire in this vault." Upon the central panel is inscribed: "In memory of Mary Anne Disraeli, Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right, for thirty-three years the wife of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Lord of this Manor; ob. December, 1872." Beneath are the simple words, "The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden, K.G., born December 21, 1805; died April 19, 1881."

The only remnant of antiquity inside the church is the De Montfort Chapel, in which are several recumbent effigies of members of that famous baronial house. The best preserved of these monuments represents Richard de Montfort encased in armour of the thirteenth century. Another figure bears upon its breast eight incised crosses. Here, too, is the fine fifteenth-century brass of Robert Thursby, Vicar of Hughenden. Over Lord Beaconsfield's accustomed seat in the chancel, now marked by a brass plate with an inscription, is the beautiful tablet of Sicilian marble, erected by Queen Victoria, and represented on the next page.

By the side of the memorial are fixed the banner and insignia, removed from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of this "most noble and puissant Prince," as every Knight of the Garter is described upon his stall. The stained glass in the east window is the executors' tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's memory. The large west window was filled with stained glass with part of the "National Memorial Fund;" and the south window was the offering of Oxford Undergraduates. The walls of the chancel are covered with mural paintings of the Evangelists and the Greater Prophets, which were paid for out of the National Fund. The organ was partly rebuilt from the same source. There is probably not another church in England so full of memorials to one great man. Everything is in excellent taste; and the only objects that, were it not for the personal memories which attach to them now, and the matchless historical memories which will attach to them in time to come, one could wish away, are the trumpery-looking achievements of the Garter, which are too close to the eye to retain any of the dignity that surrounded them in their original place at Windsor.

There is a public road through Hughenden Park to High Wycombe; but although it passes close to the Manor House, it is impossible to see anything of it, so entirely is Lord Beaconsfield's house surrounded by trees. The path skirts the narrow stream, full of little cascades, and edged by shady beeches.

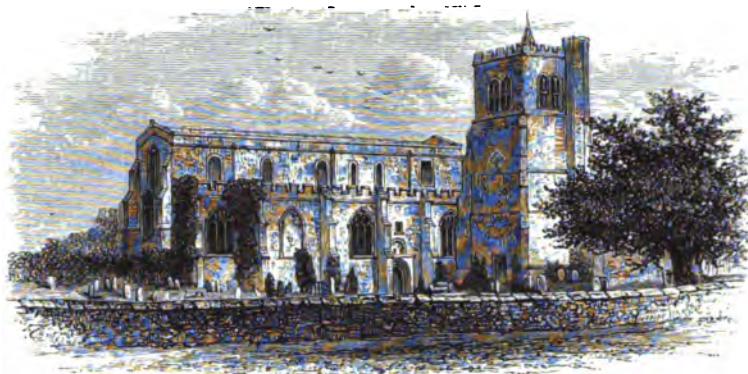


HUGHENDEN: THE BEACONSFIELD TABLET.

All over the lovely park winding walks have been cut through the thick woodland, opening out here and there into little glades studded with the abounding beeches. After a walk beneath tall pines you may debouch upon one of these glades of beech, adorning some of the most perfect glimpses of park-like scenery. Everywhere there are hills, around which picturesquely wind the walks laid out by Lady Beaconsfield. When he was in retirement at Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield spent much of his time in wandering, silent and alone, in the more solitary portions of the park; and he left it as a strict injunction in his will that certain woods were never to be felled, and that only such timber was to be cut as was necessary and proper. Great numbers of the famous Windsor chairs of Wycombe are made from Hughenden timber. After the death of his wife, Lord Beaconsfield accounted it his chief happiness that, to use his own phrase, he "lived among his own woods." All contemplative men have loved wood-

land scenery; and the lord of Hughenden among his beeches inevitably recalls the picture of Burke enjoying, perhaps in more practical and demonstrative fashion, but assuredly not the more keenly, the delights of his little domain at Gregories. But while Burke loved to be a practical country gentleman, Lord Beaconsfield in his retirement never ceased to be a statesman and a man of letters. Most of his books were written in Hughenden Manor House, in such scant leisure as the absorbing and thankless trade of politics leaves to a man. Here, too, we have it in evidence that much statecraft was developed. Yet, with all his absorption, Lord Beaconsfield ever had admiring eyes for his beloved trees; and a quaint pleasure in the plaintive but romantic shriek of the famous peacocks.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.



ELSTOW.

ELSTOW.

A STURDY PURITAN.

IN the level valley of the Ouse, about a mile to the south of Bedford, is the village of Elstow. Once it could claim a higher title, for it had a market of its own, but this ceased long ago; and as the neighbouring county town has been roused by the railways from the quietude of a merely agricultural centre, and is becoming the site of some important manufactures, the dignity is not likely to be regained. It is now "a quiet and rather large country village, standing among fields, and almost surrounded by fine elms, which hide it from a distance, and make a kind of park of its meadows." How did it come to pass that this place gave birth to a man who has made a mark in the history of English literature hardly less deep, if less broad, than Shakespeare himself? There is even less here than at Stratford-on-Avon of those accessories, and those natural features, which are generally supposed to evoke the poetic faculty. There is a certain beauty in the hedgerow timber, in the quiet lanes, in the lush meadows of this river plain, but it is of the quietest, sleepest kind. The Ouse slides through Bedford town a mile or more away, as does the Avon through Stratford, though, in the former case, with far less beauty in its surroundings. No one would seek inspiration from that stream, or from the yet more sluggish brook that creeps through the Elstow fields. The valley of the Ouse is bordered by hills, even lower and less striking than those of Warwickshire. There is neither a Horeb nor a Wilderness; no rocky fastness, such as those among which Benedict was stirred to spiritual conflict; no mountain solitudes such as those among which Bruno sought to initiate the Carthusian rule. Everything in this valley of the Ouse is of the most homely, everyday kind. There seems nothing to arouse violent emotions, everything to deaden them at their outset. One would suppose that all the dwellers in this region would be the most commonplace of folk; neither great saints nor great

sinners; working, playing, eating, drinking, sleeping; doing all, except the last, to a moderate amount; in that, however, some little excess would be probable; for when the sun is still high on a summer afternoon, when the air is redolent of the meadows, and the bees are humming among the branches, the eyes of those who can rest awhile from labour are apt to grow heavy.

What could have produced this strange man, who has caught the fancy, and spoken straight to the heart, of tens of thousands of his countrymen, who has made this Bedfordshire village a place of pilgrimage, and, though himself among the dissentient, adds an interest to its church? It is as unaccountable as the birth of Shakespeare; neither external influences nor family history throw any light upon the mystery; both men seem to have been created rather than born.

Bunyan, however, after the flesh, was a tinker's son.* He saw the light first in a homely cottage, which, though somewhat modernised, still remains, near where the road from Bedford enters Elstow. He was brought up to this very humble craft, and "according to the rate of other poor men's children, but soon lost what little he had been taught, even almost utterly." No sign, so far as we know, was exhibited in his boyhood of the mental power which afterwards displayed itself, nor any precocity, except that at an early age his conscience appears to have been unusually susceptible, and his imagination vivid. He tells us of himself that when he was "but a child, only nine or ten years old, visions by night, and the stings of conscience by day," so distressed his soul, that, in his own words—"even in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins; yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors; that, if it must needs be that I were there, I might rather be a tormentor than tormented myself."

As, however, is not seldom the case, this precocious sensitiveness of conscience was an unhealthy symptom, and was followed by a hurtful reaction. The boy grew up not more thoughtful but more careless than his fellows; he was the worse, rather than the better, for a too early familiarity with spiritual disquietudes, and above all with the demonology of Christians, rather than with the gospel of Christ; he had succeeded in silencing for a time the inward monitor, and, though its suggestions had not always been of the wisest, he was the loser by the victory. The picture, however, which he draws of his life before the great mental struggle began is probably over-coloured. Bunyan saw all things with exceeding vividness, even his own sins. A man of more comprehensive views or less ascetic spirit could not have written the "Pilgrim's Progress." He

* He was born in the year 1628; thus, at the death of Charles I., he would be about twenty-one, and at the Restoration thirty-two.

distinctly states, even in his self-accusation, that he was no drunkard, and had always lived a chaste life—indeed, in the latter respect he avoided temptation by marrying before he was twenty. Profaneness of speech appears to have been his chief sin of commission, for he tells us that he was a great swearer. In other respects than this, he was probably neither better nor worse than a score of other lads of his age, who have never thought seriously upon the “things which are unseen,” and, in consequence, are little more than fine healthy animals, with capacities for good and for evil which commonly are only beginning to develop. Bunyan, however, was not wholly without checks in his career of thoughtlessness. More than once some narrow escape from death or serious accident awakened graver thoughts; the most remarkable of these occurring at the siege of Leicester (for one episode in his early life was carrying a musket in the Parliamentary army). There a soldier, who had volunteered to take his place in a party detailed for some duty, was struck by a musket-ball in the head and killed on the spot.

“A marked change in Bunyan’s mental history began as he was playing a game of tip-cat on a Sunday, after having listened in the morning to a sermon against Sabbath-breaking. Such pastimes, it must be remembered, were at that time thought by half the kingdom quite harmless on a Sunday afternoon. In the middle of the game a voice seemed to sound in his ears, asking, ‘Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?’ ‘At this,’ he continued, ‘I was put into an exceeding maze: wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me.’ This was the beginning of the great spiritual struggle which has been the lot of most who have been called out from their fellows to undertake some exceptional work—a struggle which has been waged by men of very different creeds—which was as real for John Bunyan and Martin Luther as it was for Benedict of Subiaco and Francis of Assisi. It was a struggle where the reason is shaken, where the boundary between the real and the ideal becomes confused. For here, as in everything else in this world, it seems to be the law of life that only through much suffering and individual loss can great results be obtained. John Bunyan appears more than once to have been on the verge of insanity; more than once also on the point of abandoning the contest in despair; but at last, after a long struggle and various backslidings, the victory over himself was won. First of all he ceased to swear, next tip-cat on Sundays lost its temptation; then he abandoned even his favourite pastime of bell-ringing; and last and hardest of all, abstained from dancing. The order of the last two renunciations is certainly hard to understand. Dancing, indeed, might not unnaturally be regarded as at best a frivolous pastime, unbecoming the gravity of

one deeply conscious of the momentous issues of this life; but wherein consisted the sin of ringing a peal on the church bells is by no means easy to perceive.”*

From this epoch Bunyan's connection with Elstow was loosened. He left



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE.

the ministrations of his parish church, though, of course, at that period the pulpit was not occupied by an Anglican divine, and presently joined himself to a Baptist congregation at Bedford. Afterwards he became a preacher, itinerating in the neighbouring villages, and appears to have become somewhat obnoxious to the ruling powers even before the Restoration. Then, however, his troubles began in earnest. The Puritan had not been over-tolerant of deviation from his own standard of orthodoxy, but the Anglican came back with a debt of suffering to requite and a determination to suppress dissent, if it were possible. The Puritan was hated by the Churchman as a recalcitrant from ecclesiastical discipline, by the statesman as a rebel against royal authority, by the courtier as a righteous liver, so that he could not find a friend in any quarter. Bunyan was indicted as a person "who devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear Divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles." For twelve years he was in prison at Bedford, though sometimes he was treated rather as a prisoner

* "Our Own Country," Vol. II. Bedford.

of war than as a criminal, and was even allowed out on parole. The "Declaration of Indulgence" in the year 1672 procured him a pardon, and after this he appears to have escaped unmolested, though he continued to write and to preach. During the years of his imprisonment the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written, and he published altogether about three score tracts or books.

Elstow Church, which is inseparably connected with the memory of Bunyan's earlier days, is itself a building of some size and considerable interest. Parallel with the wall of the churchyard is the village green, an ample tract of rough greensward, bordered by ancient houses. At the western end is the stump of an old stone cross; at the eastern a brick and timber house—the Market-hall in the days when Elstow enjoyed so much dignity. On the edge of the churchyard are three broken trunks of great elm trees, still putting forth tufts of branches. All these must have existed when Bunyan was a lad. Many a time he must have loitered about the market-place; he may, perchance, have seen that cross broken down, if it had escaped the earlier reformers; he may have scrambled up those elms, defiant of the beadle, for they would be young trees in his boyhood. Little doubt this green by the churchyard wall was the place where he was playing his game of tip-cat on that Sunday afternoon when the call to repentance sounded in his ears, and that life began which he has narrated in his great allegory.

The church also, till lately, had but little changed from the time when Bunyan, like the other people in the little town, went thither every Sunday. Here, probably, though from no Anglican clergyman, he listened to the sermon against Sabbath-breaking. The following passage, written by myself some years since, describes the appearance of Elstow Church prior to the recent restoration:—"It stands on the further side of the churchyard. At the north-west angle is a massive tower, with windows in the upper storey, looking strong enough to be used as a place of refuge against marauding bands. It is quite separated from the church, and is thus a regular 'campanile.' The bells date from the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and it is said that number four in the peal is the one which Bunyan used to ring. Parts of the church are Norman work; most of this is very simple, except the north door, which is a rather richly ornamented specimen, and is in very fair preservation. Other parts are Early English, and the rest of later date, some being poor and untidy



ELSTOW: THE NORTH DOOR.

patchwork. . . . The three eastern bays retain the old Norman work, very plain, massive, round-headed arches separating the nave from the aisles. The two bays further west are simple Early English. The church has evidently once been longer towards the east. A part of the chancel screen and some of the old seats yet remain. The first on the left hand of the north entrance is pointed out as the one formerly occupied by Bunyan. As 'absenting himself from church' was one of his offences during the greater part of his life, it is possible that this tradition may not be strictly accurate; but if this is not Bunyan's pew, there is at any rate no reason why he may not have sat there."

In the south aisle of the church are two brasses with female figures, said to be the memorials of the last two abbesses of a nunnery which adjoined the church. In the chancel is a monument to a Mr. Radcliff, who was among the occupants of the mansion which was built on the site of this nunnery. In the north-east corner of the church is the tomb of a Mr. Crompton, a magistrate, before whom Bunyan was brought up on a warrant, and who, in effect, committed him to prison by refusing to accept bail for his appearance.

Since this passage was written, a restoration has taken place which has not respected the above-named pew. Many repairs, what the fabric greatly needed, have been made; the whitewash and plaster have been cleared from the walls, and the stonework exposed; stained-glass windows, commemorative of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War," have been inserted at the east end of the aisles, and an aspect of general dilapidation has given place to one more befitting a church of such interest.

The nunnery stood on the south side of the church, adjoining the graveyard. It was founded by Juditha, a niece of William the Conqueror, and the oldest part of the church is probably of the same date. Its annals appear to have been uneventful, although the neighbouring town of Bedford, so long as its castle was standing, was by no means a very peaceful place. Of the nunnery very little now remains. The most important fragment is a square chamber with a rather low vaulted roof, which is supported by a central pillar of dark marble. This, which is said to have been the chapter-house, is still in good preservation. A portion, however, of the mansion which succeeded the nunnery, and which, no doubt, was constructed from its materials and included some of its buildings, still remains. This is a ruined façade, with square mullioned windows and an Elizabethan porch, now almost buried in ivy. Here, in Bunyan's time, the Squire of Elstow no doubt lived; and there would be trim lawns and gardens where now the weeds are growing wild. The great allegorist is not buried in the adjoining churchyard. On a journey from Reading to London he got a chill; this turned to a fever, which in a few days proved fatal, and he was laid in Bunhill Fields, "the Campo Santo of the Nonconformists."

T. G. BONNEY.



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE EXTERIOR.

YARMOUTH AND HULL.

GREAT PARISH CHURCHES.

WHEN Cerdic the Saxon, according to Matthew of Westminster and others, landed on the sands at the mouths of the group of East-country streams which now discharge themselves into the German Ocean at Great Yarmouth, he appears to have slighted the claims of the place to be regarded as an agreeable marine residence, and transferred himself and company into Wessex. Probably a few huts for fishers and fowlers constituted for many years after that event (near the close of the fifth century) the nameless village on the spot. But as time passed on, and fishing prospered, there arose on a "green hill"—most likely what is now called Fuller's Hill—a small church dedicated to St. Benedict. It is mentioned in Domesday Book as possessed by Ailmarus, Bishop (of Elmham) in the time of Edward the Confessor, and contemporaneously with the compilation of the survey by William (de Beaufeu), the Bishop of Thetford. Afterwards the well-known Herbert de Losinga, whose simony is feared by his most recent biographers* to be "too well attested to be groundless," succeeded to the see. Among the fruits of his penitence are Norwich Cathedral, and, according to general belief, the church of St. Nicholas in Great Yarmouth. The latter

* Dean Goulburn and Mr. Symonds.

was sufficiently advanced to be mentioned, "with all things that belong to the same," as granted by him to the Benedictine monks of the former in the Charter



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE INTERIOR.

of the Foundation of Norwich Cathedral, signed and sealed September 24th, 1101. It was a simple cross church, with transepts but no aisles, though perhaps with apsidal chapels opening eastward from the transepts, as at Norwich Cathedral and Thetford Priory. All that now remains of it is the portion of the central tower between the bell-chamber and the tower arches. The material consists of beach boulders, pieces of stone, and tufa or trass of the Rhine, from the vicinity of Andernach, probably brought to Yarmouth as ballast. After the lapse of about seventy years, the nave walls were lengthened, and pierced for the present arcade of seven arches, to which lean-to aisles were added, while the tower was elevated to about its present height. That the builders of that day consulted "appearances" is clear from the ashlar facings of the sides of the tower seen from the town, as contrasted with the rough work on the north and east.

Some thirty years more pass away, and the narrow lean-to aisles disappear, and are replaced by the present ones, of the unusual width of 39 feet. Mr. Seddon,

the architect employed in the restoration of the south aisle, sees great resemblance between the west front of Yarmouth south aisle and that of Llandaff Cathedral; others have noticed the correspondence of Scottish work of the same period. Then in due course came the lengthening of the chancel and other extensions, completing, in the main, the present building, which covers more ground than any other parish church in England, its internal area being 23,085 feet—a clear thousand feet in excess of St. Michael's, Coventry, which stands next in this respect, and of which some account is given in another article.* Large as the area is, it was intended to be larger. The prosperity of the town encouraged its bachelor sons to begin, in 1330, a new work, to be called, after their state, the "Bachelors' Aisle." While it was in progress came the fearful scourge called the "Black Death," which so reduced the population of Norfolk that, in the opinion of eminent statisticians, it has not yet recovered itself. The excavations made by the late Mr. Morant, Town Surveyor, in 1860, showed that a new grand west front had been designed, with two towers and a doorway 40 feet wide. The unfinished work fell into decay, and was removed piecemeal for various purposes, some of it supplying foundations for the pillars in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, which foundations were seen when that building was repaired in 1883. The old spire, 186 feet high, being afflicted with spinal curvature, arising from its ignition by lightning in 1683, was removed in 1803, and after a lapse of four years the present non-tapering structure took its place. Decay set in also at the east end, which was shortened 10 feet in 1784. The work of restoration, started in 1845, under the incumbency of the late Bishop Mackenzie, has been continued vigorously by his successors—Bishop Hills, Archdeacon Nevill, and Canon Venables; but it has not yet reached completion.

When the town walls were erected, they formed the boundary to the old churchyard—which contains, with the church, about eight acres—on the north and east. About thirty years ago a cemetery of ten acres was added. Since that time another and larger space has been required. The view of the church from the north-east is perhaps the most striking, for here the three eastern gables, together with that of the north transept, are seen to the best advantage.

* See *ante*, p. 80.



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE SARAH MARTIN WINDOW.

In the old churchyard many a miracle play, mystery play, and interlude has no doubt been acted and many a church ale held. Nor did these performances end at the Reformation, though by degrees they passed away from the churchyard to some other open space. All the towns used to vie with one another on these occasions, but the rivalry was quite friendly, stage "properties" being lent about most freely. Thus in 1567 Bungay borrowed of Norwich the "app'ell (apparel) of my lord of Surrey" to be worn by the lord of the feast; and in 1558 the same town lent Yarmouth the "game gere," comprising all things necessary for these simple Thespian performances. The first trace, by the way, of theatrical representation in England is a note by Matthew Paris of a miracle play of St. Catherine.

Entering through the south porch, built from a totally indescribable design (*monstrum horrendum, etc.*), we pass into the church, and find ourselves provided with handbooks turning us into a gentle stream flowing west, then north, then east, and so west again, till we have completed what is really a small journey, and find ourselves again at our starting-point. The west window of the south aisle has already been mentioned, but it will be seen to most advantage from within. The plain elegance of the nave west window will speak for itself, belonging, as it does, to the Early English work, with dog-tooth ornament; and the north aisle has a peculiar interest in containing a small stained-glass window to the memory of that saintly woman, Sarah Martin, the sempstress of Caister, who by her self-denying labours in Yarmouth Gaol has "built herself an everlasting name." In the north transept and north chancel-aisle are two pieces of mural painting, the former of which was with great care transferred from the south transept in a wooden frame when it was discovered on removing the plaster. Two scenes, depicted with rude force, remain—the Crucifixion and the Appearance of our Lord to St. Mary Magdalene in the Garden. The mural painting in the north chancel-aisle remains *in situ* behind part of the organ. It represents a group of knights in chain-mail approaching a church. One of them wears the tilting helmet over his *coif-de-mailles*, and in his right hand is a sword with the hilt uppermost. If a conjecture may be hazarded as to the subject, it may be one of the nobles of King Edward I. going to deposit his sword at Carlisle or Durham Cathedral after the victory over the Scotch at Falkirk in 1298. Before we pass from the fabric, the bosses of the waggon-roof in the south aisle deserve special mention.

Of what may be called church furniture, the organ, bells, font, and pulpit must not be passed over. The instrument first named, of which we get the earliest notice in 1465 as "Our Lady's organ," is now one of the wonders of East Anglia. The Long Parliament, in 1644, forbid the use of organs in churches, and no note from the "kist o' whustles" sounded in Yarmouth

Church from that time to 1733, when Jordan, Byfield and Bridge erected that which forms the nucleus of the present magnificent instrument. This, being a "divided organ," merits in the letter the designation of a "payre of organs." The old case, surmounted by an angel blowing a trumpet, out of which, according to local tradition, the loudest sounds proceeded, contains the great organ and pedal pipes, in the north chancel-aisle. In the south chancel-aisle are the choir organ and swell, enclosed in the old case from St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, and presided over by a figure of St. Nicholas, ingeniously converted from that of St. Peter. The organist sits in the midst of his choir, far removed from either "chest of whistles." The fine ring of ten bells was cast by Thomas Mears and Son, of Whitechapel, in 1807. The tenor, of magnificent tone, in D, with a diameter of 58 inches, weighs 31 cwt. The font is of Purbeck marble, possibly of the Norman period. In 1647 the Corporation ordered its removal, as being "out of use," but some good Churchman managed to preserve it for happier times. It was thoroughly painted in the pigmental days of the earlier Georges, but has now been restored. The pulpit is a great platform, enclosed with a richly-carved front, back, and sides, and standing on a base of the same design.

Daughters sometimes outgrow their mothers in stature, and this is notably the case with both the old churches in the town of Kingston-on-Hull, which were originally chapels to other churches. St. Mary's was a chapel to North Ferriby; Holy Trinity, the subject of these remarks, to Hessle. The union between Hessle and Holy Trinity, however, outlasted by at least two centuries that between the other two, and its dissolution was effected only at the Restoration. Comparing this church with that at Great Yarmouth, we find that each possesses the complete scheme of aisles, chancel-aisles, and transepts, with a central tower. But here the points of resemblance cease; and whereas Yarmouth claims the wider interest from greater variety of work and style, Hull has the advantage of a more symmetrical construction. In point of internal superficial area, Yarmouth is the foremost in England, as we have said in treating of that church. The ground covered by Holy Trinity, Hull, is 20,036 square feet, or 3,049 less than the Yarmouth floor. The difference between these grand floor-spaces would, in itself, make quite a respectable area for an ordinary church. Many a struggling church-builder in a populous district would be rejoiced at finding himself able to place a building 75 feet by 40 in the midst of his people. The total length of the Hull church is 272 feet, against 230 at Yarmouth. Thus, even externally, and still more internally, a grand effect is produced, the majesty of size approving itself to the eye more in the case of a full length and proportional breadth, than in that of the comparatively short nave and exceptionally wide aisles at Yarmouth.

Beginning at the east end, we find ourselves confronted with the earlier work. The chancel, 70 feet wide, only two feet less in width than the nave,



HOLY TRINITY, HULL: THE WEST FRONT.

dates from 1285, and is a notable example of construction in brick. It is a vexed question whether the art of brick-making survived the departure of the Romans from England at the beginning of the fifth century. Certainly the greater part of the work in which brick is found earlier than the date given above is constructed from the wreck of Roman work in the vicinity. A well-known instance is that of St. Alban's Abbey, which Matthew Paris speaks of as constructed with the stones and tiles of the ancient city of Verulamium, *ex lapidibus et tegulis veteris civitatis Verulamii*. But, even in this instance, there is room for belief that some of the bricks may have been baked for the occasion, and the frequent occurrence of stray clean bricks in the eastern counties in earlier work, far removed from Roman stations or camps, fosters the theory that the art had never been forgotten, but rather revived, time after time, as necessity developed skill in this respect. In the case of Hull we have certainly the neighbouring Roman station of Beverley; yet the character of the work

suggests no such indebtedness, but perhaps rather a stimulus given to brickwork by some Yorkshire trader who had seen the great use made of this material along the shores of the Baltic and in Scandinavia. Now the first recorded mention of Hull as a port seems to be in 1198, when it was evidently of some standing in this respect, and was allowed to be a place of export for wool, then rising into the position of highest importance among the articles of produce in England.

During such a time of commercial activity in Hull, nothing would be more natural than for a trader in the Baltic to observe the abundant use made of brick in the places visited by him, and to stimulate the production and use of the material at home. However, the usual faults in brick construction as observed abroad are not noticeable in Hull. A strong love for art is discernible in the work of the chancel, and more especially in the noble east window, in every respect worthy of the church in which it is so prominent an object. The tracery is of that character, at once free and systematic, which distinguishes the Augustan period of Pointed architecture. Yet, in spite of the mingled grace and strength of the curves in this window, the weakness of the Decorated mullions tells its story as we observe the transom connecting them—a feature of the later work, in the Perpendicular style. This is also the style of the nave; and though the material is stone instead of brick, the inferiority of conception is obvious. If William of Wykeham was the father of the Perpendicular style, he has much to answer for. Stonemasons might rejoice in having straighter runs for their work, but the taste of generation after generation has suffered from the contemplation of windows of the “gridiron” pattern, with upper spaces resembling pickle-bottles in a row. The nave and aisles of Holy Trinity appear to be neither better nor worse than most other specimens



HOLY TRINITY, HULL: ARCADE AND SCREEN.

of the last of the Pointed styles. The general effect is impressive, especially in the interior, where the worshipper is unconsciously elevated by the decorous arcade and clerestory; but it is to general effect, and not to originality in detail, that Perpendicular churches owe such credit as they have.

In the south transept is the entrance to a chantry built, in or about 1395, by William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, who was beheaded by Henry IV. at Bristol in the first year of that usurper's reign. His brother Richard, Archbishop of York, suffered a like penalty six years afterwards, on "Whitsun Monday," 1405, for his share in the ineffectual rising at "Yorkeswold." The *Bend Or* of the Scropes is well known in many parts of the country, but the three leopards' heads of the De la Poles, another ill-starred family, originating from William de la Pole, a rich Hull merchant of the time of Edward III., are rather divided between Hull and Suffolk. Michael de la Pole, the merchant's son, who founded "God's house" in Hull in 1384, married Catharine Wingfield, a Suffolk heiress, and became first of a new race of Earls of Suffolk in the following year. But we must turn from old Yorkshire families to later matters.

This spacious church has been restored under the late Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of about £33,000, and is now in all its appointments in a condition worthy of its architectural and historic merits. The restoration has been conservative of such work as admitted of conservation. The glass in the east window dates from the year 1834. The mixture of subjects, Our Lord and His Apostles above, and Reynolds's Cardinal Virtues below, is not quite in accordance with our tastes; but even some of the work of the last quarter of the nineteenth century does not quite defy criticism.

The ingenious entrance to the old pulpit, through a staircase within one of the piers of the central tower, is still marked by an oak door; and the font, of that now almost disused material, Purbeck marble, bearing the figure of a huntsman, as old, probably, as anything in the church, is in use, despite the changes which have passed over its surroundings.

J. J. RAVEN.

ABBAY DORE, KILPECK, AND HEYSHAM.

SOME QUAIN'T CHURCHES.

AMONG the more exceptional churches of England, both for situation and for design, that of Abbey Dore may fairly be reckoned. The former part of its double name indicates its monastic origin; the latter its situation by the Dore, a Herefordshire river. Once it belonged to a Cistercian monastery. This Order loved solitary places, so that the ruins of its abbeys, even at the present day, are often comparatively lonely. They were founded at first far from the abode of man, far even from other religious houses. Such were Fountains in the glen of the Skell, Furness, nestling among its sandstone crags, and Tintern by the winding Wye. Such, too, was this church in the Golden Valley. But lonely as the abbeys were, they were often grand enough, for the Cistercians were a popular Order, and even if the severity of their rule was sometimes expressed in their architecture, the simplicity was always stately. The Order was first planted at and obtained its name from Cisteaux in Burgundy, where a Benedictine, one Robert, Abbot of Molesme, formed a society of straiter rule, about the end of the eleventh century. Its members devoted themselves especially to the honour of the Virgin Mary, to whom all their monasteries were dedicated.

The valley of the Dore, or the Golden Valley, as it is usually called, must have been an ideal retreat for the Order. "It lies wholly in what may be called the sub-alpine district of the Welsh border, where the undulations as yet rarely rise into prominent and well defined hills. . . . The scenery . . . is worthy of the name it bears. . . . The skyline is usually rather level, the valley being excavated out of a plateau; the bounding hills, especially on the left bank, are commonly capped with woods. The slopes are often rather rapid, richly cultivated, varied by abundant hedgerow timber and scattered copses, and as there is more arable than grass-land, there are many changes in the dominant tints of the scenery, from the warm red of the bare soil in winter to the rich gold of the ripened corn in the late summer. On the right bank many glimpses are caught of the long terrace-like line of the Black Mountains, whose dark bare sides contrast markedly with the cheerful richness of the nearer valley. Glancing backward the scene is more varied; the ridges of Graig and Garway Hills and the undulating Saddle-bow bound the view."* The neighbourhood should be as healthy as it is beautiful, for it is said that one Serjeant Hoskyns—whose monument remains in the church — entertained his Majesty James I., on occasion of a visit to these

* "Our Own Country," Vol. IV., p. 212.

parts, with a grotesque dance performed by ten old men, whose united ages amounted to a thousand years.

The Golden Valley deserves its title for its real beauty, but the name was obtained from a misconception. The river Dore rolls down no "golden sands,"



ABBAY DORE: THE TOWER AND SOUTH TRANSEPT.

and its name has no connection with the Latin or French words for that epithet. It has a more remote ancestry than Roman or Norman. It goes back, like several other rivers, to the Celtic word *Dwr*, which signifies water. In not the least beautiful part of this valley the Cistercians began to build their church towards the middle of the twelfth century.* Doubtless it was lonely enough then, but a village has subsequently sprung up around its ruins. Little is left of the conventual buildings.

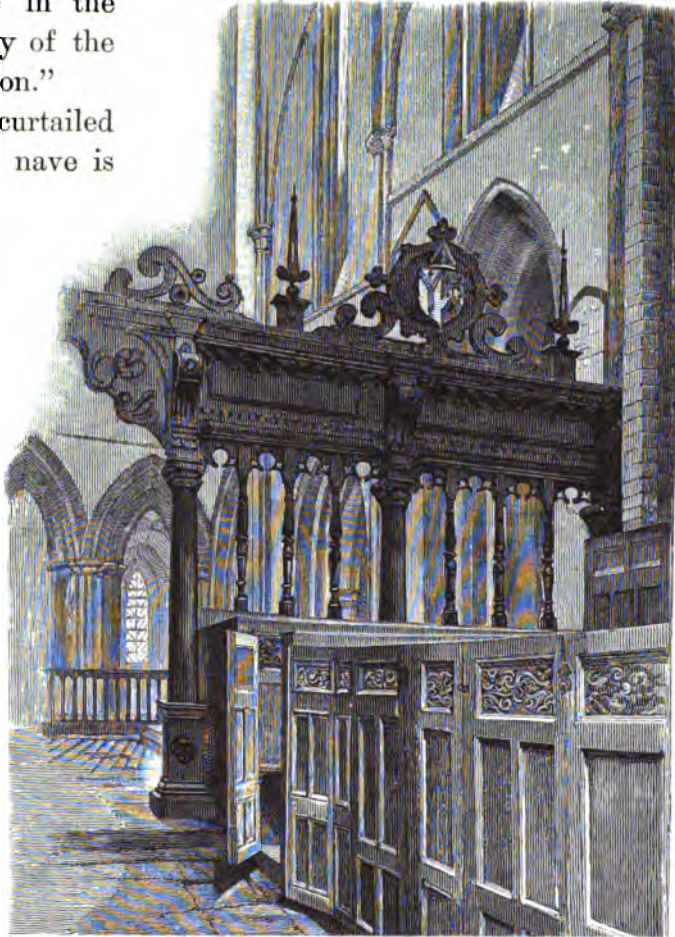
* Cistercians were placed here by Robert of Ewias in the reign of Stephen, but the building was not completed till the time of Henry III.

"A passage with a broken barred vault abutting on the transept wall indicates a 'slype.' Some fragments north of it probably were part of the chapter-house, and high up on the above-mentioned wall may be seen the marks of two roofs, which no doubt belonged to the ancient dormitory; a ruined gable close to the church-yard indicates the western limit of the monastery. Cabbage gardens now cover the spot where generations of monks lived and died, but an old yew-tree in the graveyard probably saw the abbey of the Golden Valley in all its perfection."

The church has been sadly curtailed of its original proportions. The nave is worse than a ruin; one end of the northern and a single column of the southern aisle alone remain. Transepts, choir, and Lady Chapel, however, are still fairly perfect, and make up the present church. For the preservation of this we are indebted to John, Lord Scudamore, on whose property it stood. By his time, in the year 1634, the vaulted roof had fallen in and the building had become a ruin; but through his liberality it was "roofed, restored to sacred uses, endowed liberally." The pews are of this date, and are good specimens of Jacobean work of a simple kind. It is to be hoped that the profane

hand of the "mediæval restorer" will be withheld from them. Of the same date also is a really handsome oak screen, which stands in the place of the ancient rood-loft. Worth notice, too, is the western gallery, supported on columns.

The most striking and the most peculiar feature of the church is undoubtedly its eastern end. This is square, and the upper part is pierced by a triplet of lancet windows. Beneath are three pointed arches opening into an eastern ambulatory, a continuation of the choir aisles; beyond which comes a row of chapels, one corresponding with each of the side aisles and three with the central part. Here,



ABBEY DORE: THE CHOIR AND SCREEN.

fortunately, the original vaulting remains. The effect of this arrangement is singularly good. Above, we have the simple grace of the lancet triplet; below, the varied grouping of clustered columns and moulded arches, suggestive of extension and of mystery. Still, we can hardly rise to so high a pitch of enthusiasm as Mr. Gilbert Scott, who quoted the church of Abbey Dore as showing how superior to the apsidal the square ending can be made.

The position also of the tower, at the eastern angle of the south transept, is rather exceptional. It is a plain, massive structure; indeed, this is the general characteristic of the architecture everywhere but at the eastern end. Much of the Norman solidity remains to modify the Early English style, and the work is often rough and homely. The church still contains several monuments, though the older ones are much broken. The most curious is a tablet, on which is sculptured in high relief a small figure of a bishop. Popular report makes it the tomb of a boy bishop, but this is more than doubtful; one authority of weight suggests that "the stone indicates the burial-place of the heart of Bishop John Breton of Hereford, who died in the thirteenth century." Some old stained glass still remains in the eastern windows, but the most curious relic is the altar. This is a huge stone slab, supported by three massive clustered columns. It is said, and there seems no reason to doubt the statement, that the former was part of the ancient high altar. After the abbey had become a ruin, the slab was removed to a neighbouring farm-house and was made useful in the dairy, whence it was recovered and restored to the church. Probably the present is not quite the original position, and the supports appear to be the capitals of columns which have been found among the ruins and applied to their present purpose.

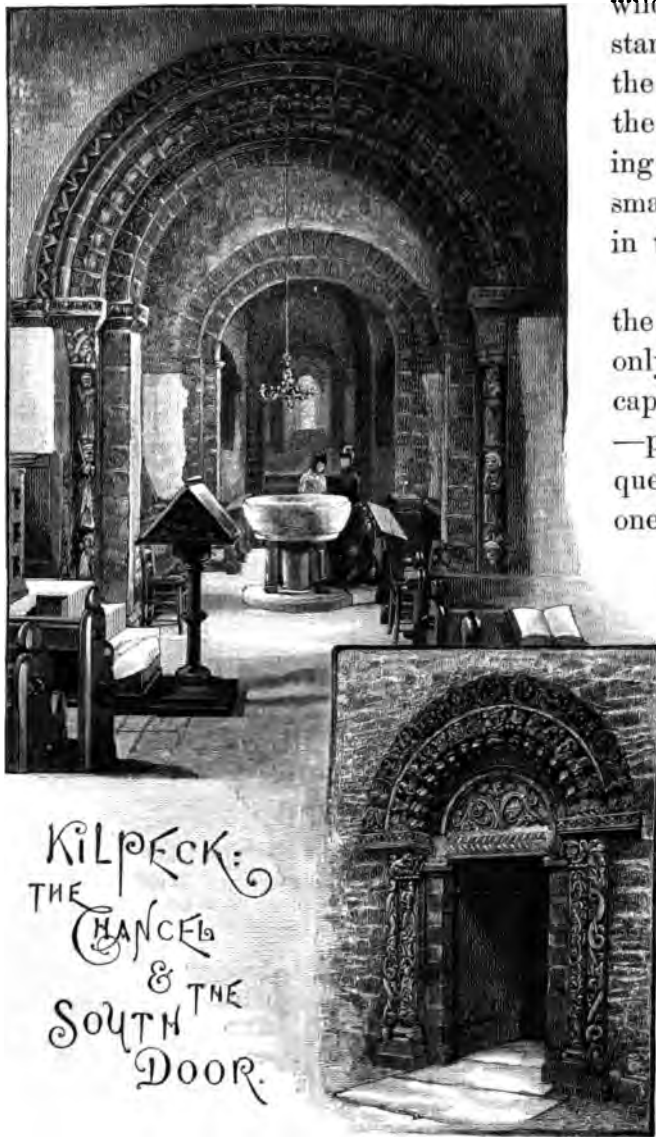
The little village of Kilpeck, at the opening of the Golden Valley, possesses a church even more singular than that of Abbey Dore. It would be difficult to find another so small in size, and yet so elaborate in design, considering the style of architecture. Kilpeck Church stands quite away from any busy centre of life, on a low hill some little distance from the railway station of St. Devereux, with only a small and scattered hamlet attached. But in olden time it appears to have been a place of great consideration, though probably the parish never was a populous one. In an adjoining field are the ruins of a castle, but these are comparatively unimportant. A little of the keep, a good part of the moat, and some small fragments of walls are all that now remains.

By one of the lords of this castle Kilpeck Church was no doubt built—probably about, or rather before, the middle of the twelfth century—but of its history we know little for certain. It must have been reared by some lord or priest who was an admirer of architecture, and was determined to erect in this quiet district of Herefordshire what guide books would now describe as "a little gem of a chapel."

This church must then have remained almost unnoticed and unaltered, protected probably by the remoteness of the place, which kept away ambitious priests, and by the smallness of the population, which meant no money for "improving" the church; thus escaping almost entirely those changes which in more populous or wealthy places have generally befallen structures of Norman date. It was practically discovered when, in the present century, men began to wake up to a sense of the treasures of old time which still remain in the land, and then of course the restorer came. We are informed that his work was done with the utmost care, every stone, as it was removed, being numbered, and as little recarving done as possible. Nevertheless, Kilpeck Church, in its present condition, presents the appearance of a too much restored building, and from what may be seen at Hereford, it is evident that Cottingham in work of this kind was often more zealous than wise. Fortunately an illustrated memoir exists, containing a series of careful drawings, which show Kilpeck in its unrestored state. The author—a Mr. Lewis—is enthusiastic on the subject, and finds a symbolical meaning in many parts of the plan and ornamentation. It is possible that he may attract some disciples, but a sceptical world is more likely to smile, and say that on such principles of interpretation even a broomstick would be found rich in symbolic lessons.

The church is a very small one, and yet it consists of three distinct parts. There is a nave, a choir or chancel, and beyond this an apse, which is so far distinct that it might set up a claim to be regarded as the proper chancel. A richly sculptured doorway, on the tympanum of which is some foliated ornamentation, regarded by the above author as a representation of the tree of life, which it will do for as well as for anything else, gives admission to the nave on its south side. From the nave another doorway, with richly carved mouldings, and the shafts of its side columns sculptured into figures, leads into the plain square chancel, at the east end of which a third Norman arch, but in this case quite plain, opens into the apse. This is lighted by three windows, and has a vaulted roof. Another peculiarity of the building is the fewness of the windows. One or two have been subsequently added, but the original church must have been very dark. The side walls of the square chancel are not pierced at all, and originally, if we remember aright, there were only three windows in the nave. An old and rather rudely designed font is probably as old as the church. Outside, the walls of the building are relieved by pilasters, and a corbel-table is carried round it, ornamented by various sculptured figures of more or less singular design. These also have been duly elucidated by the ingenious author already mentioned.

Heysham Church and precincts are alike notable in the instance which remains to be described. From the level shore of Morecambe Bay a rocky mass juts up, against which nestles the little village of Heysham, sheltering itself from the



wild sea-winds. Above the houses stands the quaint little church; beyond the present limit of the churchyard, on the bare summit of the crag overhanging the sands, are the ruins of a yet smaller chapel, and some graves hewn in the red sandstone rock.

The oldest part of the church is the chancel arch, semicircular, with only a square abacus in place of a capital, and an angular line-ornament—possibly anterior to the Norman Conquest. The work throughout is rude; one or two windows appear to be Late

Decorated, rather in the flamboyant style, others are still less ancient. The sepulchral memorials outside are even more interesting; chief among them is a low stone rudely sculptured with grotesque figures of men and animals—stags, dogs, etc.—seemingly a hunting scene—a memorial, it may be, of some Nimrod who took his pleasure in the Lancashire woodlands before the Norman came. There are also stone coffins, whole or broken, one bearing on its lid a harp, a sword, and an incised cross, and

there is an old inscription. The ruined chapel on the wind-swept headland is probably older than even any part of the existing church. It reminds us of those cells—for they are little more—which are still dotted about the shores of Britain, especially in the north, such, for instance, as that at Peel Castle in the Isle of Man. This one is about eight yards long, and less than three wide. The eastern wall, with parts of that on the north and south, remain; it is built of rubble, and cased within and without by rude ashlar; there is no sign of an east window, but on the south side are a rude round-headed doorway and the splay of a window.

Six of the graves are hewn in the furthest angle of the rock, where it is

limited on either side by a little cliff. They lie side by side, but the heads are not placed along in line. The first, counting from the left, is square-headed; the next three have shouldered tops; the fifth and sixth are rounded. At the heads of all but the fifth are squared holes, as though to support a cross or a memorial pillar. Three other graves, similarly hewn, may be seen, two near the churchyard wall—one of these evidently for an infant—and another one to the north-east.



HEYSHAM.

There are now no remains of coverings, but in some the ledges on which lids have rested may still be seen. Nothing is known of the history of these curious places of sepulture. Rock-cut graves are common enough in some countries, but as a rule they are either connected with sepulchral chambers or are much more deeply sunk into the rock; these are practically stone coffins, of which the lower part has not been detached from the parent rock. I know of no other instance of such places of sepulture in England; a few exist in France, of which far the most remarkable is in Provence, at the foot of the hill crowned by the Abbey of Montmajeur. Here the limestone rock about a curious cruciform chapel, dating from the beginning of the eleventh century, is hewn into graves; there must be hundreds of them, made for children and for adults, and they are huddled together without order so closely that the rock is literally honeycombed with them—a cemetery no less strangely interesting than the famous one in the neighbouring town of Arles.

T. G. BONNEY.

ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN.

A CHURCH OF GREAT PREACHERS.

THE date of the foundation of the original church of St. Andrew is not known, but from a very early period this sacred building must have stood near the rapid stream or bourne from which Holborn (or Old Bourne) took its name—a stream which, rising near the place where Holborn Bars afterwards stood, and running down to the spot where once was a bridge, was joined by other water-courses from springs at Clerkenwell, Finsbury, and elsewhere, and so went brawling on to the Fleet, which carried the united streams across the foot of Ludgate Hill, past Bridewell, into the Thames.

Although there are several interesting memorial tablets in St. Andrew's, it is as usual to the registers that we must go to find the most interesting associations of the church. One entry which of late years has become noteworthy is that of the baptism of Benjamin Disraeli in 1817. At that time the future Prime Minister was twelve years of age, and his father, Isaac Disraeli, lived in King's Road, near the British Museum. The names of the brothers of the late Premier, Ralph and James Disraeli, also appear in the register of baptisms at the same date. St. Andrew's, it has been said, may almost be called the poet's church, as so many men of poetic genius have been in some way associated with it from the time of Webster, the author of "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfy." Webster was parish clerk, so his connection with the locality was distinctive. Among the most interesting records in the books is the marriage (in 1598) of Edward Coke, "the Queen's Attorney-General," and "my Lady Elizabeth Hatton," also that (in 1638) of Colonel Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley (the author of the Hutchinson Memoirs).

There are two names said to be in the register books which are full of sorrowful significance. One of them is that of Richard Savage, the wild, undisciplined companion of Samuel Johnson when both were young, unappreciated, and suffering from poverty almost reaching destitution. Of Richard Savage, who, as most people know, was the son of the ruthless and obdurate Countess of Macclesfield, it may be doubted whether his genius would have stood the test of any sustained literary effort. After a life of alternate want and dissipation, proud ambition and humiliating toadyism, he died in prison at Bristol, where he had been confined for debt, in 1743, and was buried at the expense of the keeper. It is on the representation by Dr. Johnson that Savage was baptised in the church of St. Andrew, by the direction of Earl Rivers, his reputed father that he has been associated with that place and parish, but it

is exceedingly doubtful whether this was the case, and those who have searched the register books have not succeeded in discovering the entry. It is, at any rate, pretty certain that Savage was born in Brooke Street, Holborn.

In the register of burials, however, the name of another child of sorrow and of genius is plainly to be seen. Under date August 28th, 1770, is the entry—"William Chatterton, Brooks Street." This should have been "Thomas Chatterton," for it undoubtedly refers to the boy-poet; and, indeed, the words "the poet" have been added to the entry by a later hand, with the signature "J. Mill;" as though the person responsible for the explanation was known and his authority recognised. It was in the burial ground of the workhouse in Shoe Lane that Chatterton was buried; but the register is here, as it properly should be. It is a strange coincidence that Chatterton, who was born in Bristol, died in Brooke Street, whence he had a pauper funeral; and that Savage, born in Brooke Street, died in a debtors' prison in Bristol.

In those days the church of St. Andrew was a very prominent and important edifice. It stood in such a position that the west end was almost at the top of Holborn Hill, while the foundation being, of course, continued on that level to the south end in Shoe Lane, the very basement of the church there was considerably above the adjacent houses. This peculiarity, and the prominence of the front in a great and busy thoroughfare, or one might say the junction of several thoroughfares, gave more importance to the exterior appearance than naturally belongs to it. Still, a church 110 feet high, with 188 steps to reach the queer and rather ugly belfry, where the largest bell weighed 28 hundred-weight, may well have been regarded as one of the sights of London. It is possible to see it better now, however, for it stands in a quieter nook, and the character of the district has been changed by the great Viaduct, the abolition of the cattle market, and numberless other improvements, so that before we descend to the porch, we can note to greater advantage the two-storeyed structure, with its queer old tower ornamented with "modern" vanes and "pineapples" at the corners, its signs of an ancient buttress, and its ugly windows.

But, apart from the architectural importance of the building, St. Andrew's was, till the year 1832, the only church in this extensive parish, so that the incumbency and the curacies were by no means sinecures. What the original church was like it is not easy to say. There is nothing left of it except an underlying remnant of the tower, for, though the structure was unharmed by the Great Fire of London, it was already in such a dilapidated condition that it was taken down after that event, when so much rebuilding was going on. Of course Sir Christopher Wren made the designs for the new building, which was completed in 1686, the tower being suffered to remain till, in 1704, the great architect, who had already gone pretty well to the extremity of incongruity in other edifices,

advised that this relic of the original structure should be cased or faced with stone and be generally made incongruous, instead of either being restored or removed altogether; and there it remains unto this day, a hideous example of mistaken expediency.

Quite apart from any discussion of architectural purity, or perfect pro-



THE EXTERIOR.

portion, or technical completeness, the church of St. Andrew, Holborn, must be regarded as a very beautiful building in its internal aspect. It possesses a nave, two aisles, and a chancel, the walls of which are a good imitation of Sicilian marble; effective paintings and gilding being freely used in the ornamentation. Above the altar-piece, which is carved, is a large brilliant stained-glass window with very pronounced colours. It is in two storeys, which represent

respectively the Last Supper and the Ascension. It was executed by Price, of York, in 1718. This window has on each side of it a large painting, one of St. Andrew, the other of St. Peter, and there are two smaller panels containing a Holy Family and an infant Saint John.

Another stained-glass window in the north aisle has the royal arms and those of the donor of the window, with "1687. Ex dono Thomæ Hodgson de Bramwill in Agro Eboracen. Militis." One at the end of the south aisle bears



SACHEVERELL.

HACKET.

STILLINGFLEET.

the arms of John Thavie, Esq., who in 1348 left a good estate for the support of the fabric, and whose name still survives in Thavies Inn close by. The lands and tenements left by Thavie, or those succeeding the houses of the original bequest, were pulled down to make Farringdon Market, and as the trustees of the estate were the rector and churchwardens of St. Andrew's, six parishioners of the City Liberty and three from the two County Liberties, the purchase-money was still held in charge for the church, and amounted to about £1,300 a year, derived from an estate on the west side of Shoe Lane, on which a workhouse and schools then stood. This estate was bought by the trustees with the money they received in compensation for their estates taken by City

improvements, which have been going on ever since, so that the original and the acquired estates have undergone equal changes, and the whole aspect of the neighbourhood has improved, to the great advantage, let us hope, of the cause of religion and of education.

In 1871, when the improvements were made, the old rectory was taken down, and near the place on which it stood the present handsome and commodious residence, in the Gothic style, was erected from the designs of Mr. Teulon, the architect, who, with justice, regarded it as an excellent specimen of what a rectory to an important City church should be.

But we must return to the interior of the church, and, standing here at the entrance, with the stalls or pews of the churchwardens on either side, note the amplitude and commodious breadth of the building. Rows of pillars cased with dark wainscoting support the gallery, from the top of which small Corinthian columns sustain blocks or entablatures beneath a fine ceiling which is technically known as "waggon-headed," and rises in panels decorated with festoons of flowers and fruit, with gilded bows or ribands. This is the ceiling of the main body of the church, and the groined ceiling of the aisles opens into it, forming an arch between the columns. There are few churches in London wherein such warm and ornate decoration is to be found; and while the general aspect is that of solemn repose, the visitor for the first time can scarcely avoid the impression that the ornamentation is of a character somewhat unusual in ecclesiastical architecture in this country. But this impression is soon subjected to another, namely, that of comfort and of the ability to sit undisturbed by noise, or draught, or darkness, or chilly, repellent brick or stone, and to hear without effort the appeals of the preacher, the tuneful singing of the choir and congregation, or the sweet, mellow harmony of the fine organ, which has succeeded the former one built by Harris when he competed with Father Schmydt for supplying an instrument for the Temple Church.

The altar is remarkable, and is said to resemble that of no other church in England. It is a slab of marble, with a super-altar of the same material, and is supported by a handsome bronze stand. On Sundays it is covered, according to immemorial custom of St. Andrew's, with the communion plate, only a small portion of which is ancient, as nearly the whole of the sacramental silver was stolen from the parish clerk in 1799. The present communion plate is comparatively modern, the gift of the churchwardens of the time when the old service was stolen. There are, however, two fine altar-dishes of the date 1724, and along with the plate are two curious old silver-gilt mitres, with a bas-relief of St. Andrew carrying the cross, and two statuettes on silver headings of the same saint, which, during the time of Divine Service, are fixed upon the doors of the pews at the four corners of the nave. The carving of

the communion-rail, as well as of the pulpit, is some of the best work of Grinling Gibbons.

Perhaps the names of the many distinguished preachers who have made the pulpit of St. Andrew's famous for oratory and learning may be said to begin historically with that of John Hacket, who became rector in 1624, and held the incumbency for several years. "What a delightful and instructive book Bishop Hacket's 'Life of Archbishop Williams' is," says Coleridge. "You learn more from it of that which is valuable towards an insight into the times preceding the Civil Wars than from all the ponderous histories and memoirs now composed about that period." This is high praise; but John Hacket, Doctor of Divinity, had a facile pen, and had written a comedy in Latin which was twice performed before James I. As he was born in London in 1592, and lived till 1670, he must have been well acquainted with the stirring times of which he wrote. His works are not very numerous; but they have lived, and one of them, "Christian Consolations," was among the most famous at the time of its publication. As a pupil of Westminster School, Hacket went to Cambridge with a reputation, and was afterwards made a Fellow of Trinity College. In 1623 he became prebendary of Lincoln and chaplain to James I. In the following year he was appointed rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and of Cheam in Surrey. In 1642 he was prebend and residentiary in St. Paul's. Hacket took an active part against the Puritans in the Civil War, and, having retired to his living at Cheam, was made prisoner by the army of Essex; but he was soon liberated, and, remaining at Cheam till the Restoration, recovered all his preferments, being raised to the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry in 1661. At a cost of £20,000, the greater part of which he himself contributed, he restored Lichfield Cathedral, which had been very much damaged by the cannon of the Puritans; and he also gave considerable sums to his college and to several public institutions. Opinions differ about his literary style, but about his erudition, faithful friendship, wit, and character, there seems to have been little dispute. His motto, we are told by one biographer, was, "Serve God and be chearfull." Nor can there be much doubt of his firmness and courage, for one Sunday, while he was reading the prayers in St. Andrew's, a soldier of the Earl of Essex entered the church, held a pistol to his heart, and commanded him to read no further. Not at all terrified, Hacket said he would do what became a divine, and his assailant might do what became a soldier. The man then permitted him to continue the service.

Edward Stillingfleet, the learned opponent alike of Popery and of Nonconformity, was one of the great preachers as he was one of the most able and energetic writers and profound scholars of his day. He was a native of Cranbourne in Dorsetshire, was born in 1635, and became a prominent figure in the troublous times of James II. He was made a Fellow of St. John's College,

Cambridge, at the age of eighteen, and in 1657 was presented to the rectory of Sutton by his friend Sir Roger Burgoyne, to whom in 1662 he dedicated his great work, "*Origines Sacræ*; or, a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural



THE INTERIOR.

and Revealed Religion," a kind of commentary on the text of a work of a similar character by Grotius. It would be of little value to enumerate the multitude of tracts, sermons, essays, and letters which were written by Stillingfleet from the time of the appearance of this book and during his constantly increasing duties as rector of St. Andrew's and Lecturer of the Temple, to which offices he was appointed in 1665. Other preferment came to him, and in 1689, ten years before his death, he was made Bishop of Worcester. His position was that of a moderate Churchman; but he was a vigorous opponent of Romanism, and wrote also in opposition to the Nonconformists on "*The Unreasonableness of Separation from the Church of England*," which brought upon him the retorts of Owen, Baxter, Alsop, and others.

At St. Andrew's, Stillingfleet was followed after an interval by Dr. Sacheverell, of whom it is a contested point whether he was most famous or notorious. At all events, there is no need here to recount the political history of the sermons which he preached at Derby, and afterwards at St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor in 1700, attacking the Whig Government and proclaiming the doctrine of passive obedience to the Sovereign. He was tried by impeachment, became a popular favourite with a loyal mob, who shouted for the Queen and Doctor Sacheverell, and was hooted by a mob less loyal, who were for the Ministry and freedom of opinion. The trial ended in his being suspended from his clerical office for three years, and being rewarded by Queen Anne with the presentation to the living of St. Andrew's directly the term of his sentence had expired. It was to Sacheverell that Addison addressed his "Farewell to the Muses." With reference to Sacheverell's opposition to the Nonconformists, it is recorded that William Whiston, the noted mathematician, who was an Arian, and is now chiefly known as the translator of Josephus, was a constant attendant at St. Andrew's, and Sacheverell, discovering his opinions, admonished him that he should not take the Communion, and, as he persisted, had him excluded from the church. Whiston wrote and published a complaint, and then removed to another parish, where it was said he conducted the worship of a congregation in his own house.

Following Sacheverell were the family of the Bartons—Dr. Jeffery Barton, Dr. Cutts Barton, and the Rev. Charles Barton, who was presented in 1781, and who, having been curate for a good many years when the previous rector died, ventured to wait on the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, into whose hands the presentation had fallen, to ask for the living. His disappointment may be imagined when her Grace received him with the abrupt reply, "You have come soon, and yet too late; for having made up my mind a dozen years ago as to whom I would give St. Andrew's, I have sent my servant with the presentation." There was nothing for it but that the disconsolate curate should make his bow and retire with the best grace that he could summon to his aid; but when he reached home his consternation was changed into delight, for it was to himself that the servant had been sent. "Ah! her Grace loves a joke," said he, as he put on his hat again that he might run back and thank his benefactress; and an excellent example of a practical joke it was.

It would scarcely be becoming to speak of the recent or immediate occupants of the famous pulpit of St. Andrew's; but it may perhaps be permissible to say that from it may still be heard addresses which, by liberal views, searching appeal, effective eloquence, and scholarly attainments, well sustain its great reputation.

THOMAS ARCHER.

WALTHAM ABBEY AND BATTLE CHURCH.

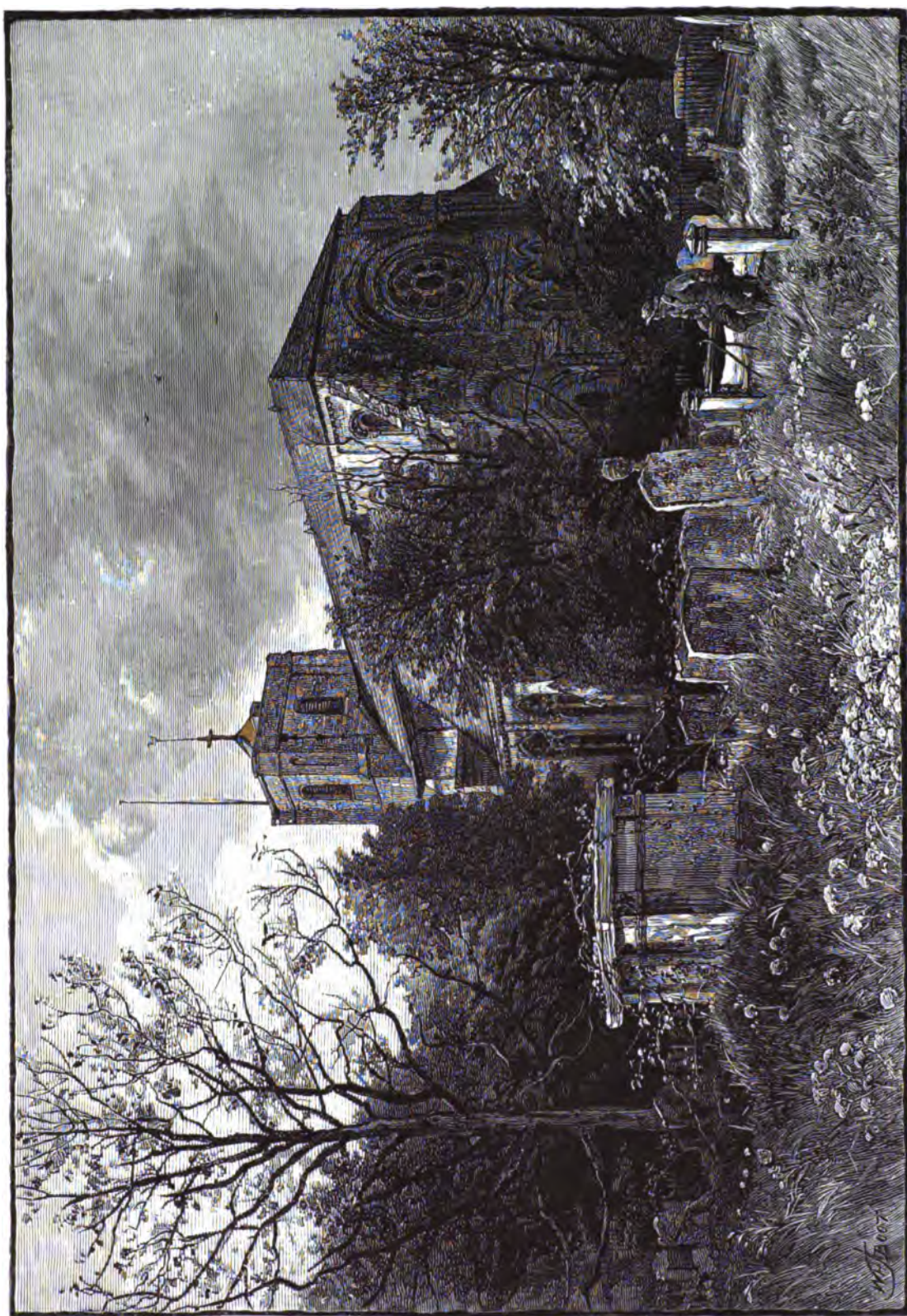
MEMORIES OF HAROLD.



WALTHAM CROSS.

MUTILATED as it is, a fragment only, and that a damaged one, of a once splendid conventual church, the Abbey of Waltham is one of the most interesting buildings in Britain. It was a church wherein was lodged the Holy Rood, a worker of miracles in its day hardly less famed than the coat of Treves or the "true cross" of Jerusalem. It was the one great gift of Harold to the Church, and even this was a foundation for secular priests, for "he loved not monks." It is believed to be his building. That Waltham Abbey was practically founded by Harold is beyond dispute; that he built the church which now remains, or that it was his place of burial, is less certain. A religious community, but on a very small scale, had indeed been established in the valley of the Lea at a yet earlier date than the days of Harold. The Holy Rood was discovered at Montacute in the reign of Canute. Its hiding-place was revealed by a vision, and it was brought to Waltham by a team of oxen, as legend says, unguided by any driver. Miracle followed miracle; and the lord of the district, one Thoni, made a foundation at Waltham for two priests and other clerks, to keep the sacred charge. In his sons' days the lordship of Waltham was acquired by the Crown, and granted to Harold. He determined to build a grand church, and to transform the little fraternity of the Holy Rood into a great foundation, and carried out his design about the year 1060, the charter of confirmation bearing date 1062. His motive in selecting Waltham for his munificence is unknown. Legend states that he was cured of a paralysis by the touch of the Holy Rood; but for this explanation there is no foundation. The college flourished, became a monastery, underwent various changes, some of which can still be traced in the fragments which remain, was finally suppressed, and the earlier portion of it, together with the monastic buildings, except a gateway and one or two fragments, utterly destroyed. "The nave of the Romanesque church is all that remains. The addition of a large decorated chapel to the south, and of a debased tower to the west, the destruction of the eastern part of the church, and of the whole conventual buildings, have between them converted the once splendid church at Waltham into a patched and mutilated fragment." Too true; but a fragment of no small grandeur, of no little interest.

But was Harold buried in Waltham Abbey? On this point there is a conflict of testimony. As to his final resting-place, there are three accounts at least. The



WALTHAM ABBEY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

one declares that he did not fall on the field of Senlac, but, escaping under cover of the night, made his way to Chester, and there, after living some time as an anchorite in a cell near the city walls, which is still pointed out, died and was buried. This theory is by no means of modern growth. It is mentioned, but of course not favourably, in "*Liber de Inventione Sanctæ Crucis*," the author of which, a canon of Waltham Abbey, wrote in the reign of Henry I. On this story, however, we need not dwell, nor on the variation of it which makes him end his days as a monk at Waltham. As the best authority on the subject informs us, nothing is more certain than that Harold fell on the field of Senlac. Still, granting this, it is doubtful where he was buried. Upon this point the earliest authors are not agreed. Some say that his body was given up freely by the Conqueror to his mother, by whom it was conveyed to Waltham Abbey and there entombed; others that William, though offered for the corpse its weight in gold, sternly refused an honourable burial for him through whose doing so many lay unburied. "Place him," he said, "between the land and the sea, since madly he has oppressed both." On the former side are Ordericus Vitalis, William of Poitou, and Guy of Amiens; on the latter, William of Malmesbury, Wace, and others. With such a conflict of early authorities, it is hard to come to a conclusion. Professor Freeman suggests, as a possible solution, that William may have first pronounced the harsher sentence, and shortly afterwards, when he was adopting a policy of conciliation towards the English, may have permitted Harold's relations to exhume the body and bury it at Waltham. It is certainly difficult to understand how a false tradition of Harold's burial at this abbey could have sprung up within a century of the date of his death, and during a time when the possession of his tomb would not have been a passport to the favour of the king or of his courtiers. Waltham was too near to London to be a suitable centre for reactionary sentiment in the time of the Norman monarchs.

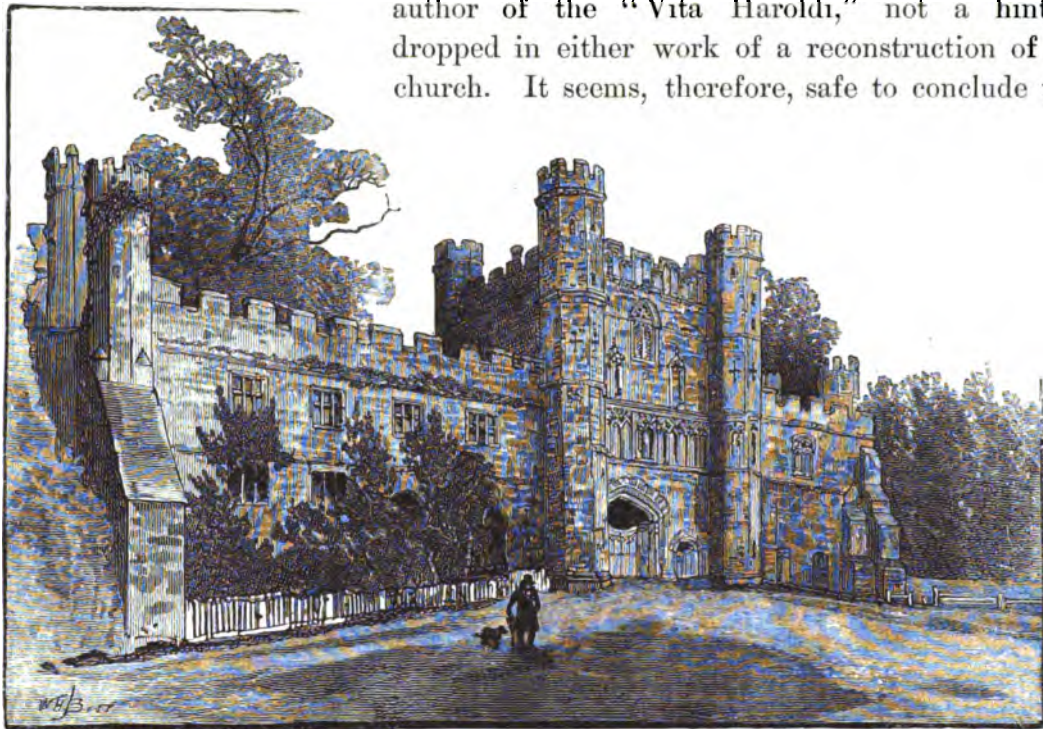
There is yet another question of the highest interest for the archæologist. Is the oldest part of the present church a remnant of the one built by Harold? As a rule, such a question would not be difficult to answer. In this case it is by no means easy. The style of the Romanesque work in Waltham Church, though indicative of an early date, seems too advanced for a building erected soon after the middle of the eleventh century. Still, it appears to be rather earlier in design than the transepts of Winchester and the nave of Durham, which are among our earliest Norman work, and certainly the style is less developed than it is at Ely, Peterborough, or Norwich, with all of which cathedrals it has many points in common. It resembles the nave of St. Stephen's at Caen, which was built by William the Conqueror in commemoration of his victory, and was consecrated eleven years after the death of Harold, or within twenty years of the asserted building of Waltham. Hence we may explain the architectural difficulty by

supposing that Harold, like King Edward at Westminster, entrusted the building of his church to Norman architects, as he had personal knowledge of the superiority of their work to that of the men of his own land. Negative evidence, for a discussion of which we are indebted to Professor Freeman, is



strongly in favour of the claim of Waltham Abbey to be the actual work of Harold. There are two early chronicles: the "Vita Haroldi," which was written shortly after the year 1205, and the "Liber de Inventione Sanctæ Crucis," already mentioned. Now, whatever be the date of the Romanesque work at Waltham, it is certainly much earlier than the end of the twelfth century. The foundation was indeed remodelled by Henry II., who removed the "seculars" and brought in "regulars;" and this would be a likely occasion for a rebuilding; but we can hardly believe the architecture to be so

late as 1177. We may go further, and say that early in this century is the latest date which we can assign to the nave. It is therefore improbable that a church of exceptional splendour would have been rebuilt within little more than half a century without some cause—such as a fire—which would certainly have formed an epoch in the annals of the abbey and have been well known to the above authors. Yet, although Henry's alterations and sundry changes in the monastic buildings are mentioned by the author of the "*Vita Haroldi*," not a hint is dropped in either work of a reconstruction of the church. It seems, therefore, safe to conclude that



GATEWAY OF BATTLE ABBEY.

in the nave of Waltham Abbey we have a fragment of Harold's church, and a building in the most advanced style of Romanesque architecture, as it then existed, in the north-western part of Europe.

The Abbey of the Holy Rood (for so we may now call it) was placed on the meadows in the level valley of the Lea, between the river and the slopes which rise gradually to the gently-swelling uplands of Epping Forest. There, though perhaps the situation was in early days somewhat marshy, the brethren would not have far to go for their dinner of fish on a day of fasting, or for a fat buck to grace the table at a high festival. At the present time there is little to attract, either in the situation or in the exterior of the abbey. From the railway station a level road leads us through scattered houses and a poor-looking street up to a mean and rather low tower, which stands full in view at the end. Houses

or gardens prevent any examination of the northern side of the church; the road passes close to the western front, but on the south is a fairly spacious churchyard, in which are some large elms, one, opposite to the south door, a huge stump, mutilated like the church itself, but evidently of a very great age.

In a few words we may describe such parts of the exterior as can be seen by the ordinary visitor. The western tower was built in 1556, some years after the suppression of the abbey; it is a paltry work, rendered yet meaner by a "restoration" in the last century. By this addition a rather fine Late Decorated western front, the doorway of which yet remains within the tower, and portions of which may still be seen flanking it, was utterly defaced. This façade, like that of St. Alban's, had no towers; but the Norman church was designed for western towers, indications of which may still be seen, at any rate on the south side, though it is very doubtful whether they were ever completed. This side also shows us the original Norman work, still comparatively intact; the aisle lighted by round-headed windows of simple design, with circular windows above, indicative of a triforium, and a clerestory of windows generally similar to those below. There is a south door (restored), and against the two bays east of it has been erected a Late Decorated chapel with large but not very satisfactory windows. It has a separate entrance, and its floor is on a higher level than the church. Beneath it is a vaulted crypt, half-sunk in the ground, and lighted by small windows; this is now occupied mainly by a warming apparatus. Evidently this addition blocked the side lights of the southern transept, but it has led to the preservation of the wall, from which we see that, as in St. Stephen's, Caen, the transepts were short, consisting only of two bays from the crossing, and without aisles. Beyond this wall all has perished; the western tower arch, of course, still remains, and is blocked up, the windows being evidently a modern restoration. Of the choir not a trace remains, and on the northern side even the western wall of the transept has been obliterated; the churchyard occupies the site of these buildings, and beyond it are gardens. Probably Harold's abbey had only a short choir, like the original one at St. Stephen's, Caen. That at first consisted of two bays only, and was terminated by an apse; but inasmuch as a reconstruction of the nave at Waltham was taken in hand in the fifteenth century, it is very probable that the original choir had been previously removed, and had been replaced by one more suited to an elaborate ritual. A church which in its plan still retained some remembrance of the primitive basilica was rarely suffered to remain unaltered during the latter part of the Middle Ages. The oldest choirs which have come down to us were, I believe, in all cases built after a distinctly cruciform plan had been adopted. In most instances we find the older Norman work in the nave.

Seven bays form the nave of Waltham, six of the bays being arranged in pairs;

the middle pillar of the easternmost pair has a spiral ornament, that of the next pair a chevron ornament. Both these types occur at Durham and Dunfermline; that of the westernmost pair is plain. The capitals are rather flat. There is a large triforium arch in each bay, which is not divided, as at Peterborough and at Rochester, and a fairly high clerestory window of one light, with a small subsidiary blank arch on either side. A zigzag ornamentation is rather freely used. In short, the design and proportion have a general resemblance to those in the naves of Ely, Peterborough, and Southwell, and the old work, except in the western bays, has escaped from later alterations. There is a flat wooden ceiling, a restoration, painted, and a copy of that at Peterborough. The aisles are open to the roof, now a modern half-barrel in wood, so that there is no triforium gallery. They do not appear to have been vaulted, but there seem to be some indications that, as we should expect, the triforium was formerly a reality, and was cut off by a flat ceiling. This, however, must have been removed at an early period, probably in the fourteenth century, when the ill-advised alterations were made in the western bays. These may be briefly designated as a very clumsy attempt to reconstruct the nave, after the manner of William of Wykeham at Winchester. But at Waltham the architect merely cut away the pier arch, replacing the mouldings of the triforium arch by very mean Late Decorated work, leaving the original Norman piers both in the one and in the other. Anything more hideous and incongruous than the result it is difficult to conceive. The blunderers had spoiled two bays, and had just begun upon the next triforium arch on the north side when fortunately their work was stopped. Except for the Lady Chapel on the south side, and the insertion of a fairly good Decorated and of a poor Perpendicular window on the north side, the original work still remains, even in the walls of the aisles.

The church has undergone a very careful restoration, the most noteworthy addition being a carved and painted reredos, which harmonises well with the rest of the buildings. Except for a large Elizabethan monument, and a marble tomb, on which the bust of the departed Mr. R. Smith, who died in 1697, stands as if on a sideboard, there is little to notice in the details of the church. The tomb of Harold, with others of note, was in the choir. These have all perished, but to examine such a precious fragment of the earlier Romanesque is well worth a long pilgrimage.

In association with this foundation of Harold, we may briefly notice the church—which has survived the abbey that was built to commemorate his defeat and death; though with these events the church had only an indirect connection. On the spot where Harold fell, at the foot of the Royal Standard of England, the Conqueror placed the high altar of his votive abbey. Its stately buildings rose upon the plateau, overlooking the slopes which had been drenched with the blood

of the combatants. That church, however, has been levelled with the ground; only portions of the monastery remain; the parish church of Battle is an offshoot of later date. At first the people of the village worshipped in the conventual church. This was soon found inconvenient by the monks, so that one Ralph, Abbot of Battle from 1107 to 1124, built a parish church, to the north of the monastery, on the opposite verge of the plateau, which was served by one of the monks as chaplain-vicar. The present structure is of various dates. The older part is Early English, but the pillars of the nave may perhaps be a little more ancient. Considerable additions and alterations were made, in both the Decorated and the Perpendicular styles, the western tower being a late example of the latter. There are several monuments, anterior to the Reformation, which are interesting, and so are other details, on which want of space precludes us from dwelling. The church, which has been restored, is in excellent order, and should not be left unvisited by pilgrims to the field of Senlac. The latter affords little pleasure. Once only in a week is admission granted to one of the most interesting spots in England, the scene of the greatest crisis in our national history; and then the accumulated throngs are conducted along like flocks of sheep. Doubtless anything like admission on easy terms might be annoying to the owner, but if so, steps should be taken to make the field of Senlac national property.

One characteristic of the church must be noticed. As the abbey was free from episcopal jurisdiction, so also was the church. Previous to the Reformation its minister was one of the *decani* or deans of the abbey, and after its suppression the immunity and the title still remained; thus the rector continued to bear the title of Dean of Battle. His parish formed what was called a Peculiar, and so late as 1844 the Bishop of Chichester, when confirming in the church, protested that he acted not by his episcopal authority but with consent of the dean. To this day similar immunity is claimed by the Dean of Westminster, who guards his rights by a formal protest when the abbey is used for an episcopal function; but the only Deans of Peculiar now remaining in England, besides Battle, are at Stamford and at Bocking.

T. G. BONNEY.

EYAM.

BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

IF you ask, in any part of the wild and beautiful moorland country, on the confines of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, commonly identified by holiday-making Sheffield grinders with the Hallamshire hunt, or if you interrogate any dweller in the Peak, regarding the road to Eyam, you will probably receive no better reply on the instant than a puzzled stare, a shake of the head, and an expression of doubt as to the existence of any such place thereabouts. There's Baslow; but you don't mean Baslow; no, nor Foolow, nor yet Grin'l'ford Bridge. Is it Eem? If you have any intimate experience of popular vagaries in the pronunciation of local names you will make a dash at "Eem," and say that's it, as indeed it is. The corruption of the name is really nothing compared with Toadholes for Twodales. Eyam, or Eem, is one of the most interesting villages in England. Romantic in situation, in appearance, in the traditions and monuments which link it with noble deeds in the annals of practical religion and divine humanity, it stands in the first rank of places that ought to be famous. Yet it is little visited by tourist or "tripper," lying as it does beyond railway reach, and only accessible from Sheffield by omnibus three times a week. The nomenclature of the spot is curious. You hear frequent mention of a certain Sir William, who exists only in form of a mountain or lofty hill, by which winds the road that brings you down through a lovely dell into the scarce less lovely village. Again, there is Cucklet Church; but you may turn the leaves of the Clergy List in vain to find the name of patron or incumbent, the value of the living, or any circumstances relating to the presentation. There is, in fact, no parish of Cucklet, nor any church built with human hands, but only a rock, with an adjacent ravine, the name of which is Cucklet Delph. How the name Cucklet Church arose, and how the rock came to be called Pulpit Rock—a title as lasting, in all likelihood, as the limestone buttress itself—will appear on closer acquaintance with Eyam and its history.

Eyam, indeed, being a township, village, and parish of Derbyshire, and a



THE CROSS.

rural deanery to boot, in the archdeaconry of Derby and the diocese of Lichfield, has a church—the church of St. Helen—an ancient stone building, with chancel, nave, aisles, and a square clock-tower, which holds a peal of four bells. The tower, rising from the west end, was added in the reign of James I. by a pious maiden lady, Madam Stafford, one of the Staffords whose old mansion crumbles to decay above the village, where it stands in token of their proprietorship in these parts long ago. Like most old churches in rustic parts, as indeed in populous communities also, this parish church of Eyam bears the mark of many an age since its early foundation. There was little thought of architectural congruity during the slow growth, from period to period, of abbeys and churches in olden times. The additions were made as their need arose; and we see in the church of St. Helen a curious diversity of styles, each relating to a separate chapter in the history of the building. Inscriptions on the bells are “Jesvs bee our spede,” and “God save His Church.” Something less than twenty years ago the edifice was restored by the architect of the new Courts of Justice in London—the late Mr. George Edward Street, R.A. The monuments within the church principally commemorate the Middleton and Wright families; there is a brass which records the restoration of the building as a memorial of the Plague; and there is also a stained-glass window, in memory of Mrs. Charles Gregory. About the most ancient relic pertaining to the interior is the stone font, which is lined with lead; this precaution for its preservation having been taken, apparently, many generations ago, when the decay of the stone became a matter of very proper and respectful anxiety.

But it is outside the church that a far more ancient monument than any within its walls is to be seen. This is a knotted and so-called “runic” cross, which, having been found in remarkably good preservation on Eyam Moor, was brought hither, and now divides attention, in the quiet old churchyard surrounded by lofty lindens, with the tomb of that devoted Christian gentlewoman, Catherine Mompesson, wife of the no less faithful messenger of mercy and beneficence, William Mompesson, Rector of Eyam in the direful year 1665. The lady whose remains are here entombed was the daughter of Ralph Carr, of Cocker, in the county of Durham. Something strange and awful characterises the record of that visitation which connected a remote Derbyshire village, shut in by natural beauties that are themselves significant of pastoral seclusion, with a plague-stricken city far away. It was rumoured that a chest of infected clothes, sent from London to a tailor in this little township, carried death to more than three-fourths of the population, sparing, indeed, only eighty-three persons out of a total of three hundred and fifty. The register, which dates from the year 1636, bears terrible witness to this sweeping scourge. The church and churchyard became in a few weeks or months an over-gorged Golgotha, and

graves were of necessity made in open places around the village; so that the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," for the most part, in ground unconsecrated, or consecrated only by fellowship in the common lot. The beautiful story of the Mompessons has the advantage over many church legends of being simply true.

When the pestilence broke out at Eyam, in the year 1665, the rector, William Mompesson, who had resided there no more than a twelvemonth, was on the point of resigning his living. This is plainly shown by a letter which is extant. But he was one of those pastors whom affliction binds all the more firmly to their flocks. He gave up his intention of departure, sent away his children only, and remained with his saint-like wife to succour all who needed help and consolation. With the approval and assistance of the Earl of Devonshire, he drew a cordon round the village, and by the force of gentleness induced all his parishioners to remain within the boundary, so that they might not be the means of spreading contagion broadcast. Their love and respect for this good man—priest, physician, and legislator in one—no doubt saved the district. Meanwhile the Earl, who never left his seat of Chatsworth in the adjacent country, while the pestilence raged, sent them food, which was placed just outside the line of demarcation; and this method was adopted with regard to other necessities supplied from without, payment being made in a singular manner, for which a local peculiarity aptly provided. Troughs of running water are common throughout the district; in some of these the money was placed; and one of them, to this day, is called Mompesson's Well.

It is plain that the Rev. William Mompesson had subscribed the Act of Uniformity, and was not one of the 2,000 clergyman lost in those days to the Church of England by their conscientious scruples and refusal to conform. But, as if to show that differences in theology may and do exist without loss of true charity on either side, there still dwelt in Eyam the former rector of the place, Mr. Mompesson's immediate predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Stanley, who had been ejected from his living for contumacy. In all likelihood there existed between these two gentlemen no great warmth of personal regard. A certain, or, rather, an uncertain, degree of coolness may almost be assumed here, as a matter of course. But sorrow is "a reverend thing." In its sight, men do not stand to chop logic; and the two clergymen, joining heart and hand, were one. It was little they could do, yet it was much. The healing art had degenerated, and had fallen largely among quacks. Science, especially sanitary science, stood afar off; and, medically, the two faithful preachers and doers of the Word were, as we should say, "nowhere." The poorest and weakest of their flock could not have stood more humbly or more ignorantly in the hand of God than did they. Little, very little, was their own unaided power of help.

But the two soldiers of peace carried on the strife day after day, week after week, month after month. The foe was strong and pitiless. For more than a year did the rector and his wife, aided by their friend, devote themselves wholly and entirely to their flock. Then, having spared but a remnant of the



THE CHURCH.

population, one-fourth at most, the pestilence abated. It had ceased in London before the end of May, 1666; and there was good hope in the little Derbyshire villages that there also its ravages were finally stayed. But alas! no. There came another outbreak in August, fiercer than the first; and that fourth portion of the Eyam folk which remained was speedily reduced to a sixth, among the later victims being the brave Catherine Mompesson. Then her bereaved husband closed the church, as a means of reducing the danger of infection. A family named Hancock, numbering seven in all, was mowed down in one week. Its members were all buried on the hill-side, where many other graves were made, their own resting-place being now marked by memorial stones. At one time the fields, on which corn has since waved, were covered with similar memorials; but by ones, twos, and threes, they have been carried off by cottagers, to serve as lintels, thresholds, and hearths for their humble dwellings. Moreover, those that for a time were spared ceased to preserve their olden character and significance. Agreeably to ancient local custom, they were laid flat in the first instance; but

some freak or mistaken notion of propriety caused them to be set upright. The closing of Eyam Church was, as already stated, the best means that could be devised for checking the contagion, and it by no means denoted that approach of insane, desperate infidelity which has sometimes heaped horror upon horror's head. We know that ribald, blasphemous orgies raged in London among the dead and dying, that wretches hastened their end with fiery drink, and died with laughter and curses on their lips. There are no records, nor was there any likelihood, of such hideous profanity among the victims of the plague at Eyam.

We have seen that the church was closed, and yet supplications to the throne of grace, from the sadly dwindling body of worshippers, did not cease. In the lofty limestone rock already mentioned is a natural opening or perforation. From this high place, known for all after time as Pulpit Rock, the good clergyman addressed, exhorted, encouraged, and consoled his afflicted congregation, seated on the grass far apart. Such was the origin of the name which has clung lovingly to the ravine for two hundred years and upward—Cucklet Church. The instinctive reverence which bids a man take off his hat when he enters the House of God, may well prompt the same decorous act when he stands in view of this primitive seclusion, which is a church only in name. No vaulted roof, but heaven's own canopy, overspreads the spot; no lofty shafts of stone spring up to meet arch after arch in lengthening vista; there are no marble tombs, proud in heraldic blazonry and chivalric emblems; no deftly carved baldaquin covers mural monument or recumbent knight; no banners, mouldering in peaceful decay, tell their tales of olden feud and battle; no deep rich tint of gules or azure stains the sunshine. Peace, and the memory of love stronger than death, have made the spot their consecrated home; and truly, if we seek the monument of that man to whose virtues and devotion Cucklet Church and the Pulpit Rock owe their names in the history of beneficence, we have but to "look around." There is something almost suggestive of natural architecture in the spot. The rock, projecting from the side of a steep hill, is perforated so as to resemble the portico of an irregularly formed building. The deep and narrow dingle in which it is placed is rich with verdure. Its steep sides are adorned with the hazel, the wild-rose, the dogberry, and the yew, beautifully chequered with the light and silvery branches of the birch, and the more ample foliage and deeper colouring of the oak and the elm. Here, too, in all its luxuriance, is the Tree of the Peak, the tall, aspiring ash, so invariable an adjunct of Derbyshire landscape.

In the first poignancy of his anguish when his wife died, and when he saw the little remnant of his flock falling around him, Mompesson wrote a sad but not despairing letter to his patron, Sir George Savile, in which he spoke of himself as a dying man, for, indeed, there seemed little hope or likelihood that

his life would be spared. His beloved wife, the mother of his two children, who had been sent to a place of safety, was but twenty-seven years old at the time she died of this terrible malady. Thinking now only of his "two pretty babes," he made his will, and in the farewell letter to Sir George Savile expressed a hope that this gentleman would not take it amiss to find himself named as executor. But the good clergyman was not yet to die. He had never feared death; but reason had shown him the slenderness of the thread by which he held to life. In November, 1666, he wrote, "Here has been such burning of goods that the like I think was never known, and, indeed, in this I think we have been too precise. For my part, I have scarcely left myself apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have washed more than need was, merely for example. As for my part I cannot say that I had ever better health than during the time of the dreadful visitation, neither can I say that I have had any symptoms of the disease. My man had the distemper, and upon the appearance of a tumour I gave him several chemical antidotes, which had a very kind operation, and, with the blessing of God, kept the venom from his heart; and after the rising broke he was very well."

William Mompesson, two or three years after the great tribulation which befell him and his people, was presented to the living of Eakring, a village in Notts, where is a very ancient church that formerly belonged to Rufford Abbey; and here he ended his days, and was buried within the walls of the said church. Eakring is near the quiet, clean, and demure little cathedral-city of Southwell, where Mompesson held a prebendary. In spite of the length of time which had elapsed since the devastation of Eyam by the Black Death, the ignorant villagers of Eakring refused to have him in their midst; so at first he dwelt alone in a hut which was built for him in Rufford Park, the seat of the Saviles.

Traits of Derbyshire configuration have a marked centre in Eyam, which is built on a series of stalactite caves, and has all the geological peculiarities of the Peak, while the country around is in the highest degree picturesque, romantic, and interesting. The mountain strangely named Sir William rises to a height of 1,200 feet, almost in the centre of the township. From the summit of this eminence the view over moor and dale extends to Axe Edge, Mam Tor, and Kinder Scout; nor is it the only prospect which confers on the village a name for grandeur and beauty. To the north of Eyam is a mountain range which completely shelters the place from bleak winds prevailing in that quarter; and nearer to the little commune is that beautiful dell which is sometimes called the Rock Garden and sometimes the Place of Echoes. The parish is more than two-thirds agricultural, the chief crops being grass and corn; though, indeed, as in most of the Peak country, pasturage fills the first place, and there is much grazing and dairy-land. To glance through the local directory is to see the word "farmer"

in almost unbroken sequence, like a row of railings. If the truth were known, it is probable that much of the cheese sold as Cheshire comes from this part of Derbyshire, over and above the kind that is known as Derby cheese. The Peak land, on which rain falls copiously and often, is, nevertheless, barren, compared with the rich, flat, arable country of South Derbyshire.

In no part of Great Britain is antiquity more visibly stamped on the names of places. Barrows, buries, and lows are all unmistakable signs of the Roman or the Briton; and the names that bear some or other of these terminations are manifold. Eyam comes in for a fair share. Its moor, now enclosed, was covered with "Druidical" remains; and the north part of the parish is full of cairns, barrows, mounds, and similar relics of the vague and distant past. The ring of stones on Eyam moor, reduced in number from sixteen to ten, is the most nearly perfect of the class which has been defined by the late Sir John Gardner Wilkinson as "encircled cairns;" but it does not stand alone, for near it are traces of no fewer than twelve similar, though smaller, circles. The name of this particular example, in the folk-lore of Eyam and the district, is Wet-withins. There is a very deep mine on Eyam edge, the deepest, indeed, in Derbyshire, called the New Engine Mine, where, according to tradition, the shock of the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 was sensibly felt. Other mines in the same locality are also said to have been affected by that stupendous natural convulsion. The peculiar condition of the mineral galena, an ore of lead, locally known as "slickensides," occurs in Hay Cliff Mine. The blow of a hammer, the scratch of a pick, might at any time explode the rock to which this perilous stuff is attached.

Of the old stone cross which stands near the chancel porch in Eyam churchyard a few words remain to be said. It is a thing apart from Eyam history, that is, the history of the village so named, for it was brought hither from the adjacent moor, and was laid prostrate and broken in a neglected corner, where, overgrown with docks, thistles, and other rank weeds, it was perceived by Howard, the philanthropist, on a visit which he paid to these parts. It is a relic of an early period of Christianity in Great Britain, and is more curiously ornamented and embossed than one which is preserved in the churchyard of Bakewell, and which was found, like the Eyam specimen, on the moorlands, and deposited for safety in consecrated ground. Both crosses are sadly mutilated, and it is a common tradition at Eyam that the fragment lost from the top of the shaft, measuring about two feet in length, was thrown carelessly about the ground, towards the end of the last or beginning of the present century, till at last it was knocked to pieces, and scattered no one can tell where.

GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.

SHREWSBURY.

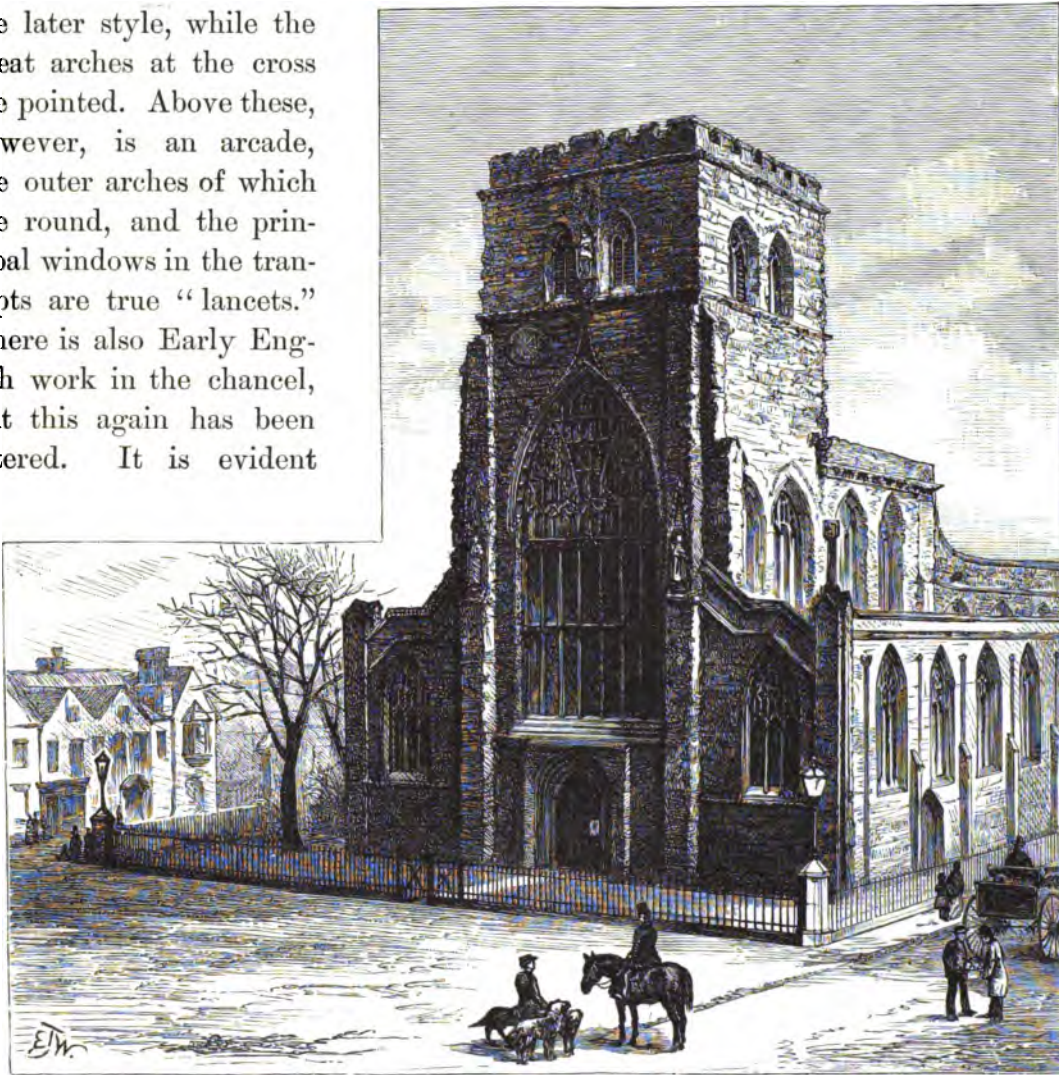
CHURCHES OF THE TOWN AND OF BATTLEFIELD.



FEW English towns offer more attractions to the traveller than Shrewsbury, which has been a place of note since the Princes of Powis had their palace in Pen-gwern, even then, twelve centuries ago, an old British stronghold. The country round is remarkably pretty, the town is finely situated on a steep headland, washed on three sides by the Severn, and its streets are unusually rich in relics of olden time. On the present occasion, however, we must not linger over its timbered houses, many and fine though they be, over its broken walls, or its famous grammar-school, but restrict ourselves to a passing glance at its churches, two of which, by their graceful spires, add much to the beauty of the views of the town.

St. Mary's, the most conspicuous of these—for its tapering spire rises some 200 feet above the churchyard, and its eastern window overlooks the steep descent to the margin of the Severn—is one of those buildings that are at once a problem and a delight to the antiquarian. It has been enlarged, altered more than once, and partly rebuilt, so that to decipher its history is almost like picking to pieces a puzzle. In this, however, we are helped, while the composite aspect of the building is increased, by the fact that stone of different colour has been used at different periods. There was a church here before the Norman Conquest, of which, however, no remnant can now be identified. This, probably not long after that event, was replaced by a structure which forms the nucleus of, and was not much smaller than, the present church. It was plain and massive in style, constructed of a rather friable red sandstone. To this church, besides sundry fragments, may be referred the three lower stages of the tower and parts of the transepts, especially a circular window in the northern and a plain round-headed window in the southern transept, both in the eastern walls. Hence we see that it, too, was cruciform in plan. A small fragment of an arcade in the south wall of the chancel, about half-way along it, shows that its choir extended for some distance eastwards. This church, however, was not allowed to stand very long untouched. About the end of the twelfth century it was gutted and to a great extent rebuilt. To this period belong the graceful clustered columns and the semicircular moulded arches which divide the nave from the aisles, together with the arches at the cross, the greater part of the transepts, and portions of the chancel. This work indicates the transition from the Norman to the Early English style, and must, I

think, have occupied some time. The two arches in the eastern wall of each transept are semicircular and distinctly Norman in character; so, too, are the nave arches, but these have all the grace, lightness, and general treatment which betokens the influence of the later style, while the great arches at the cross are pointed. Above these, however, is an arcade, the outer arches of which are round, and the principal windows in the transepts are true "lancets." There is also Early English work in the chancel, but this again has been altered. It is evident



THE ABBEY CHURCH.

that the church at this time was lower than it is at present, for the arcade just mentioned appears to have originally formed a pair of windows. Possibly there may have been a low tower at the cross, but, if so, the eastern wall has been entirely obliterated. In this condition the church probably remained for another century, and then the architects again set to work. The chancel was altered and the magnificent eastern window inserted, the aisles were rebuilt, the clerestory was rebuilt or added, a great chapel was erected east of the southern

transept, and those attached to the northern were partly reconstructed, a chamber was placed above the Norman north porch; lastly, the massive walls of the old Norman west tower were made to support a belfry chamber and the present tapering spire. These alterations were not simultaneous. As may be seen, they began when the Decorated style had reached its fullest development, of which the east window is an example; they continued till the Perpendicular became the fashion, as indicated in most other parts of the building, and notably in the spire. Since then the chroniclers of St. Mary's have little to record except the usual tale of neglect and injury, amended during the present reign by a very thorough restoration. This seems to have been done with but little reconstruction, so that the inquirer can venture to speculate, as we have done, on the past history of the fabric.

On many other interesting details we have not space to dwell; but the richly carved dark oak roof of the nave must not be forgotten, nor the old stained glass, in which the church is unusually rich. The great east window is a representation of the "Stem of Jesse;" the glass, however, was transferred hither from a Franciscan priory, and so was not originally designed for the tracery. On the north side of the chancel is a very interesting window representing incidents in the life of St. Bernard. The design is attributed to Albert Dürer; at any rate, it is of his period, and indicates the hand of no mean draughtsman. A statue, commenced by Chantrey, commemorates Dr. Butler, once head master of the school and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield; and a tablet records the name of that old sea lion, Admiral Benbow, who carried on a running fight for five days with the French fleet, which was only preserved by the cowardice or treachery of his own captains. Chagrin and a wound, received on the last morning of the fight, brought him to his grave; but it is satisfactory to record that the recreants were justly punished, two of them being shot. An old altar tomb claims to be the grave of Hotspur. It is, however, earlier, perhaps by a century, than the date of his death, and is generally supposed to belong to a family named Leyborne, formerly lords of Berwick. That would give it a faint connection with Hotspur's death, for he camped near this place on the last night of his life, and recognised an evil omen in its name. There may also be a certain historical basis for the tradition, for when the tomb was opened some years back a headless skeleton was found therein, which had apparently been introduced a good while after the original interments. This has been supposed to be the remains of the Earl of Worcester, who was executed at Shrewsbury a day or two after the battle. His friends may have hastily buried his body in this tomb, lest, like that of Hotspur, it should be subjected to indignities.

The second important church in Shrewsbury stands on the low ground on

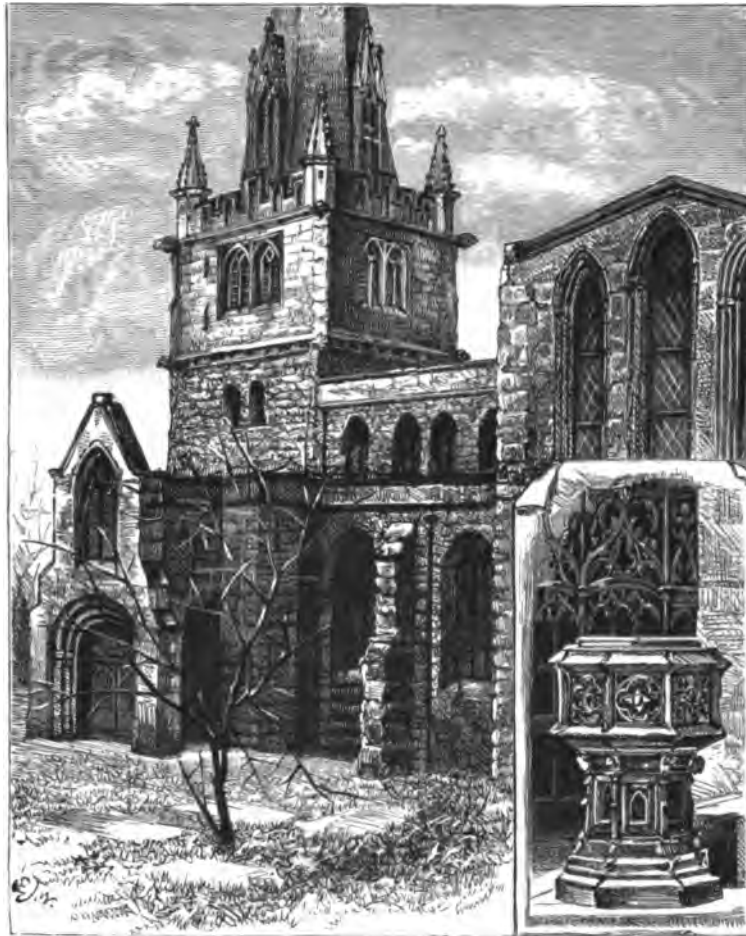
the opposite bank of the Severn, near the confluence of the Meole Brook. It is a fragment, almost the only one now remaining, of the once stately Benedictine abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul. Before the Norman Conquest a little church of wood had been built on the strath, near where the English bridge now spans the Severn, for this place, as ford or ferry, is probably on a very ancient line of road.

On Saturday, March 3, 1083, as a chronicle records, Roger de Montgomery laid his sword upon the altar of St. Peter, in token of his vow to found an abbey and give to it "the whole suburb lying without the eastern gate." This he did, and eleven years afterwards, when his health was failing, he assumed the monastic habit in his new foundation, where, three days later, he died, and was buried in the new church, "between the two altars."

This foundation grew and prospered, and in the reign of Stephen increased its popularity by acquiring many precious relics. Chief among these were the bones of St. Winifred. This holy maiden once dwelt in Flintshire; in her youth a wild prince offered her violence, and in a rage at her endeavours to escape he struck off her head with his sword. Miracles began at once. From the ground where the head rested a spring gushed forth, and the murderer began to wither away. Then came a saint, who joined head to body, and the maiden revived; he also healed the murderer, who was now duly penitent. At last Winifred died in the course of nature, and was buried in a certain graveyard among other saints. The monks of Shrewsbury Abbey heard of St. Winifred's fame, and were anxious to add her relics to their treasures. It is on record how they obtained permission to treat with the people of the district, how they sent a party in search of the relics, how they were directed to the spot, how they won the consent of the lawful owners, the opposition being represented by "a man of Belial," who, however, was at last convinced—by golden arguments. Then we are told, how they reverently exhumed the bones from the sacred field, and carried them homewards, leaving a trail of miracles. Truly, the whole story is strange but instructive reading, especially in this nineteenth century, when credulity and incredulity alike run to excess.

These relics, doubtless, proved a good investment, and at the last the abbey precincts covered ten acres of ground, and were enclosed by an embattled wall. To the south of a stately cruciform church lay the usual conventual buildings. The glory has departed; only the nave of the abbey church remains, and even that has grievously suffered. The domestic buildings are gone, all but a fragment of a cloister and the beautiful reader's pulpit of the refectory, which was spared when the other ruins of that building were swept away to make room for the goods-yard of the railway, and now it "stands disconsolately among the trucks, as though the age of contemplation were protesting in vain against the iron age of labour."

Externally the abbey church is more interesting than beautiful. Many admire the great west window. In itself, it is undoubtedly a fine specimen of Early



ST. MARY'S.

THE FONT.

Perpendicular, erected probably rather before 1377, for above it is a statue of Edward III., but it is out of all proportion to the stumpy western tower. Composition was not generally a strong point with the architects of the period, and the western part of Shrewsbury Abbey has always seemed to me, even for that age, exceptionally bad. Further, in the eastern bays of the nave the clerestory has gone, the triforium gallery has perished, its blocked arches serving as a clerestory, while in the two western bays, which were rebuilt with the tower, the fourteenth century clerestory, with great windows usurping the triforium space, still remains. Thus the roof of this part is at a much higher level than the rest, producing a peculiar "hunchy" appearance; the clerestory windows also are reproduced on the side of the tower, adding to the general incongruity.

If, however, we enter the building, we shall find that it has escaped better than we expected. In the three eastern bays the work of Roger of Montgomery still remains, comparatively untouched. Huge circular pillars, with narrow, banded capitals, and extremely plain arches, indicate work belonging to the earlier period of the Norman style. Above, are the great arches of the triforium, corresponding with those below, but now blocked up, and converted into windows; then comes a flat ceiling of comparatively modern date, the old clerestory having been destroyed. Though the nave of a great church was generally the last part built, we can hardly doubt that this was erected by the time Earl Roger died. A pier on the west side of the third bay takes the place of a column. This also has its history. A parish church, as has been said, existed here before Roger founded his monastery. Accordingly, the western part of the nave was appropriated to the parishioners, and between these piers their altar was placed. In the fourteenth century the western half of the abbey church was rebuilt, as has been described, but a careful examination of the masonry in the lower part of the walls shows that the limits of Earl Roger's church were not exceeded. The aisles also were partially rebuilt about the same time, but the narrow Norman pilasters can be seen outside, and the semi-columns which bore the vaulting of the roof yet remain within. A north porch with an upper chamber was also added.

The abbey contains a number of interesting monuments, but several have been brought hither from other churches in the town. One is said to commemorate the founder, but this is doubtful, and it is certainly not now "between the two altars." Three altar-tombs at the west end of the north aisle are interesting, as giving in juxtaposition fine specimens of the work of the reign of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I.; but if we were tempted into these details, a chapter, not a page or two, would have to be written on the old abbey. More than forty years since, as I can just remember, the church was a yet more incongruous piece of patchwork than now. But about the year 1863 it was very carefully restored, and the blocked arches of the triforium and eastern end were rendered much less unsightly. Great changes are, however, impending, for a



BATTLEFIELD.

munificent donor has given a sum of ten thousand pounds to build a chancel. Of the other churches of Shrewsbury, St. Alkmund's, which claims Ethelfleda, Alfred's daughter, as its foundress, and was once, like St. Mary's, collegiate, has a graceful spire, but the steeple only is ancient. St. Julian's was rebuilt rather more than a century since, and retains only a mere scrap of its old work. St. Giles's has fared rather better, for some Norman work still remains. St. Chad's, once the most important church within the walls, is represented only by a tattered fragment. It traces back its history to the eighth century, and claims to stand on the site of the palace of the Princes of Powis. Late in the last century the tower fell, shattering much of the structure, so the Salopians of that day built themselves a circular church with a Doric portico, adding a tower, lest men should take it for a theatre, which otherwise it resembles. The arrangement of the interior is no less peculiar. The church is, undoubtedly, an exceptional one. Truth permits no more to be said.

One church, however, though three miles from the town, must not be left without a brief notice. This is the church of Battlefield, erected where Falstaff's famous fight "for a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" did *not* take place. When the formidable rising of the Percies in the north and the Welsh in the west threatened to send Henry Bolingbroke again on his travels, if not on a longer journey, there was a race for the possession of Shrewsbury. The king's army won it by a neck, and when Hotspur arrived at the north gate of the town the royal standard was flying on the castle, so he drew off his troops to Berwick, to await the coming of Glendower. It was obviously the king's policy, as he was in superior strength, to force a battle, and thus prevent the junction of his foes. Not a day was to be lost, for Glendower was close at hand. So next morning Henry pushed forward one detachment of his army towards Hotspur's position, and led the other along the direction of that leader's communications with the north. Hotspur, of course, wished to avoid an engagement, and retreated from Berwick, but only to find the king's troops already occupying the road. So after an ineffectual parley the fight began. For some time the result was doubtful, but at the critical moment Hotspur was struck down by an unknown hand. A panic seized the rebels; the royal troops charged with renewed vigour; the northerners broke and fled in wild confusion, while Glendower, who was lingering on the bank of the Severn, at once retreated.

On the field of battle a church was built as a thank-offering. It is a good specimen of the work of the time, bearing the date 1403, so that of course the style is Perpendicular. There is a massive western tower with a corner turret, and on the gurgoyles are groups of combatants, and in one or two cannon are represented. A few years since the whole building was carefully restored, and, with its monuments of the Corbet family, is well worth a visit.

T. G. BONNEY.

GREAT HAMPDEN.

A PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

ON the edge of the Chilterns, and almost overlooking the vale of Aylesbury, is the parish of Great Hampden—village it can hardly be called, for the houses are scattered, and there is no village street; we come to a cottage or two, and then to a small farmhouse lying at the edge of a common, bright in spring and summer with the golden gorse; then passing along the side of a wood, where in spring pale primroses are abundant, there are a few more cottages, and we have seen all the place, except the parish church and the house, which are some distance off. These two buildings have not much external attractiveness, but no Englishman can look unmoved upon the home of the great patriot, John Hampden, and the church where he worshipped during his life, and in which he was buried.

Hampden House occupies the site of a former building, part of which dated at least from the time of King John, who is said to have visited it. On the death of the last male representative of the family, in 1754, the old house was almost demolished, and what was not pulled down was modernised. Among the oil paintings that adorn the walls, one of a gentleman in armour, with a serene countenance, and holding a scroll in his hand, is generally believed to be Hampden's portrait. The picture has a curious history. It was purchased in 1743 by Dr. Henry, Dean of Killaloe, in Ireland, at a sale, and he ascertained that it had at one time been in the possession of Lord William Russell, who was executed in the reign of James the Second. It was recognised by one of the Cavendish family, and on his authority has been accepted as genuine, though it differs considerably from an undoubted likeness in the possession of Lord St. Germans at Port Eliot, in Cornwall. There are some other interesting portraits of members of the family, of Oliver Cromwell, and of Queen Henrietta Maria.

But if the admirer of Hampden cannot find much to recall the patriot in the house which bears his name, he will not be so much disappointed in the adjacent church. Here he must have often taken part in Divine service, and listened to sermons from rectors appointed by himself, among them William Spurstow, who was chaplain of the Buckinghamshire regiment of infantry commanded by Hampden at the beginning of the civil war, and who attended his colonel on his death-bed. His initials form the last two letters of the word *Smectymnus*, coined, or at least used, by Butler in "*Hudibras*"—

"Canonical cravat of Smec,
From whom the institution came
When Church and State they set on flame"—

the rest of the word being made up of the initials of Stephen Marshall, E. Calamy, J. Young, and M. Newcomen, all divines of note.

Hampden Church is a small building, though large enough for the parish, and



IN THE CHURCHYARD.

includes a nave, with two aisles, a chancel, and a square tower, in which hang three bells, dated 1625, probably the gift of the patriot. The church, except that it has been re-pewed, has not been much altered since his days, and in its simple arrangements and the absence of any attempt at adornment, is a fitting resting-place for one whom Carlyle has described as "the best beatified man we

have." The chancel floor covers the graves of the family, several of whom are commemorated in well-preserved brasses. The most interesting of the monuments is the plain black stone on the south side of the chancel erected by the patriot to the memory of his first wife, on which he has recorded that "she was in her pilgrimage the stay and comfort of her neighbours, the love and glory of a well-ordered family, the delight and happiness of tender parents,



THE CHURCH AND HAMPDEN HOUSE.

but a crown of blessings to a husband." Immediately opposite is a monument in the florid style of the last century, apparently intended to serve a double purpose. It records the death of the last male representative of the Hampdens and of his famous ancestor. A large sarcophagus, which contains the inscription, is supported on the right by a weeping boy holding a cap of liberty, and on the left by a similar figure holding Magna Charta. Above is an oval medallion, with a relief of the patriot wounded on Chalgrove Field, and a tree with the various armorial bearings of the family.

The chancel was in the year 1828 the scene of a strange incident. Lord Nugent, who was at that time compiling his valuable and interesting "Memoirs of Hampden," a work which forms the basis of Macaulay's brilliant essay, appears to have been seized with a desire to set at rest a controversy as to the precise manner of his hero's death. He obtained permission of the representative of the family to open the grave and examine the body. In the presence of himself, of Mr. Denman (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England), and of a few

others, search was made, and at the foot of Mrs. Hampden's monument was found a coffin supposed to be the object of the search. The plate was corroded and illegible, but the coffin was raised and opened. The body was in a fair state of preservation, and, in order to admit of examination, the head was raised, and the shoulders and arms were carefully surveyed. Lord Nugent appears to have been satisfied; the body was carefully replaced, and the coffin again buried. An account of this transaction was subsequently published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but some persons expressed a doubt whether, after all, the body which had been so indecorously treated was really that of Hampden. Lord Nugent may have shared in the doubt, or he, perhaps, hesitated to perpetuate in his book an account of so deplorable an affair. At least he has refrained from mentioning the incident, and the manner of Hampden's death remains in its former obscurity.

But if we cannot ascertain whether Hampden died from a wound inflicted by a shot from the carbine of an enemy or by the bursting of one of his own pistols, we know that his life was spent in the service of his country, and that he fell on the field of battle fighting for her liberties. Of his private history we would fain have a fuller account. Baxter said that he reckoned one of the pleasures of heaven would be the enjoyment of Hampden's society, and such language from the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" is an abundant testimony to the piety and goodness of the patriotic statesman. We are unfortunately ignorant of much that we should naturally desire to know of him. Lord Nugent endeavoured in vain to find memorials of his private life. A few letters to Sir John Eliot have been found, and after reading them, every admirer of Hampden has lamented that there are no more.

The family who gave this name to the two parishes of Great and Little Hampden settled there as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor. Baldwyn de Hampden appears in Domesday Book as a holder of lands in different parts of Buckinghamshire. It is not improbable that Baldwyn was one of the Normans who came over to England at King Edward's invitation, and that his lands were unconfiscated at the Conquest because the owner was of Norman birth.

During the wars of the Roses the Hampdens supported the house of Lancaster, and lost some lands, which were not restored to them by the general act of restitution passed in the reign of Edward IV. But on the whole they were a prosperous family, holding property in several parts of their own county, as well as in Berks, Essex, and Oxfordshire. One of the Hampdens was of the Privy Council in the reign of Henry VII., another attended Queen Katherine on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and Sybil, daughter of this Hampden, was nurse to Edward VI., and an ancestress of William Penn. Griffith Hampden, the grandfather of the patriot, was sheriff of his county in

the time of Queen Elizabeth, and also represented it in one of her Parliaments. He partially rebuilt the house, and there entertained the queen during one of her progresses. Her visit is still commemorated by an avenue cut in the wood on the Chiltern Hills above the village to facilitate her approach, and called the Queen's Gap. Griffith died in 1591, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, member of Parliament for East Looe, in Cornwall, who married Elizabeth Cromwell, aunt of the Lord Protector. Two children were born of the marriage, the elder of whom was the famous John Hampden. While quite young he was sent to the Grammar School at Thame, in Oxfordshire, not many miles from his Buckinghamshire home. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and seems to have done well at the University, for he was selected, with William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and some others, to write congratulatory poems on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James the First. After leaving Oxford, Hampden was a student of the Inner Temple, and in 1619, being twenty-five years of age, he married Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Symeon, of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire. In the following year he entered Parliament as member for Grampound, in Cornwall. But it was some time before he took any prominent part in public affairs. He delighted in the life of a country gentleman, where his natural cheerfulness of disposition made him popular in the society of his friends and neighbours, and he entered freely into the amusements of his age. His chief pleasure was, however, in his library, and such indulgence as he allowed himself was only by way of relief to his study and his work.

Hampden's name is specially associated with the famous question of the impost of ship-money. Charles wanted funds, and as he would not summon a Parliament, knowing the nation to be opposed to him, it was necessary to have recourse to arbitrary measures. The first writ for payment of the ship-money was directed to the City of London. Next the requisition was extended to all maritime towns. In the following year, 1636, the charge was laid on all counties, cities, and corporate towns. The county of Buckingham was asked to provide one ship of 360 tons for 144 men, the charge being £4,500, and the boroughs of Buckingham and Wycombe were separately assessed at £70 and £50 respectively. Against this form of taxation Hampden promptly decided to make a stand. His example in refusing to pay was very generally followed by his neighbours, and in other counties a similar course was taken by many of the inhabitants. It was determined to make an example of Hampden, and, proceedings having been instituted against the late High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, Sir Peter Temple of Stowe, it was decided to take the opinion of the twelve judges as to the legality of the Tax. All but two of the judges took an affirmative view, but the two suffered themselves to be persuaded to sign

the opinion, which then appeared to be unanimous, and was enrolled as such in the Courts at Westminster, proceedings being at once commenced against



AVENUE LEADING TO HAMPDEN HOUSE.

Hampden. The case came on for hearing at Michaelmas term, when it was argued before all the judges in the Exchequer Chamber from the 6th of November to the 18th of December. The judges were divided in their opinions, and a final decision was not arrived at until the 9th of June, 1637. Then, five having pronounced in Hampden's favour and seven against him, judgment was entered for the Crown.

Hampden had become famous as the opponent of unjust taxation. He was elected to represent his own county first in the Short and then in the Long Parliament, and, as everyone knows, he took a leading part in the memorable events that led up to the Civil War. On the 4th of January, 1642, the House of Commons received the intelligence that the king was coming down with a large guard to Westminster Hall to seize Hampden and four other members—Pym, Hollis, Strode, and Haselrigge—whom the Attorney-General had impeached in the House of Lords of high treason. As soon as the House assembled the five members were directed to withdraw, to avoid bloodshed; they accordingly took refuge in a house in Coleman Street. Meanwhile the king came into Palace Yard, and presented himself at the door of the House of Commons. It was immediately opened, and the king entered and walked up to the chair. He looked round in vain for the objects of his search, and asked the Speaker to explain their absence. He received the memorable reply, "May it please your Majesty, I have neither

eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me." Charles attempted a weak defence, and left amidst cries of "Privilege."

Things had now gone too far for an amicable settlement; and on the 22nd August, 1642, the king raised his standard at Nottingham. Thus the Civil War began. Some of Hampden's relatives took the royalist side, which added to his many anxieties. In the first year of the war other and severe trials befell him. He lost his eldest son and his favourite daughter. But none of these things could daunt his fearless spirit. He threw away the scabbard when he drew the sword. In his own county he raised an infantry regiment, known as the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, and having for their motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" In drilling his men he was most assiduous, and under his command the regiment soon earned well-merited distinction. He took part in several minor engagements, was present at the indecisive battle of Edgehill, and in vain urged upon the sluggish Essex the expediency of renewing the engagement. Wherever he was found he impressed his own energy upon his colleagues and subordinates, and had Essex possessed a tithe of his zeal, the Civil War might speedily have been determined in favour of the Parliamentary side.



HAMPDEN'S MONUMENT.

In the early summer of 1643 Hampden was in Buckinghamshire, and the king's head-quarters were at Oxford, whence Prince Rupert made many dashing attacks. On Saturday, June 17th, Rupert left Oxford with a considerable body

of horse, and advanced towards the Chiltern Hills, leaving Thame, where Essex lay, some two or three miles on his left. Hampden happened to be at Watlington, and on hearing of the advance of the royalists, sent off a messenger to warn Essex. He then collected a few troops of cavalry, and on Sunday morning, in spite of the advice of some of his friends, started to oppose the enemy. He came up with Rupert on Chalgrove Field, and at once commenced the attack. In the first charge he was wounded and compelled to retire. The encounter was brief, and resulted in the defeat of the Parliamentary forces, but Rupert did not follow up his advantage, and quickly returned to Oxford.

It is related that after being wounded, Hampden, with bent head, his hands resting on his horse's neck, would have made for Pyrton, the home of his first wife. But Rupert's cavalry occupied the intervening country, and he turned towards Thame. There his wounds were dressed, and the surgeon gave some hopes of his recovery. He himself knew otherwise, and during the few remaining days of life devoted his energies to despatching letters of counsel to the Parliament, although his sufferings were very great. A few hours before his death he received the Sacrament; and attended by his old friend, Dr. Giles, rector of Chinnor, and by Spurstow, the chaplain of his regiment, he died in the act of prayer. A few days later his body was carried to Hampden, and was buried in the church where so many of his ancestors had been laid.

J. A. J. HOUSDEN.

HARROW AND NEWSTEAD.

MEMORIES OF BYRON.



ARMS OF HARROW
SCHOOL.

THE association between Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire and the great public school of Harrow in Middlesex is entirely Byronic; and we may at once premise that the two are brought into combination in these pages on that account. As a matter of chronology, Byron went to Newstead before he went to Harrow. The wicked Lord Byron, his grand-uncle, whom he succeeded, having gone to his account, to the regret apparently of none, except his pet crickets, which are said to have marched out of the hall, never to return, on the day of the disreputable old peer's death, there appeared one summer day in 1798, at the fine entrance to the park on the Mansfield Road, a vehicle from Nottingham, containing a stout, common-looking woman, a fat boy of ten, and a second woman, his nurse. The boy was the young Lord Byron, brought to see his inheritance. But the house was almost uninhabitable. Decay and ruin had made alarming encroachments everywhere, and short, therefore, was the stay made by the visitors.

The mother and son had up to this period been residing on a slender income in Scotland, and the hermit peer who despoiled Newstead was wont to speak of the heir as "that young brat of Aberdeen." On receiving news of their change of fortune, the poor widow, who had been shamefully reduced to poverty by a handsome and blackguardly husband, sold up the modest household goods and set off on a southerly journey to Nottinghamshire. For a while Mrs. Byron and the podgy lad, who had been made a ward in Chancery, resided in the county town; then in London, where George Gordon was taught by Glennie of Dulwich; and then briefly at Cheltenham. How often Byron had visited Newstead during the four years covered by these wanderings one can only conjecture; but it is evident that even when he went to Harrow he had possessed himself of all the traditions and spirit of the dreary abbey down in the Midlands.

Lord Byron was at Harrow from 1801 to 1805, passing his holidays principally at Southwell, which in these later days has been made an episcopal see. Newstead Abbey, for the major portion of Byron's minority, was rented by Lord Grey de Ruthen, but the schoolboy owner was always welcome there, and a room was set apart for his use. Harrow, since Byron's residence at the school, is altered in most respects, save in its magnificent situation. No march of progress can improve that away. As seen from the main line of the London and North-Western Railway, and from the level country extending on the other side to Epsom and Windsor, the slender spire rising above the elm tops must often recall to the

mind of the wayfarer the scriptural illustration of a city set upon a hill. Truly it cannot be hid.

The church of St. Mary at Harrow was founded by Lanfranc, Archbishop of



HARROW: THE SPIRE AND THE PORCH.

Canterbury, in the reign of William the Conqueror; but he did not live long enough to consecrate it, and Anselm, his successor, had an undignified squabble with the Bishop of London's agents when, on a winter morning in 1094, he passed through the grand western doorway to perform, with the florid ecclesiastical pomp of the age, the consecration ceremony. It used to be believed that the circular columns which divide the aisles from the nave, and a part of the tower at the west end, were actual remnants of Lanfranc's building. But it has now been demonstrated that the columns are of a later period, and it is doubtful whether anything is left of the original fabric. The date of 1150 has been mentioned as agreeing with the character of the western doorway. The church was substantially rebuilt in the early part of the fourteenth century; and a hundred years afterwards the giving way of the tower re-

sulted in the varied and massive buttresses which are a marked feature of Harrow Church. The slender spire of wood covered with lead was added later. The elegant doorways (north and south) of the Decorated period are good specimens of the work done at this time. It is probable that the font is truly a relic of Lanfranc. For many years it had been used as a trough in the vicarage garden, no one appearing to suspect its true character; but when the discovery was made, the large circular Purbeck marble basin was rescued, its rudimentary carvings were restored, and, with added rim and base, it was placed in the church as it may now be seen.

The existing church of Harrow-on-the-Hill, consisting of a nave, chancel, aisles, and transepts—not forgetting the famous tower and spire—is the result of a complete restoration, undertaken in 1840 by Sir Gilbert Scott. Previous to that time the additions and renovations of successive ages could be read in the solid handiwork of their diverse builders; but the vestiges of antiquity left are, as already suggested, few; and, such as they are, confined to monuments in stone and brass. The visitor, however, is likely to devote greatest attention to

the churchyard, from which an incomparable prospect may be enjoyed. The hill upon which Harrow is built is an abruptly swelling bosom of land, rising from comparatively level ground on every side. On a superlatively clear day, such as probably few persons have found, thirteen counties, it is asserted, are within ken from the church tower. Ten miles to the east, but normally obscured by haze and smoke, is Hyde Park; west and south-west—the glorious landscape commanded from the terrace seats outside the churchyard—Buckinghamshire and Berkshire lie outspread, rich in English homes, in woodland and pasturage; the Surrey hills change the prospect in another direction, with Knockholt Beeches, Hayes Common, and Shooter's Hill trending eastward.

The churchyard brings us back by a cherished tradition to the association of Harrow with Lord Byron. Within a few yards of the church tower is a flat monumental stone, to which the poet, two years before his death, in one of his letters to Murray, the publisher, thus referred:—"There is a spot in the churchyard near the footpath, on the brow of the hill, looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey) where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." From sundry entries in his journals, and from his poems, we get glimpses of Byron at Harrow, engaging in the athletics of the playground. He recounts his



HARROW: VIEW FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

battles, and his prowess at cricket and swimming; yet he admits that he was "a most unpopular boy, but led latterly." We know also that for two years and

a half he hated Harrow. From some of his contemporaries it may be gathered that at Harrow, as at Cambridge, he did not excel as a scholar. The spirit of poetry was burning within him, nevertheless, and the "favourite spot" in the churchyard doubtless was the throne of the dreamer, productive of more delight to his precocious genius than the rough contests of the playground, in which he was physically unable to share with enthusiasm. Only a few of the published poems were produced during the Harrow period, but there is one written the year after he left, directly bearing upon the stone slab, which was called "Byron's tomb" by his comrades. The verse is well remembered:—

"Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining at eve, on yon tombstone I lay,
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

This tomb was repaired, and enclosed in a strong iron railing—to remain a Byron memorial for all time—a few years since by some admirers of the poet, foremost of whom was Mr. John Murray, who was a witness of the burning of the Byron memoirs in his father's drawing-room, and who inherited, with the great publishing business of the Albemarle Street house, an admiration of the author of "Childe Harold."

Byron carved his name along with the rest of the Harrovians in the fourth form room, the largest and most typical of the scattered buildings which make up the great public school at Harrow. A brass in the chancel arch of the church perpetuates the memory of John Lyon, yeoman, who died in 1592, and of the manner in which he founded "a free grammer schoole in this p'she;" and two years before his death the founder, amongst his orders, statutes, and rules for the government of the school, announces his intention of providing, besides convenient rooms for the schoolmaster and usher, "alsoe a large and convenient schoole house, with a chimney in it." The fourth form room, with its ancient master's seat, usher's chair and desk, plain benches and form, and almost black oak wainscoting, is Lyon's original "schoole house." On the wainscoting Byron cut his name, and so in like manner did Peel, Palmerston, Lord Ripon, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Normanby, R. B. Sheridan, and Sir W. Jones.

The building now used for school examinations was the old speech room, erected after Byron's time, and this was replaced by the handsome tercentenary memorial, a semi-circular building opposite the site of the old college chapel. The picturesque Gothic chapel at the northern end of High Street, with an aisle and stained-glass windows in memory of the Harrow boys killed in the Crimea, was built by Gilbert Scott in 1855, replacing a temporary building; and in the Vaughan Library, a typical specimen of Gilbert Scott's Decorated Gothic, are, amongst other reminders of the past, portraits of Byron and of his distinguished

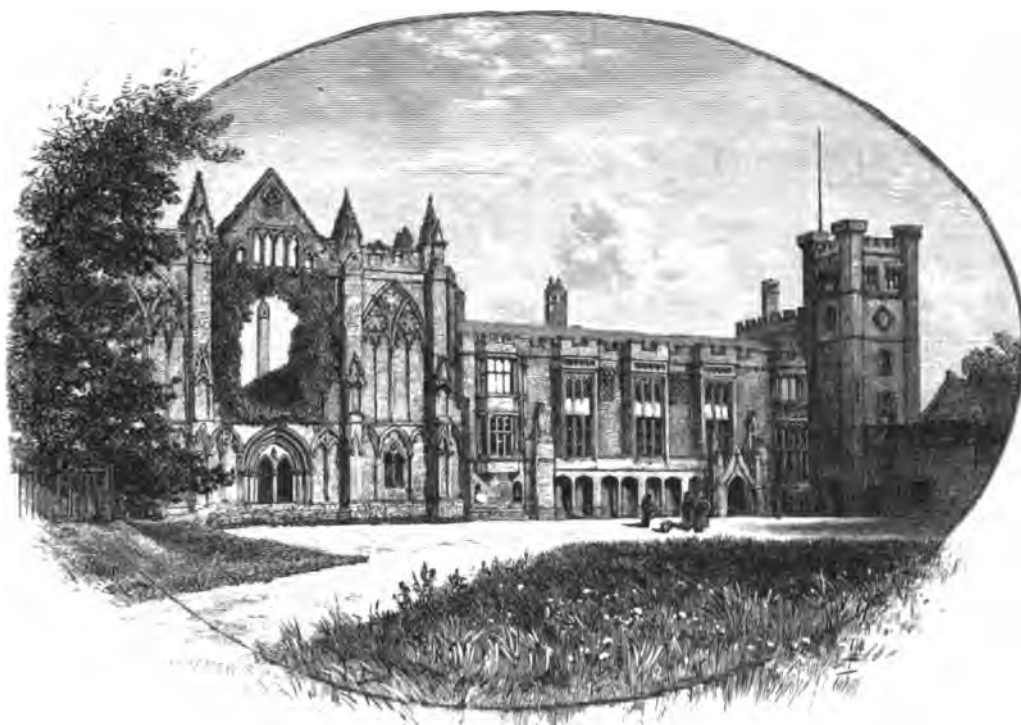
contemporaries. When, in after years, Byron was living in Italy he sent the body of his natural daughter to Harrow, with a marble tablet setting forth, "In memory of Allegra, daughter of G. G. Lord Byron, who died at Bagna Cavallo in Italy, April 20, 1822, aged five years and three months. 'I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.'" The interment, however, took place elsewhere.

Lord Byron often made Newstead Abbey the poetical subject of happy and accurate descriptions of the building, grounds, and park; and it would be easy to compile a chapter of quotations that, with very trifling links to indicate and explain recent changes, would still, for all practical purposes, serve as a guide to the visitor of to-day. Walpole described Newstead before the poet-peer succeeded to the inheritance. It was then in the hands of the wicked lord, who seemed to be deliberately bent upon ruining the estate; he destroyed its oaks, and, by a sudden whim butchered the deer so that the shambles of Mansfield Market were at one time glutted with venison. Walpole writes loosely, speaking of the beautiful west window of the old abbey church as the east. But he stints not his admiration of the abbey and all its surroundings. An Edinburgh reviewer, subsequent to the publication of "English Bards," criticising the cynical critic Walpole, declares Newstead to be one of the noblest mansions in England, and prophesies that, whatever may be its future fate, the Abbey must henceforth be a memorable abode.

Byron evidently looked upon Newstead with the gloomiest of forebodings, dedicating it in impassioned verse to sure decay, to the whistling of hollow winds, to hemlock and thistle. The Edinburgh reviewer above quoted, quite as anxious probably as the poet to get as much literary effect as possible out of the dilapidations, conceived no future better than possession by vulgar owners. Happily these predictions have been splendidly falsified. Byron, in 1809, vowed in the strongest language that, come what might, Newstead and he would stand or fall together; that no pressure, present or future, should induce him to barter the least vestige of the inheritance; and that if he could exchange Newstead Abbey for the first fortune in the country, he would reject the proposition. Three years later the place was put up to auction at Garraway's, and only £90,000 being bid, it was withdrawn. Next it was sold to a gentleman who failed in his contract, and Newstead once more came back to the poet. In 1818, however, Byron being then thirty years of age, it passed finally from the family which had held it for nearly three centuries, and was purchased by Colonel Wildman for some £100,000.

This was the turning-point of the fortunes of Newstead. The new owner, who had sat on the same form with Byron at Harrow, was a gallant soldier; he had served with distinction in the Peninsula wars; and he devoted himself from the moment of taking possession to repairing, restoring, and beautifying Newstead,

without interfering with its character. To any but an enthusiast the work must have appeared hopeless. It is said that Colonel Wildman spent over a quarter of a million of money in the restoration and decoration of the abbey. On the



NEWSTEAD.

death of this gentleman the property was acquired by Mr. W. F. Webb, a famous African traveller, and by him, no less than by his predecessor, the good work has been continued, and the utmost care taken in the preservation of every object of interest associated with the unfortunate poet who loved it, and lost it. Thanks to Colonel Wildman and Mr. Webb, Newstead has risen nobly from its ruins, and is, at the present moment, a lovely domain, with abbey and grounds in perfect preservation; further than this, the most liberal facilities are afforded to visitors desirous of seeing the rooms in which Byron slept, revelled, and worked, or of wandering amidst the gardens and groves trodden by his footsteps.

The Newstead Abbey of to-day, notwithstanding the vast sums of money laid out in its improvement, is, to a greater extent than might be expected, very much what it was when young Byron, a boy of ten years of age, bearing the title of sixth Baron, was taken to see it. The greatest change is that caused by the addition, at the south-west corner, of the square Sussex tower by Colonel Wildman, who named it after the Royal Duke whose equerry he was. Byron's own term—"Mixt Gothic"—very adequately touches off the rest of the architecture

of the front of the abbey. Some portions are Early English Gothic of the best type, and the Norman tower at the end, though not in harmony, seems to give a tone of completeness which was formerly wanting. At the other end of the façade are the stately remnants of the west front of the abbey church, the ivy climbing over the ancient stonework with graceful profusion.

In approaching Newstead by the high road from Nottingham, a drive of at least a mile intervenes between the lodge gates and the abbey, and a sharp descent and curve bring the traveller somewhat suddenly before the famous objects of Newstead, namely the lake, the mimic forts, the cascades, the picturesque window of the ruins, and the light and graceful architecture of the front. In his desire not to mar the scene with any incongruous addition, the present owner has built a block of stables near the castellated affair jutting into the lake, of pure Gothic, and all in harmony with the surroundings. The ivy which grows plentifully at Newstead has already given an air of romantic antiquity to buildings erected within thirty years.

Entrance to the pile is obtained through a small strong oaken door, upon which hangs an antique Italian knocker. The crypt of the old abbey is gloomy enough, and now and for the remainder of the time spent under the groined roofs, and amidst long echoing corridors, narrow, winding stone staircases, grim galleries and passages, the explanation of all the ghost legends attached to Newstead must be obvious. In the hall, amidst the twelfth-century masonry of the crypt, are arranged on the floor various trophies of Mr. Webb's prowess amongst the game of Africa, with fishing-rods and other modern articles of the chase, and, in many a corridor, cases of brilliantly plumaged birds, shot by the present owner in Africa and India, are intermingled with relics of the Middle Ages.

Presently you are conducted to Byron's bed-room and dressing-room, where everything remains as it was left by the poet. What few habitable rooms were in the abbey during his brief ownership were in this portion; the rest were barely weather proof. There still are the Byron bedstead, with its gilt and coroneted posts, the dressing-table, and chairs; the portrait of Fox; of Joe Murray, the favourite factotum, with the churchwarden pipe painted in at his own desire; and the portrait of a portly gentleman, who turns out to be Jackson, the prize-fighter.

Byron wisely chose this bed-room, with its recessed window and magnificent view to the west. Again and again in his poetry he betrays inspiration drawn from this particular prospect—the lake, in which he swam, sailed, and tested the courage of his dog Boatswain; the miniature fortress which the mad lord, who butchered the deer, built to amuse him what time he put his toy fleet in action; the cascade making music near the house; the swelling wooded knoll across the water in the direction of Annesley, where Mary Chaworth lived. With the

tumbling water and shrubbery close to the house, and rookeries all around, the stillest night would give to the poet in his bed mysterious sounds innumerable.

The library now shown was not used by Byron as such, and some suppose that it was originally an aisle of the chapel. Many valuable and ancient pieces of furniture and paintings are here; the abbey throughout, indeed, is peculiarly rich in well-preserved furniture, paintings, and decorations of the Stuart period. The tapestry in the room used once by Charles II., and in other apartments, was brought by Colonel Wildman from Spain after the Peninsula war. There are few old country houses in England offering such perfect examples of carved oak panelling and mantelpieces. Edward III., if not Edward I., and Henry VII. visited Newstead Abbey in the olden times, when the abbots ruled; and the apartments they are supposed to have used, down to the minutest detail of ornamentation, have been carefully preserved by Colonel Wildman and Mr. W. F. Webb.

The south corridor has been largely devoted by Mr. Webb to the relics of Livingstone and Stanley. The visitors are, towards the close of their round of the abbey, shown the room in which Livingstone, on his last stay in England, wrote his work on the Zambesi, and in the corridor the battered consular cap he wore at the time of his death is preserved. At the other end of the corridor—cases of gorgeous Himalayan birds shot by Mr. Webb intervening—are the Byron relics, and amongst them the piece of beech tree upon which Byron, on his last visit to the abbey (20th September, 1814), carved his name and that of his sister Augusta. A small revolving table is pointed out as that upon which the poet wrote his "English Bards" and part of "Childe Harold." Boxing gloves, foils, candlesticks, inkstand, the arms worn in Greece, and the sumptuously-bound copy of the early poems, recall the stormy career of the peer whose memory has been so sacredly preserved by his successors in the ownership of Newstead Abbey. The largest rooms at Newstead are the Grand Saloon and the Great Dining Hall, now richly furnished and decorated, but in Byron's time wreck and ruin. The breakfast-room, once the Lord Abbot's parlour, was used by Byron as a dining-room.

The cloisters of Newstead are famous for their excellent condition, and in the quadrangle still plays the old Gothic fountain, brought into the court at some remote time from the front of the abbey. The chapel, formerly the chapter-house, has been exquisitely restored and decorated by Mr. Webb in the Early English style. In the gardens, which are liberally maintained, the same anxiety has been manifested as in the interior to cherish every memorial of Byron. The oak he planted; Boatswain's tomb, in which at one time the poet himself wished to be buried, between the dog and Joe Murray; and the satyr's and devil's woods, which belong rather to the wicked lord, are amongst the notable sights outside the abbey.

W. SENIOR.

STAMFORD AND HATFIELD.

THE GRAVES OF THE CECILS.

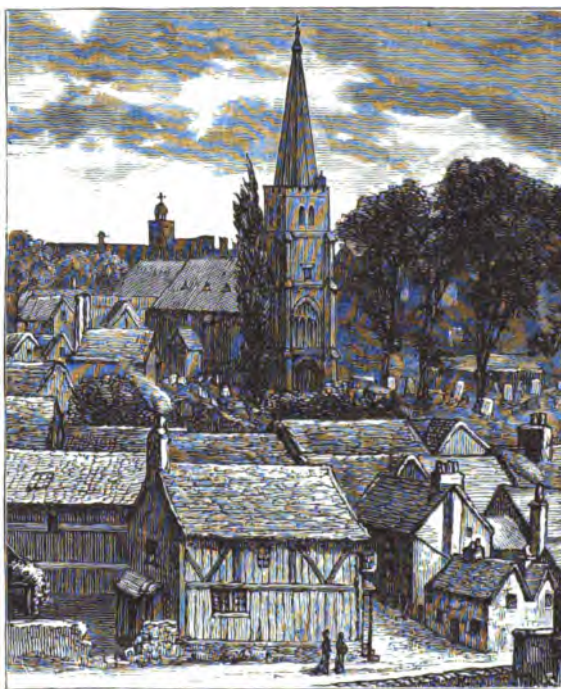


ARMS OF THE
MARQUIS OF
SALISBURY.

FEW towns in England possess more allurements for lovers of the relics of olden days than Stamford. Its churches are numerous for the size of the town, and three or four are of exceptional interest or beauty. Close at hand is the graceful ruin of St. Leonard's Priory, and its streets abound in examples, more or less perfect, of domestic architecture, often very picturesque, which range over full four centuries. But one church, that of St. Martin, the only one on the right bank of the river Welland, possesses an interest, apart from its architecture, as the burial place of the elder branch of the Cecils, and of the illustrious founder of the family.

The town of Stamford stands, as indicated, on sloping ground upon the left bank of the Welland, and on the edge of the county of Lincoln. On the Northamptonshire side the ground slopes upwards to the plateau, crowned by the woods and lawns of Burghley Park. Notwithstanding the division of the counties, there is a "forebridge" quarter of some size; and the main street is part of the "Great North Road," bordered on either side by picturesque houses, old and new. It passes the George, an ancient hotel, still as ever a comfortable halting-place; half-way up the acclivity the tower of St. Martin's Church varies pleasantly the domestic architecture. Then at the boundary of the park the houses cease, and after a short distance we arrive at the grand Elizabethan gateway, not unworthy of the palace to which it gives admission.

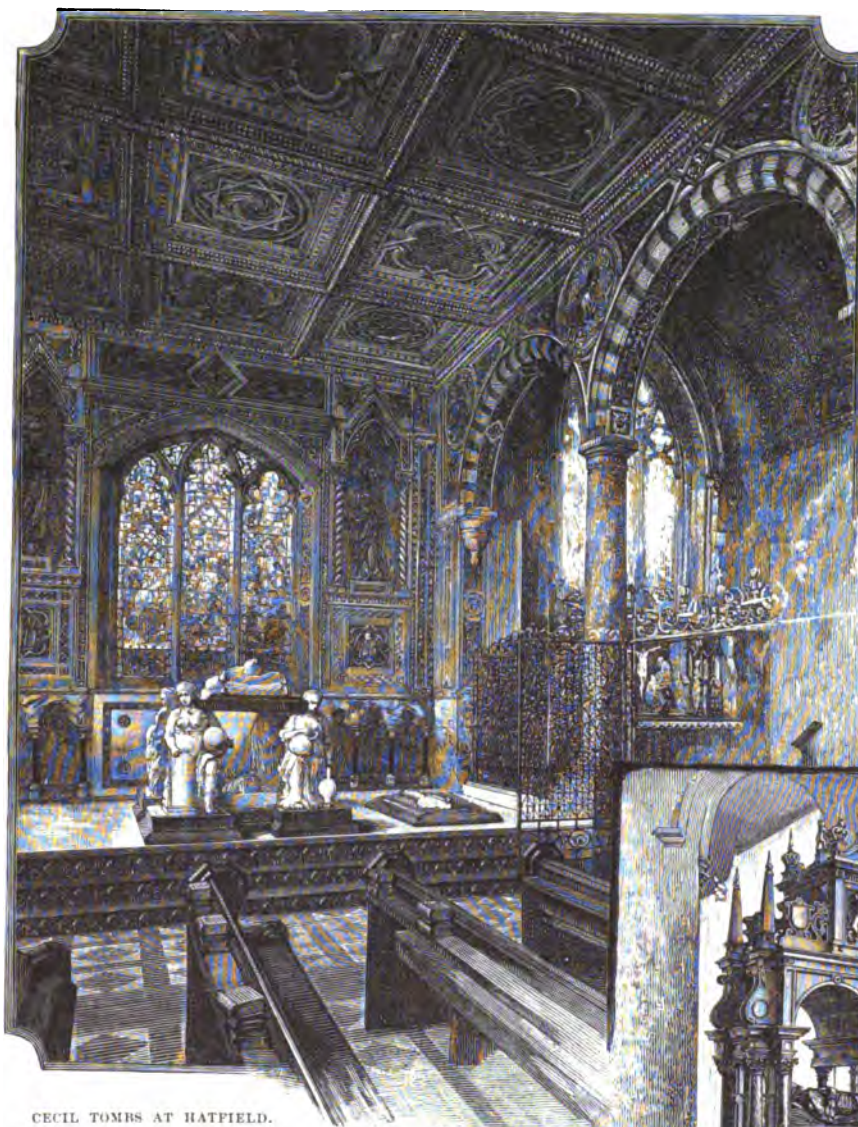
But it is only of the last home of the Cecils that we must now speak. St. Martin's Church was built by John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, about the year 1482, on the site of one erected in the twelfth century by an Abbot of Peterborough,



HATFIELD.

and destroyed in the Lancastrian wars. It is a good example of the work of the period, though, as usual, a little cold and monotonous in design; the tower, especially its belfry stage, being the best feature. The church has aisles, the northern being prolonged as far as the east wall of the chancel, the southern stopping one bay short. In the year 1864 an addition was made to the eastern part of the north aisle, and the whole now forms the mortuary chapel of the Cecil family. Of their monuments, however, only three call for special notice. The first, though not the oldest, is a vast marble pile erected against the north wall, in commemoration of John, Earl of Exeter, who died in the year 1700, and of his countess. They are sculptured in half-reclining postures; a figure standing on the one side represents Minerva, that on the other, the "Goddess of the Arts and Sciences." It is an interesting example of the pagan spirit which pervaded that period, and of how much time, skill, and money may be spent in producing a thoroughly unpleasing result. Against the east wall is a mural monument in alabaster and marble, representing Richard Cecil,* and his wife, the father and mother of the founder of Burghley House, kneeling in prayer on either side of a desk. The son's monument stands on the north side of the communion table, separating the so-called sacarium from the above-named chapel; a worthy memorial of one of the greatest in an age fruitful in great men. It is built of Italian marble and alabaster; groups of columns resting on a massive pedestal support on arches a lofty canopy, which rises stage above stage. Beneath this is an altar-tomb, on which lies the effigy of the Lord Treasurer. He is clad in a suit of armour, over which he wears the crimson mantle of the Order of the Garter, and holds in his hand his wand of office. One cannot call the monument beautiful. Yet in this, as in many other tombs erected about this epoch in our history, though the singular grace of the mediæval altar-tomb and chantry is wanting, there is something very attractive in the mingled quaintness of design and richness of ornamentation. The style is, to a considerable extent, a natural one. A Renaissance influence dominated the artist's mind, but he had not lost all sympathy with the works of his mediæval predecessors. In the Lord Treasurer's tomb there is no actual reproduction of a "Gothic" feature, yet the structure, as a whole, recalls the ancient models. The recumbent figure in its stately repose, is inspired by the spirit of mediæval art. In this monument and in that of the fifth Earl the dominant sentiments of two reigns of two queens are expressed in stone. One speaks of an age when to fear God and do righteously was supposed to be a mark of true nobility; the other of an age when such things became the lowly in rank, but were works of supererogation in a "person of quality."

* He died in 1553, and is buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

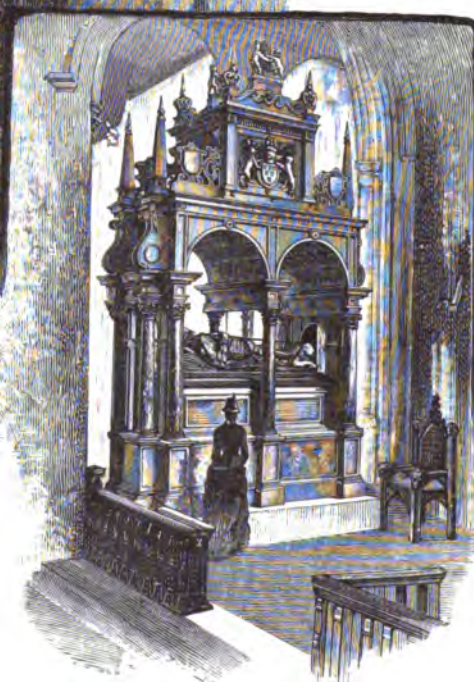


CECIL TOMBS AT HATFIELD.

the memories of generations of Cecils render that of their ancestor less distinct. In the still abode of the dead he dominates over those who from time to time have come to share his resting-place. Cecil's whole history is full of interest, especially in its points of difference from our own times. He had the advantage of a good start in life, for his father was Master of the Robes to Henry VIII.; nevertheless, he was to a considerable extent the maker of his own fortunes.

H H

In no place does the memory of this great and wise man rise up before the mind more vividly than in the quiet church, in the presence of his grave. True, the noble house which he built is still the glory of the neighbouring park, but here



THE LORD TREASURER'S TOMB, STAMFORD.

At school and at college—St. John's, Cambridge—he was noted as an assiduous student, and was especially distinguished for his knowledge of Greek. His talents brought him into notice at Court. In those days early success in literature and science was a surer pathway to distinction, whether in Church or in State, than it has been for the last century. The House of Commons, which, we may presume, reflects the national mind, does not like “philosophers,” as we have been told on good authority; that is to say, it strongly objects to anyone who is a little more long-sighted than the multitude, who cares more for truth than for popularity, prefers sound reasoning to windy clap-trap, and ventures to regard, not only the immediate, but also the ultimate consequences of action. However, in those old days, whatever their faults might be, there was this good, that a sound education and thoughtful mind were worth more than a glib tongue and a power of “gushing,” so that young Cecil was speedily placed in positions of trust, and was enabled to win his spurs. He was for a time involved in the fall of the Lord Protector Somerset, and this episode appears to be one of the least creditable in his career, for caution seems to have prevailed over generous feeling. Though firm in his attachment to the reformed faith, Cecil managed to avoid persecution during the reign of Mary, but was, of course, compelled to resign all his offices. Still, as a knight of the shire, he took an active part in public affairs, being one of the leaders of the Opposition, as it would now be termed, and, as the Queen's health failed, he entered into private correspondence with the Princess Elizabeth. When she succeeded to the crown he was at once recognised as her chief adviser. In this capacity—first as Secretary of State, afterwards as Lord High Treasurer—he continued until his death, at the age of seventy-eight. What a life—anxious, yet gratifying; full of trials, yet full of successes—was then closed! For forty years it had been his chief work to weld together in one a disunited nation, to check the extravagancies of Protestants and to frustrate the plots of Popish fanatics, to defeat the intrigues of Scotland, to counteract the wiles of Rome, and to shatter the Armada of Spain. This would have been a hard task in any case; it was not made easier by his somewhat imperious and occasionally whimsical mistress. But Elizabeth, whatever may have been her defects, was worthy to be a Queen, and, among other great qualities, possessed this—that she could recognise a wise man, and trusted him when she had found him. So, notwithstanding all difficulties, Cecil saw much of his work successfully accomplished, and closed his eyes on a golden epoch in the history of England. The reign of Elizabeth, as has been remarked, was fruitful in great men. It had never been equalled before; it has never been surpassed since. And among the greatest of these great ones was William Cecil, first Baron Burghley, of whom it has been well said:—“In every branch of his policy, whether in relation to religion when

this formed so material a part of European affairs, the internal government of England, or her foreign policy, he was guided by fixed and well-grounded principles, and no act of his administration appears to have been produced by motives of temporary expediency only, but to have formed a part of a consistent and well-considered plan."

William Cecil left two sons. The elder, and less distinguished, inherited his estate at Stamford, and was created Earl of Exeter by James I. The second, Robert, succeeded to his father's position in the State, was raised, simultaneously with his brother, to the Peerage as Earl of Salisbury, and became the founder of the other branch of the Cecils to whose burial-place we now turn. To this son the first lord had left his mansion at Theobalds, but he exchanged it with King James for Hatfield, an old royal palace, and there built himself the stately mansion which has ever since been the home of his descendants. Hatfield had, however, already some slight connection with the fortunes of his family, for under one of its oaks the Princess Elizabeth obtained the news of her sister's death, and in the old hall, on the following Sunday, she received the homage of the Privy Council and nominated William Cecil as Secretary.

The Jacobean mansion occupies the summit of a plateau. On the western side the ground shelves down, here somewhat steeply, there more gently, towards the lower and more level ground which is now traversed by the Great Northern Railway. The little town extends down the slope from the old palace gates to the streamlet in the valley below, the church standing on the higher part. On the right-hand side of the street which leads up to the palace the churchyard interrupts the houses. It is of ample size, and is bordered by old trees. The church itself is cruciform in plan, and the greater portion dates from the later years of the fourteenth or the earlier years of the fifteenth century; but there has been so much rebuilding and restoration that it is difficult to be certain about the age of many parts. Something, however, of a yet earlier church remains, for there is a Norman doorway in the south transept, and opposite to it an Early English window, now blocked up. The shingle-covered spire, which adds much to the picturesqueness both of church and of town, is a comparatively modern feature, being the gift of the late Marquis; while a very extensive restoration and a partial rebuilding was carried out by the present Marquis about the year 1871.

It is, however, as a burying-place that the church is of most interest. Besides the mortuary chapel of the Cecils, of whom we shall speak directly, there are some curious monuments in the Brockett Chapel, which is placed east of the south transept, commemorating, as the name implies, former owners of Brockett Hall. These are not very old, for they date from the sixteenth and later centuries, but they are quaint in style, and some of the inscriptions are curious.

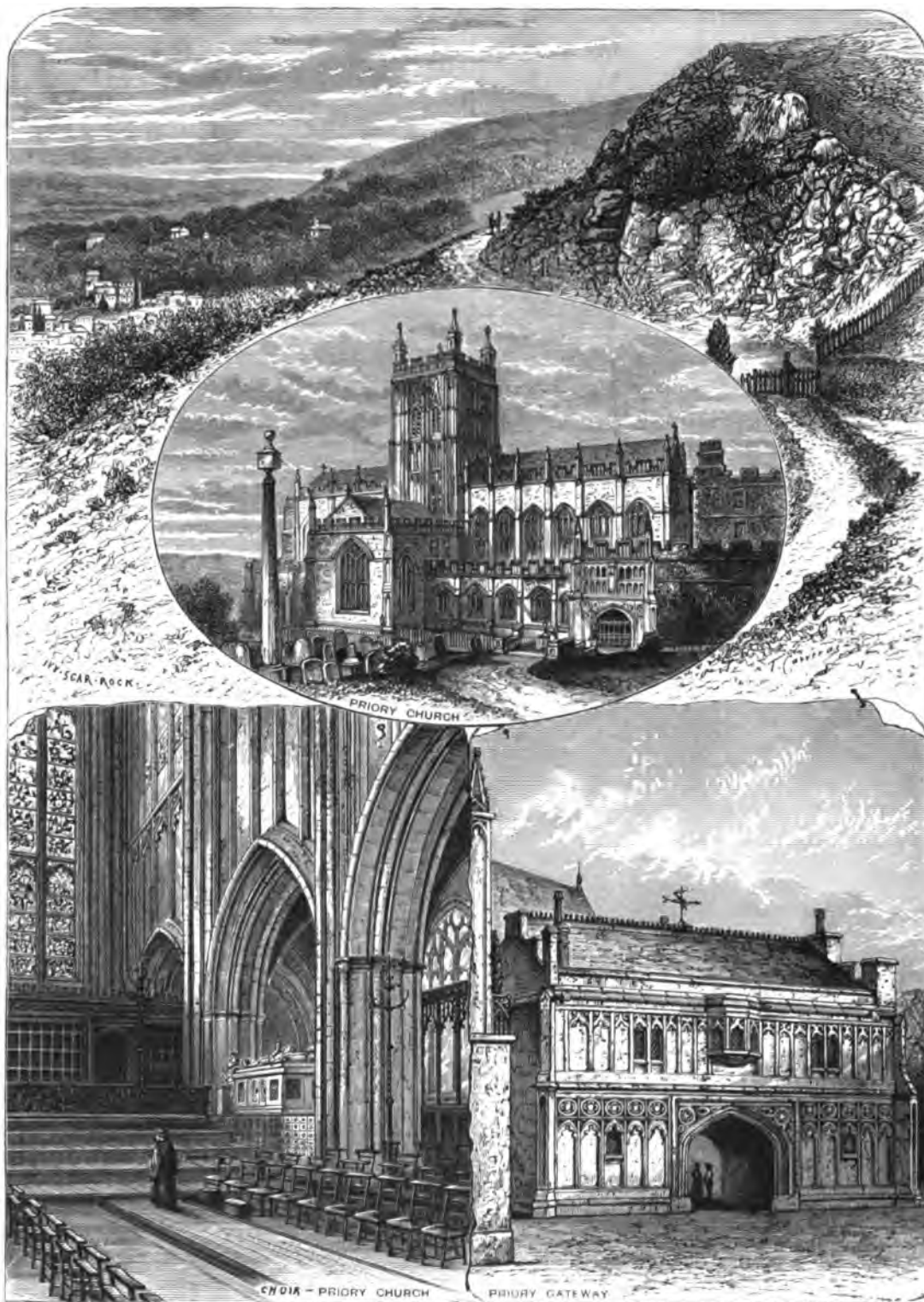
The Cecils are interred beneath a spacious mortuary chapel on the northern side of the chancel, erected in the year 1618 by William, second Earl of Salisbury, and restored by the present Marquis.* It is thus an interesting example of Jacobean architecture with suitable modern ornamentation. The steps leading to the sacrarium in the chancel are prolonged into this chapel, so that its floor is divided into two stages. The lower is occupied by seats for the family and household; in the centre of the upper part is the monument of the first Earl. Its base is formed of black marble; on this lies a skeleton, and at the four corners are figures representing the four cardinal virtues. These support a great slab of black marble, on which lies the Earl's effigy. He wears his official robe, and bears in his hand the wand of the Lord High Treasurer. The figures are all of white marble. This monument, which is the work of Simon Basyll, is extremely interesting when compared with that of the father at Stamford. Probably they do not differ more than about twenty years in date, yet the Hatfield monument is much more distinctly a work of the Renaissance. Of this the general design and free execution, the strong contrast of colour in the materials, the table-like form of the monument, and especially the allegorical figures, are wholly indicative; but the pose of the effigy, and, most of all, the skeleton below, are reminiscences of the mediæval spirit.

The chapel does not contain any other monuments of importance, but two effigies of older date have been brought hither from the Brockett Chapel and laid upon the floor. The wrought-iron gates and railing of Italian workmanship, which enclose the chapel, are well worthy of notice, and some of the modern inlaid work is excellent.

The history of the son commemorated by so stately a monument was, unhappily, far more brief than that of the father. He inherited his mental power, but not his vigorous health. He was short of stature and almost deformed in person; but the "little man" was trusted by Elizabeth no less than his father, and secured the confidence of her sapient successor. Perhaps, had his life been spared, he might have prevented his master from sowing the seed of future troubles, but shortly after the completion of Hatfield House his health failed, and he died at Marlborough on his return from drinking the waters of Bath. The Cecils, especially the younger branch, are an example of hereditary talent. In full nine generations there has been but one fool—the fourth Earl, "whose sluggish body was the abode of an equally sluggish mind"—while several inheritors of the title have been men of exceptional ability. Among these, no one, whatever his political opinions, can refuse to recognise the present Marquis of Salisbury.

T. G. BONNEY.

* A strip of ground adjacent to the old palace has recently been added to the east side of the churchyard, and will in future be used as the burial-place of the family.



GREAT MALVERN: THE PRIORY CHURCH AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

GREAT MALVERN AND TEWKESBURY.

HILL SIDE AND RIVER BRINK.

THE Priory Church of Great Malvern, often miscalled "Abbey," stands on the eastern slope of the Malvern Hills, with the Worcestershire Beacon and North Hill rising behind it. It is very seldom that so fine a church is found in the immediate proximity of so fine a range of hills. From the west it is approached by two long flights of steps, commanding a magnificent view of the northern side and of the stately central tower. The southern transept and the lady chapel (which extended on a lower level than the chancel to the hedge now bounding the churchyard) were demolished when the Priory was suppressed.

Of the other monastic buildings, only the gateway, which admitted into the precincts of the monastery, remains; it is of about the same date as the chancel, and very near the west end of the church. Some fragments of the stonework of the refectory have been preserved. The priory (Benedictine) was founded in the eleventh century, soon after the Conquest. A hermit here, Aldwine, desiring to visit the Holy Land, consulted Wulstan, the good Bishop of Worcester, and was advised by him to form a cœnobitic community of the solitaries* in Malvern Chase, instead of making his pilgrimage. The priory was subject to the abbey of Westminster, the dean and chapter of which still retain property in the diocese; but there were frequent disputes about the control of it between the abbey and the see of Worcester. In the peace which followed the Wars of the Roses, the church was rebuilt under the skilful guidance of Sir Reginald Bray—a favourite counsellor of Henry VII., and designer of the chapel named after Henry in Westminster Abbey—the Norman columns in the nave being left as they were. Apparently it was intended to span the choir with a vaulting of stone; probably the wooden roof was substituted for economy's sake. The commencement of this vaulting is seen on either side. Sir Reginald is represented with his pupil, Prince Arthur, in the north window of the transept. At the Reformation, Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, interceded strenuously with King Henry for the priory, that it should be made a school, and bore his testimony to the good character of the prior and the brethren. But it was in vain. The priory was confiscated, to the advantage of the Knotsforde and others. The whole church would have been destroyed† had not the parishioners purchased it for £300, to be their parish church, in place of a much smaller building then standing to the north of the priory church. In 1852 the priory church, having lapsed into a deplorable condition, was thoroughly repaired at great expense under

* Some fugitives from Deerhurst, when the monastery there was sacked by Danes, are said to have settled in the upper part of the wild forest, which stretched from the hills to the Severn.

† Probably much damage was done then to the painted glass.

the direction of Sir G. G. Scott. The porch, forming the north-west entrance, is lofty and spacious, of the time of Henry VII.; over this is the "parvisum," the old vestry, approached by a winding stone staircase.

The special charm of the interior is in its brightness and cheerfulness, owing to the great size of the windows at each end and in the clerestory. The height, too, of the building, and the loftiness of the chancel arch, while enhancing the solemnity of the interior, prevent what would be the depressing effect of the low, massive Norman piers. From the Norman font at the west end the view is magnificent. The proportions are excellent: six bays in the nave, three in the chancel; there is no chancel screen to interrupt the view.

The arches in the nave are singularly beautiful in their simplicity,—semi-circular, and quite unadorned with mouldings, with the exception of the last capital eastward on the north, which seems to show that the monks began to embellish, but stopped immediately. A narrow arched recess, five or six feet from the ground in the pillar nearest the porch, was perhaps for holy water. The smaller aisle, with a doorway, now closed, which marks the entrance into the cloisters of the priory, retains its original dimensions. The northern aisle is wider. The three very small apertures in the western wall were probably in a gallery, to enable the prior, or some other official, to look down into the nave. There are traces of Norman work in the vestry behind the organ, as well as in the south aisle of the nave, and in a beautiful arch over the door from the southern aisle into the vestry.

As one passes from the nave under the tower into the chancel, the contrast of style is remarkable. The walls are panelled with Perpendicular tracery; the slender shafts rise like pines from floor to ceiling. It is supposed, from some indications in the masonry, that the Norman tower fell, as at Gloucester and elsewhere, those ponderous structures being especially liable to such a catastrophe. Under the lower part of the tower on the north side are placed the lectern (an eagle in brass by Hardman, in memory of the late General Eardley Wilmot), the reading desk and the pulpit, both of carved oak. The old monastic stalls are very curious, and resemble those of Worcester Cathedral in the grotesque figures on the misereres. Several gently sloping steps lead up to the sacrarium, which is fenced by a low brass rail of rich workmanship: two doors (an unusual thing), one north, one south of the Holy Table, admit through the reredos into a little sacristy, from which the prior or his deputy could see through three "hagioscopes" into the chapel.

A very beautiful mosaic of the kind which may still be seen in the house of the Faun at Pompeii, forms the centre of the reredos. It was made by Messrs. Powell, Whitefriars, and is the munificent gift of the Rev. E. Peck, of Lyme Regis. It represents the Holy Family, with the Magi on the one side

and the shepherds on the other. The details show much care and thought. At each end is mosaic scroll-work, with the emblematic corn and grapes; beyond these are some of the old tiles.

The south aisle of the choir is called St. Anne's Chapel,* of the same date as the choir. The side windows are filled with old Belgian glass representing some of the events recorded in the Book of Genesis and the accompaniments of the Passion of our Lord. The drawing of the figures is grotesque, but the colours are gorgeous, especially the ruby and purple. The chapel is used as a choir vestry, and for lectures, &c. A curious old folio, the Prayer Book with commentary, is chained to an oak desk. The north choir aisle is called the Jesus Chapel.

Few churches or cathedrals in England are so rich in old painted glass. The east window is made up of fragments arranged promiscuously, but the effect is very good. The clerestory windows tell the story of the foundation of the priory. In the transept window, above the kneeling figures of Prince Arthur and his tutor, are two exquisite groups, one of the Nativity and one of the Visitation; above these is the Feast at Cana. In many of the windows are angels,† as if the church, dedicated originally to St. Mary the Virgin, had been rededicated, possibly after civil strife or bloodshed within its walls, to St. Michael and the Holy Angels. From the shape of many of the windows, it seems that the architect had proposed making them even larger than they are, but had been restrained by fears of instability.

There are a few old monuments: one in St. Anne's Chapel of Prior Walcher, noted in his day for learning and science; a recumbent figure of a knight of the name of Corbet, north of the sacrarium; and several on the south side belonging to the Knotsford family; there is also in the Jesus Chapel a very graceful representation in stone of a Mrs. Thompson. There are memorial-brasses of the Rev. G. Fisk, vicar, in the nave; of E. Chance, Esq., in the transept; of the Rev. J. Dyson in the chapel. Under the west window is a costly memorial, by Scott, of Sir H. Lambert, Bart., consisting of an elaborate canopy in stone over a mural brass, with the Evangelists on either side. The organ, by Nicholson, is a very fine instrument.

The noble abbey of Tewkesbury is rich in reminiscences of the past. The name is probably from Theoc, a missionary monk, who is said to have Christianised this corner of Mercia subsequently to the conversion of the rest of the midland kingdom. It has been supposed, from his name, that he was a Briton; but the Britons generally held aloof from intercourse, even in this way, with the invaders. The legendary story of the foundation of the abbey by the brothers

* The famous spring on the hill-side is called St. Anne's Well.

† These have the body covered with plumage, not the wings only.

Oddo and Doddo, Dukes of Mercia, is apocryphal; and, perhaps, was suggested by the names of Earl Dudda in the eighth century, and of Earl Odda in the eleventh. Originally a "cell" or dependency of Cranbourn Abbey in Dorsetshire, the monastery here became an abbey, and shortly before the Conquest the relative position of Tewkesbury and Cranbourn was reversed.

Robert Fitz-Hamon, kinsman of William Rufus, "Lord of Gloucester, etc. etc.," was a great benefactor to the abbey; he commenced the rebuilding of the church, which was completed by Earl Robert of Gloucester, brother of the Empress Maude, a great church-builder in his day. In 1123 the church was dedicated in honour of St. Mary the Virgin; of this building great portions remain now. The monastery flourished under the fostering care of the De Clares,* the Despencers, the Beauchamps, etc., till the Dissolution. Though not mitred, the abbots were often summoned to Parliament. The abbey was rededicated in 1239 by the famous Bishop Walter de Cantilupe, after additions and alterations. The choir was rebuilt about 1350, probably to introduce the new style of architecture then coming into vogue.

Henry VI., always munificent to religious foundations, gave to the abbey the patronage of Deerhurst Priory, in the immediate neighbourhood, the oldest monastery in this part of England. After the battle of Tewkesbury, the abbot, standing at the great door of the church, crucifix in hand, like Ambrose at Milan, repelled Edward IV. pursuing fugitives into the sanctuary.

The revenues of this powerful and wealthy abbey were about £40,000 of our money when it fell into the rapacious hands of Henry VIII. and his courtiers in 1539. It was the last in the county to be surrendered; the abbot, Wakeman,

was made Bishop of Gloucester; the monks (only 38 remained) were pensioned. The domestic offices were preserved; the conventual for the most part destroyed. The Gate House, a remarkable edifice, about forty feet high, near the west end of the church, is standing now, with some buildings near the Avon. There is a fine oriel window in the "Abbey House" (probably the infirmary), near the west end. The nave of the church was already in use as the parish church; the rest of the structure was rescued by the parishioners from demolition for £483.



MISERERE, MALVERN.

After undergoing, from time to time, unsightly reparations in the last century and in the early part of this, the church has now been thoroughly

* The "Red Earl." late in the thirteenth century, was a De Clare.

restored at great expense; Sir G. G. Scott superintended the work in its commencement.

The old saying "As sure as God is in Gloucestershire" was meant to signify



TEWKESBURY: THE WEST FRONT.

the number and importance of monastic institutions in that county. Tewkesbury had rank among the foremost. The site is remarkable; the two great rivers, Severn and Avon, with two tributary streams, meeting here, almost insulate the town. The church is cruciform, with apsidal chapels grouping themselves, as at Westminster, round the choir. In general character, as might be expected, it resembles Gloucester Cathedral and Pershore Abbey Church. Almost every style of our English Gothic is represented. The total length is 286 feet. The nave is 165 feet by 110; the transepts are 120 by 33. The height of the nave is 58 feet; of the tower, 132. The Lady Chapel was 100 feet long, due east of the choir; it, as well as the cloisters, has been demolished. Only three English churches, not cathedrals, are longer. This church comes next in size to Hereford Cathedral; the nave would stand within the nave of Gloucester, it is said, as one box within another.

The tower, which is Norman except the battlement and turrets, rests on four huge piers; the interior of it is rich in ornamentation, and resembles the tower of Pershore Abbey Church. It was originally a "lantern tower," and was closed in order, perhaps, to render the voice more audible. A wooden spire, erected on

the tower by Robert, the celebrated Earl of Gloucester already mentioned, fell on Easter Day, 1559. There are eight bells and chimes to the clock. The campanile or bell-tower, a building of no great pretensions, was pulled down in 1813.* The west front, with a lofty and spacious arch in a deep recess (62 feet by 34), is not unworthy to be named with the west fronts of Lincoln and Peterborough. The design appears to have been executed imperfectly. The porch is very plain. The west window was destroyed by a storm in 1661. The nave is Norman, with fourteen columns unusually tall, and with a triforium dwarfed in proportion. In the choir, on the contrary, the columns are short, surmounted by large windows. The font is partly old. The pulpit, octagonal, in stone, was given in 1881. The nave is vaulted with stone, richly groined and sculptured; the bosses have been regilt and recoloured under the direction of Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire. Probably the stonework replaced an original roof of wood. As in the "stanze" of the Vatican, a mirror is useful in enabling one to appreciate the beauty of it.

The choir, with a sexagonal termination, is surrounded by an "ambulatory" or "procession-path." The tracery of the roof is very fine. The most interesting of the chantries, which cluster round the choir, are, on the north, the "Warwick chapel" (1421), and, adjoining it eastward, the "Founder's chapel" (1397) and the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene (1439). The exquisite erection now used as the choir-vestry is supposed by some to have been the chapter-house, but was probably a chapel with ante-chapel. Over this was the treasury of the monastery. The sedilia and the monks' stalls, with their misereres curiously carved, are noteworthy. The history of the organ is remarkable. It was moved from Magdalen College, Oxford, to Hampton Court by Cromwell, and finally placed here in 1737. The rose-window, at the east end, is fine, and contains portraits of benefactors in their baronial costumes.

There are many interesting monuments. The oldest is of Abbot Alan, friend of Becket, prior of Canterbury before coming here. There are monuments also of other abbots, with a cenotaph of Wakeman, the last of them, constructed for him at his request during his lifetime. Then there are a graceful alabaster monument of Sir Guy de Brien (Brienne, Normandy), and a kneeling figure in armour, Sir E. Despenser. In 1796 a brass was laid in the floor in memory of Prince Edward, murdered here after the battle (1471). The Duke of Somerset, who was executed at Tewkesbury after the battle, and Lord Wenlock, who was killed in the fight, are interred here; also the Duke of Clarence, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," with his duchess. The general effect of the interior of the church is stately but sombre.

I. GREGORY SMITH.

* By some accounts in 1817.

DUNSTER AND ARUNDEL.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.



THE past history of our parish churches is a varied one. In many cases—indeed in most—they have been built for the use of the community among which they stand. They have grown with its growth; have been enlarged or reconstructed as circumstances required. Some, however, have been built as an appendage to, or perhaps we should rather say as the nucleus of, a religious foundation. Into this the people of the hamlet which usually sprang up about its gates, most of them corrodiers or servitors of some sort, were only admitted to worship as a kind of favour, not as a legal right. In a third case, however, the church discharged a double debt—it served two masters, the confraternity worshipping in one part, the parishioners in the other, and of this divided ownership many of our churches still bear traces. Indeed, as Professor E. A. Freeman remarks,* “our monastic and large collegiate churches may be divided into two classes: those simply and wholly designed for the monastic or collegiate fraternity, and those which at the same time discharged the function of ordinary parish churches. In the generality of these latter cases, the eastern part, or the choir, belonged to the monks, the western part, or the nave, to the people. In fact, they often formed, to all intents and purposes, two distinct churches, and the two parts were often spoken of distinctly as the parish church and the abbey or priory church. There was often a complete barrier between the two, and the people had what may be called their own high altar at the east end of the nave.”

When the monasteries were suppressed, the eastern portion of the church, being as fully a possession of the fraternity as any separate chapel within the convent gates, became the exclusive property of the king, or of the person to whom he granted their messuages and tenements. In that case its doom was commonly sealed, especially where the people either had no right in the building, or were but few in number and poor in purse. Sometimes it was left to fall down from mere neglect and the effect of time; more often the work of destruction was immediate. The useless fabrics were converted into money, and the noblest works of mediæval art were sold as old building materials; stone, timber, lead, and glass being cleared away with no more scruple or

* Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society, Vol. VI., p. 1.

compunction, though with less ease of performance, than if they had been the work of some jerry-builder of the present century.

Thus perished Netley and Beaulieu, Glastonbury and Tintern, Furness and Fountains, with many another noble structure, whose battered ruins still protest against the Vandalism which permitted their destruction, and the many evil deeds by which the English Reformation was marred. For the same reason, not a few of our parish churches are only fragments, one-half of the mediæval structure having been destroyed, and in this case it is generally the nave which has remained. The parishioners retained their right to the part in which they had always worshipped; the courtier to whom the choir had been granted, if he did not actually pull it down to the ground, sold all that could be readily converted into money, and then left the bare, roofless walls to battle with the elements. Thus it has happened at Malmesbury and Usk, at Chepstow and Fotheringay. In some cases, however, either by a rare liberality on the part of the new owner, as at Dorchester, or by the public spirit of the people, as at Tewkesbury, the monastic part was added to the parochial, and the whole became one church.

A few churches, however, yet remain where the distinction of ownership is neither indicated by the destruction of one portion of the building, nor has it been obliterated by subsequent changes, as in the last-mentioned churches, but where it is still clearly indicated by the internal arrangement of the building. Of these cases, now rare, we will take two examples—one where the building has become, in effect, a single parish church, the other where the divided ownership yet continues, and is miserably conspicuous to the eye of the most casual visitor.

Dunster Church, in Somersetshire, is our first instance, though an alteration in the arrangements, effected during a restoration a few years since—an alteration in many respects to be regretted—has rendered its testimony to a divided ownership less clear than it was formerly. Dunster is a singularly picturesque old-world village, just the spot where memorials of the past would linger on with little change till they withered before the steam-blast of the nineteenth century. Between the rugged Brendon Hills and the south coast of the Bristol Channel there is a level strath, a little to the west of Minehead, which was formerly, no doubt, beneath the waters of the sea. From this the hills rose steeply, clad with forest or heather, and the village of Dunster clusters about a little brook which issues from their recesses. One outlying knoll projects like a bastion from the main mass. On this “tor” no doubt some British chief placed his “dun” or hill-fort, and the Norman De Mohun, when he came, made it ultimately the site of his castle. The picturesque old home of the Luttrells, the successors of the De Mohuns in the ownership, has its own tale of moving

incidents, but of these we cannot tell; we must hasten to the church. This stands in the town at a lower level than the castle. A church has long occupied this site, for the foundation of the priory dates soon after the Norman Conquest, whilst the oldest part of the castle was built in the reign of Stephen. Very little, however, is left of the Norman structure. The greater part is of much later date. Externally it appears to be a rather long and low Perpendicular church, somewhat plain and heavy in style, with a central tower of the usual Somersetshire pattern, though it is by no means a striking example of its kind. Internally it is an exceptionally interesting church, which has preserved some woodwork of remarkable beauty.

We will describe the church as it was when its history was written by Professor Freeman, because the peculiarities in its arrangements will thus be more readily understood. There was, as we have said, formerly a Norman church on this site, of which some traces still remain in the western arch of the central tower, and at the west end. In the fifteenth century the church appears to have had a Norman nave and aisles, a massive lantern tower at the crossing of the transepts, and an eastern limb without aisles, but with side-chapels or apses attached to the east walls of the transepts. The old church was occupied by the monks of the adjoining priory and by the parishioners of



DUNSTER: CHURCH AND CASTLE.

Dunster town, and disputes as to rights and ownership arose towards the end of the century between the Prior and monks, on the one hand, and the vicar and parishioners on the other. These were at last referred for award to the

Abbot of Glastonbury, who decreed that the latter should leave the choir wholly to the monks, and make their own choir under the nave. In consequence of this award the parishioners rebuilt the nave. Fortunately the quarrel did not proceed so far as at Wymondham, in Norfolk, where, in consequence of similar disputes, the church was practically cut in two, the monks building a tower at the west of the choir which insulated it from the nave, while the parishioners presently added to the latter a western tower, so that the church underwent what biologists call multiplication by fission. At Dunster, however, a *modus vivendi* was arrived at; the parishioners rebuilt their nave, placed their own high altar under the western tower-arch, and erected a magnificent rood-loft. This cuts off the two bays west of the tower, extends across both the nave and the aisles, and is approached by an exterior turret. The choir became the priory chapel, cut off by another screen, under the eastern tower-arch, from the transepts and crossing, which thus served the purpose of an ante-chapel, having a direct communication with the priory buildings on the north side of the church.* Such was the old arrangement, which continued down to our own days, but was somewhat modified a few years since, when the church was restored, by placing the communion-table against the last-named screen, so that the transepts are now incorporated into what may be called the ritual choir. The chancel, however, east of this screen still forms a distinct chapel, seated, and with its own altar.

Aisles of two bays each were added by the monks to their choir, so that, although parts of the earlier structure remain, the general effect of the church is that of a late Perpendicular building. The woodwork generally in the roofs and fittings, wherever the early work remains, is good, while that of the great rood-screen is grand even for Somersetshire. Some old pavement of encaustic tiles is to be seen in the chantry of the De Mohuns; there are tombs of the Luttrells, but, on the whole, the monuments remaining in the church are less numerous and less interesting than might have been expected under the circumstances.

The other instance which we have chosen is Arundel, in Sussex, well known for the great castle of the Dukes of Norfolk, which crowns the slope above the Arun. Some eight centuries since there existed in Arundel the parochial chapel of St. Nicholas and the chapel of St. Martin in the keep of the castle. About this time, in the year 1094, the Priory of Arundel was founded, and after various changes, into which it is needless to enter, the rectory was annexed to it by William de Albini in 1178. The parochial and conventual churches were thus united. The priory was suppressed about the year 1381, the College of St. George, founded at first on the south-eastern side of the castle, was transferred thither, and a new college built adjacent to the Church of St. Nicholas,

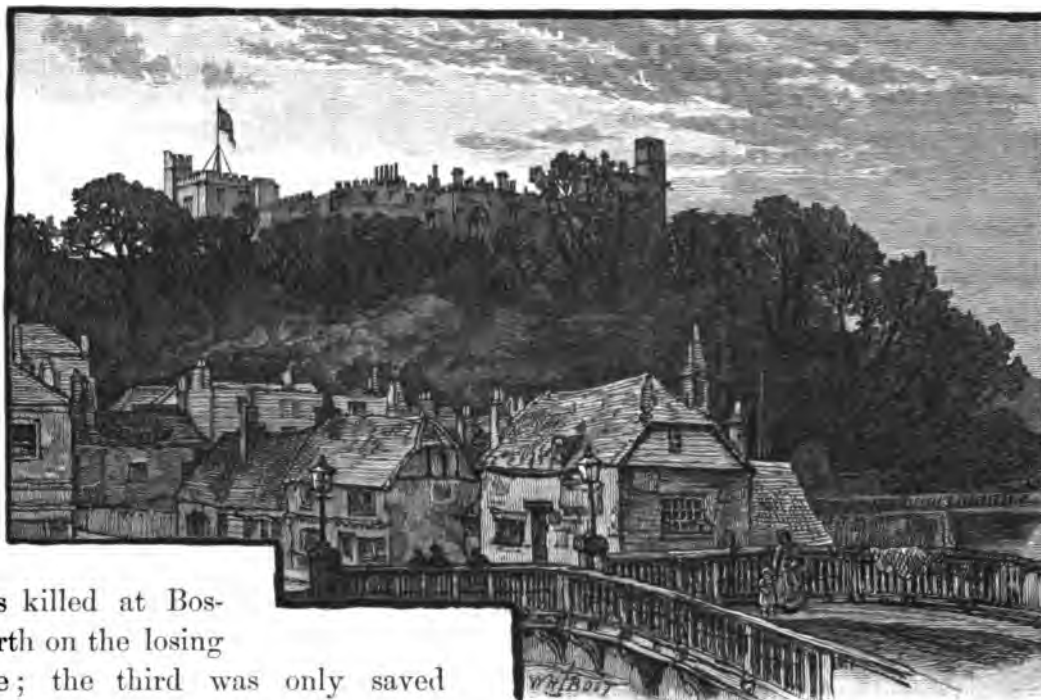
* The same arrangement exists at the Abbaye aux Dames, Caen.

the statutes of which are dated in the year 1387. At the suppression of the monasteries the King found it a poor plunder, but ultimately sold it for a rather high price to Henry Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, when the bulk of the collegiate buildings were destroyed. Some remains, however, may still be seen on the south-east, where they are now incorporated into a Roman Catholic nunnery.

The church is cruciform in plan, with a central tower rising two stages from the roof. On this elevated position, during the Civil War, two cannon were mounted, and a brisk fire was kept up by the Puritan soldiers against the Royalists, who were holding the castle. The latter, who surrendered after a fortnight's siege, must have been ill-provided with artillery, for the tower does not appear to have suffered materially in the conflict. The church is Perpendicular in style, and, as became a poor foundation, is rather plain. Apparently the Fitz Alans were less liberal in their gifts to the church at their gate than many a noble family prior to the Reformation. At the suppression of the priory the portion belonging to the monks, in this case the choir only, became the property of the purchaser, and at the present day belongs to the Duke of Norfolk. The divided ownership was confirmed a few years since by a legal decision, and has been unhappily commemorated by the erection of a brick wall under the eastern tower-arch, which entirely isolates the Fitz Alan choir. In the parish church there is little calling for notice, except that the "ritual choir" is enclosed by a low barrier, as may still be seen in many Italian churches; there are the remains of some curious mural paintings, and the pulpit is formed from an old stone chantry or shrine. This has been applied to its former use during a late restoration of the church. In the last century, when, as we read, "the general character of the interior" was "calculated rather to convey an idea of cleanliness and order than to awaken any of the more solemn feelings of religion," this pulpit was "surrounded by curtains and converted into a private pew."

The "Fitz Alan Chapel," though the burial-place of that family and of the Howards, their successors, was grievously mutilated in the last century. It had long been neglected and allowed to fall into disrepair, but in the year 1782 the Duke of Norfolk sanctioned the demolition of the ancient roof. This was done in the most reckless manner; the heavy beams were sawn through and allowed to fall within the building, crushing the woodwork of the stalls, injuring the tombs, and even breaking the stone pavement of the choir. At the present day visitors, except on rare occasions, are excluded by an ungracious exercise of legal rights from the building, and from the sight of some of the most interesting monuments in Britain. The series is less complete than we should expect. Of late date there are none of importance, and the earlier have been diminished in number by neglect and wanton destruction.

In the vaults beneath lie many of the Howards. They seem to have been generally a short-lived and often an ill-fated race. The first Duke of Norfolk



ARUNDEL CASTLE.

was killed at Bosworth on the losing side; the third was only saved from the axe by the death of Henry VIII., which occurred just

too late to save his eldest son, the Earl of Surrey, from that fate. The fourth Duke was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth. His eldest son was also sentenced to death, but was reprieved, and died, "not without suspicion of poison," a prisoner in the Tower. His body, in the year 1623, was transferred to these vaults. His successor, Thomas, died at Padua, a voluntary exile during the Civil War, but is buried here, as are most of his heirs, who have come to a peaceful end, but have not usually attained to a long term of years.

The monuments of interest are those of their predecessors, the Fitz Alans. On an altar-tomb of blue marble and alabaster, unhappily much damaged, lie the recumbent figures of Thomas Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, a son of the founder of the college, and his wife, a daughter of John I., King of Portugal. His successor, John Fitz Alan, who died in 1421, was content with a simpler monument. A table-tomb, with an armoured figure on the upper slab and a wasted corpse below, commemorates John, son of the last named, who died and was buried at Beauvais in the year 1435. But the most remarkable monument is placed against the south wall, and commemorates William Fitz Alan, brother and successor to the last named, and his countess, a sister of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.

It is a small projecting chantry, consisting of three bays, the middle one being occupied by the actual tomb, and the eastern cut off by a screen built at the foot of the monument. The canopy is enriched with most elaborate panel-sculpture, and in advance of the slender shafts which support it are spiral columns, terminated by ornamental capitals, enlarged into a kind of bracket, on which probably small statues were formerly placed. The general plan and the architectural design is mediæval, but the influence of the Renaissance is occasionally perceptible, so that the Fitz Alan shrine, strictly speaking, belongs to that interesting series of remains which illustrates the gradual development of the Jacobean style from the Tudor or latest Gothic.

At the present time [1887] the chapel is undergoing a much-needed restoration. The roof—a memorial in itself, as has been said above, of the barbarism of a former owner—has been entirely renewed. The interior has been taken in hand, and it is to be hoped that the aspect of dilapidation and neglect will be removed, without too much substitution of new for old, or falling into the mistake to which restorers of the Roman Catholic communion seem especially liable, of introducing garish and sometimes almost tawdry decorations, which harmonise so ill with the venerable memorials of an ancient building.

T. G. BONNEY.

CHISWICK AND KEW.

TWO ARTISTS' GRAVES.

IT is, perhaps, not too much to say that the composite and, to speak truly, the unimposing church by the river at Chiswick would never have become famous but for the attractions of the locality as a resort for a number of distinguished inhabitants, who in the last two centuries sought rest and recreation in the pleasant river-side suburb. At all events, the more modern portion of the



HOGARTH.

structure—with the exception of one or two restorations or improvements—so obscured and vulgarised the original simple building that, with the memorials of those who were buried within the walls or in the graveyard, and the famous or notorious names to be seen in the registers, the old building, with its really remarkable tower, and wall of stone and flint, might have been better left as an example of a simple church of the early part of the fifteenth century, when William Bortal, the vicar of the parish, who died in 1435, erected the said tower at his own cost. Dedicated to the patron saint of the fishermen who were the principal inhabitants of Cheswick, or Cheswyche, it consisted, like many more

important churches, only of a nave and chancel, with a good roof of open timber. Though only the tower remains to suggest the style of the original edifice, it is easy to imagine that it was bare and plain; but it was probably more truly imposing than it appears now that the ancient roof has been replaced by one of our modern substitutes. The nave is still unattractive, but its old rugged simplicity was obviously destroyed by the addition of ugly transepts, built of brick in that worst period of ecclesiastical architecture represented by the dates of their erection, 1772 and 1817. These transepts were extended as space was required by the growth of the district, and therefore became more hideous by assuming the aspect, without the true proportions, of aisles; and though careful and judicious restorations have been attempted, by the substitution of open seats for the old pews, the rebuilding of the chancel, the opening of a west window, and the provision of a handsome memorial window in the east, Chiswick Church is still dependent for its interest on

associations commencing early in the seventeenth century. History says little or nothing of this Church of St. Nicholas before the date of the records in the parish books themselves; and, curiously enough, the most distinct tradition is that the registers that existed prior to the year 1621—at which date the present parochial chronicles commence—were destroyed by the soldiers of the Lord Protector when they were quartered in the church. For this story there is no adequate authority, and, much as we may deplore the absence of earlier records, we have to be satisfied with the memoranda of churchwardens' dinners and boat excursions, particulars of burial fees, and other curious but not important matters, till we come to an entry which shows that, in 1643, the London train-bands were quartered in the sacred edifice, when they were engaged in the Civil War, at the battle of Brentford. There is also an account of the precautions taken by the parochial authorities against the Plague in 1665 and 1666; and many particulars which show that Chiswick was a lively place, and took a prominent part in the celebration of various public events.

The number of marble tablets and monuments that are to be seen on the walls of this church suffice to give it a place of some distinction in any account of important ecclesiastical buildings. A memorial to Sir Thomas Chaloner, a famous chemist in the reign of Elizabeth, is among the earliest, and is the most striking, except, perhaps, the monument erected by Garrick to Charles Holland, the actor, who was the son of a baker of Chiswick, and was baptised there in 1733. Holland, who, while he was an apprentice to a merchant, was noted in domestic circles for his dramatic ability, applied to Garrick, and was advised to fulfil his apprenticeship, and then, if he still desired to become an actor, to apply to him again. This advice was followed, and Garrick brought him out at Drury Lane Theatre in 1754, after which he played with considerable success till November, 1769, and died in the month following. He was buried in the family vault in Chiswick churchyard, his funeral being attended by a number of actors; and his friend and patron erected to his memory the marble monument to be seen in the north wall of the chancel, containing an inscription, with Garrick's name.

The first extension of the church was due to Dr. Walker, a Puritan incumbent under the Commonwealth, who in the Service substituted the "Directory" for the Book of Common Prayer; and a tablet in memory of his wife unobtrusively occupies a place near the Chaloner monument. The larger number of mural memorials, however, belong to members of the aristocracy, the names of the Walpoles being conspicuous; and there is one to Mr. Thomas Bentley, the partner of Josiah Wedgwood; but by far the more interesting mementos are in the churchyard, for there lies William Hogarth, the great painter, humorist, and moralist, whose monument, also erected by David Garrick, is conspicuous

on the south side, crowned by a flame in burnished brass. Garrick wrote an epitaph and sent it to Dr. Johnson, who, not liking it, made such considerable



HOGARTH'S TOMB.

CHISWICK.

alterations or suggestions that very little of the original composition was left, and the result was that Garrick wrote another, with or without Johnson's assistance. It is not a very striking performance:—

“Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

“If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.”

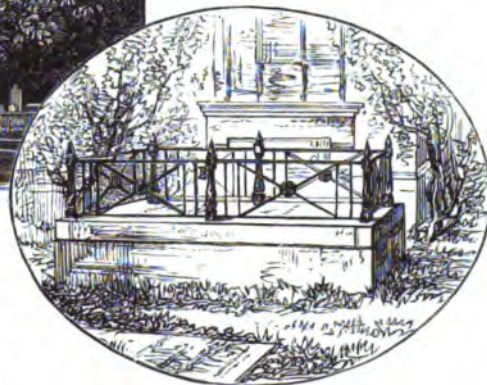
This, too, is signed “D. Garrick.” The inscription on the monument shows that Mrs. Hogarth, who was the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the artist who painted the dome of St. Paul's and the ceilings at Bloxham and Greenwich, also lies here. She died in 1789, and was eighty years old, having survived her husband

twenty-five years. Lady Thornhill, her mother, and the widow of Sir James, is also buried in the churchyard. Among many well-known names, that make this one of the most remarkable burial-places in England, are those of Kent, the architect and famous landscape gardener, who designed and completed the extension and formation of Kensington Gardens (he lies in the vault of the Cavendish family); Sharp, the famous "line" engraver; Carey, the translator of Dante, who resided at Hogarth's house in Chiswick. Members of old families of the district, including some who belonged to the Roman Catholic communion, and numerous personages whose names occur in relation to art and letters, found their last earthly resting-place in Chiswick churchyard, on the outside of the wall of which, on the north-east, may be read:—"This wall was made at ye charges of ye right honourable and truelie pious Lorde Francis Russell, Earle of Bedford, out of true zeale and care for ye keeping of this churchyard and ye wardrobe of Godd's saints, whose bodies lay therein buryed, from violating by swine and other profanation. So witnesseth William Walker, V., A.D. 1623." Another tablet records that the wall was rebuilt in 1831.

The parish church at Kew, of which the original building goes no farther back than Queen Anne, has also so altered during the past few years that there are few indications of the ancient structure, and few objects of interest to the



KEW.



GAINSBOROUGH'S TOMB.

visitor, fewer still to the antiquary. Kew itself has little interest to the ordinary observer, except that which is associated with Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Princess Caroline; with their son, George the Third, and his Queen Charlotte, in their rustic retirement at the old Dutch house, where they dined off boiled mutton and turnips, and kept no Court; and

more recently with the Royal Princes and Princesses, the sons and daughters of Farmer George, and especially with the Duke of Cumberland, of by no means pious memory, who endeavoured to divert the succession from the Princess Victoria. Kew Church is conspicuous because of its situation on Kew Green, where it was built by subscription, Queen Anne contributing sufficiently to make it desirable to name the building "the Chapel of St. Anne of Kew Green." Thus it was named at its completion on the 12th of May, 1714, and it was then little more than a chapel, consisting of a nave with an aisle on the north, and a school-room on the south; and thus it continued till 1837, when considerable extensions were made, chiefly in consequence of very handsome donations from William IV., who did not live to see the completion of the new structure in 1838. That the King took much personal interest in the work is shown by the fact that on his visiting Kew for the last time in 1837, he inspected the plans and estimates prepared by the architect, and after his death it was found that he had made provision of nearly five thousand pounds for the purpose of carrying out the requisite work. On a brass plate in front of the gallery is the following inscription, dictated by himself, for the purpose of being placed in the church: "King William IV., in the year 1836, directed 200 free seats to be provided in this church at his expense, for the accommodation of the poor of the parish and of the children of the King's Free School, to be for ever appropriated to their use." The gallery at the west end of the church will contain about sixty persons, and on its front, beside the brass plate with the inscription, are the arms of William IV. and a number of royal hatchments, the most conspicuous of which are those of Ernest, the aforementioned Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover), and of the Duke of Cambridge.

In 1882 there were further considerable extensions of the building then called "The Royal Church" at Kew—the proposal to enlarge it having been cordially endorsed by a meeting of the inhabitants—for Kew and the neighbourhood had become places of vastly greater importance since the time that Frederick of Wales lived there and began to form the Royal Gardens. The district had long before that date become of importance as a London suburb, and the Gardens had for many years been among the most popular resorts near the metropolis. The Queen had subscribed £100, and the Duke of Cambridge, who presided at the meeting, gave a like amount; while the Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and all the connections of the Cambridge branch of the Royal Family, were interested in the work, which it was estimated would cost £5,500. Among other efforts to raise the money was a morning concert at St. James's Hall, organised by the Duchess of Teck. The result is now to be seen in the new chancel, behind which is a mortuary chapel where the body of the late Duke of Cambridge lies. The raising of the "wagon" roof

of the nave and the lowering of the seats have given a greater height and appearance of space to the main portion of the building.

The organ, which occupies a recess on the east of the altar, is an object of interest, for it is said to have belonged to the great Frederick Handel, and to have been much admired by George III., who was not a bad judge in such matters. It was presented to the church by George IV. in 1823. Only a few of the monuments on the walls are of much interest, not even excepting those of Lady Dorothy Capel, 1721, and Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, 1717; but the attention of the visitor is directed to the memorials of some famous men, and especially famous painters, who are buried in the churchyard, which is only divided from Kew Green by a dwarf wall. The grave of Gainsborough is there, though no mural tablet was erected to his memory till 1875, when another noted painter, Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., placed one on the south wall of the church.

The tomb of Zoffany, the celebrated portrait painter, who lived at Strand-on-the-Green, and died in 1810, is in the churchyard, and some of his relatives lie not far from him. The picture by which he is best remembered is a group of Royal Academicians, who are represented as having met at the hall of the Academy on "a drawing night." On the north wall of the church is a tablet to the memory of Jeremiah Meyer, R.A. ("Painter in miniature and enamel to George III."), who died in 1789; the design of the memorial is the Muse of Painting mourning beneath a medallion bust of the artist, and there is a long inscription in verse by Hayley, of which all that can be said is that it is in the usual turgid style of such mementos. The tomb of Gainsborough near the school house is, perhaps, the most striking object in the churchyard, but it had fallen into decay until it was completely restored and surrounded with an iron railing at the expense of Mr. E. M. Ward. The renewed inscription tells us that the great landscape painter died August 22nd, 1788, at the age of 62, and that his wife Margaret, who also lies there, died in December, 1798, aged 71. In this grave also lies Mr. Gainsborough Dupont, a son of the sister of Gainsborough and a pupil of the famous painter. Mr. Dupont, whose father was a French refugee, died at his house in Fitzroy Square on the 20th of January, 1797. He was an artist of no mean ability, and his name appears in the list of directors of the "French Protestant Hospital" in 1794. His portrait, painted by himself, has recently been acquired by the directors of that institution, and may be seen in the Court Room of the Hospice, Victoria Park, among other valuable mementos. Near the grave of Gainsborough is that of his friend Joshua Kirby, the father of the noted Mrs. Trimmer; and not far from Zoffany's is that of Mr. R. Ford, "genealogist." Francis Bauer, the once famous microscopist, is also buried here.

At the eastern end of the church one of the more recent tablets has been

placed—that designed by Mr. F. T. Palgrave to the memory of his uncle, Sir William Hooker, director of the Royal Gardens, who died in 1865.

Kew was originally only a hamlet to Kingston, and was united to Petersham as a parish in 1769. Before that date, however, it had been distinguished by the residence known as Kew House, which was afterwards converted into the royal palace. This mansion belonged, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to



GAINSBOROUGH.

(From a portrait painted by himself.)

Richard Bennett, Esq., whose daughter and heiress married Sir Henry, afterwards Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, who died Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1696. His widow resided for many years in Kew, and was buried there. Kew House then became the property of Samuel Molineaux, Esq., who married her daughter; this gentleman, who was known as a man of letters, and “an ingenious astronomer,” became secretary to George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.), who took a lease of Kew House, where, among many other famous visitors, Thomson, the author of “The Seasons,” was a frequent guest. Kew House was afterwards altered and improved by Kent for the Princess-Dowager, widow of Frederick Prince of Wales and mother of George III.;

and doubtless the architect, who was still more famous as a gardener, rendered valuable assistance in planning the famous gardens which were then commenced.

Not the least interesting of the associations of Kew Church is that of the accomplished but eccentric Caleb Colton, the author of “Lacon, or many things in few words,” vicar of Kew and Petersham, who, of course, preached at Kew Church. This gentleman, who was neither of coarse nor of dissipated habits, and who possessed much refinement, wit, and learning, was ruined by a passion for gambling, which he pursued both in foreign and in London gaming-houses, living in bachelor seclusion in lodgings near Soho that he might avoid observation and follow his fatal inclination. Eventually he shot himself through the head at Fontainebleau, whither he had gone to again try his fortune at the tables, where, strangely enough, as it was reported, he had won £25,000.

THOMAS ARCHER.





